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ART. I. — *Histoire de Charles-Edouard, dernier Prince de la Maison de Stuart, précédée d'une Histoire de la Rivalité de l'Angleterre et de l'Écosse.* Par AMÉDÉE PICHOT, D. M. Quatrième Édition, révue, corrigée, et augmentée de Pieces inédites. Paris: Librairie d'Amyot, Éditeur. 1845 et 1846. 2 vol. 8vo.

As you enter the left aisle of the church of St. Peter's at Rome, the first object which attracts your attention is a marble slab, cut out like the doors of a vault, with two figures on the sides, and three heads in medallion above. In the character of the heads there is nothing very remarkable, although the artist has evidently given to every feature the last touches, as if engaged upon a subject worthy of the highest efforts of his chisel. But in the figures at the sides of the vault-door there is something so sweet and touching, such a mingling of grace and solemnity in their delicate forms and thoughtful countenances, that, as they stand there with their faces cast down and their torches reversed, with an expression rather of sadness than of poignant grief, a feeling of sympathetic melancholy steals over you unawares, and you instinctively raise your eyes once more to see who they were whose last slumbers are guarded by forms of such angelic beauty. Then, perhaps, you will find something more there than you could distinguish at a first glance, — piety, resignation, and somewhat of that sorrow which, however manfully the heart may bear up against it, still leaves traces of the struggle behind. On the tablet above are engraved in golden letters,

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without any other comment than a verse of Scripture, which, for the propriety of the allusion, would have suited any tomb as well, the names of the last three descendants of the royal house of Stuart.

Of two of these, history, of which this great fabric is so full, has but little to record, beyond the weakness and superstition of the father, and the benevolence and purer piety of the younger son. But the elder has left a brighter trace behind him, and for a while bid fair to rival the glories and redeem the errors of his race. Then came a dark cloud, and the name of the Stuarts was blotted out for ever from the page of living history. It is to the heroic, daring, and romantic adventures of this brief though brilliant period that we propose to call the attention of our readers in the following pages.

The year 1721 had opened under happy auspices for the partisans of the Stuarts, for an heir had been born to the throne, and their hopes and affections, so long chilled by the weakness of the father, were turned with double warmth to the son. All the pomp of royal etiquette had been rigorously observed at the birth of Charles Edward. The nobles of his three kingdoms had been summoned to attend on this important occasion; the apartment was crowded with cardinals and prelates; rich gifts were offered around the cradle, and a royal salute from the cannon of St. Angelo showed how deep an interest the Catholic world still felt in the fortunes of a family which had sacrificed a throne to its zeal for the religion of its fathers.

The first years of the young prince were passed under the eye of his mother, to whom he is supposed to have been indebted for that heroic fortitude which was far from being a family trait, and in which his father was so singularly deficient. One of his earliest instructers was the Chevalier de Ramsay, the friend and the pupil of Fénélon. Charles Edward soon spoke English, French, and Italian with equal facility, and displayed very early a decided taste for music. But in other branches, although provided with good masters, his progress was far from being great, and the President Des Brosses, who had frequent opportunities of seeing him in his youth, says that his mind at twenty was by no means so well formed as it ought to have been in a prince of that age. It was not, however, from any want of intelligence, but his

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thoughts were elsewhere, and Rome, with all the charm of her arts and the grandeur of her antiquities, could not call them away from their favorite subject of meditation. The presentiment of his destiny seems to have weighed upon him from a child. English travellers were his favorite guests, and England was the favorite topic of his conversation. On a sail from Gaeta to Naples, his hat fell into the sea. The sailors were for putting about to row after it. "Let it alone," said he; "the waves will carry it to England, and I will some day or other go there for it myself."

When fourteen years old, he followed his cousin, Marshal Berwick, to the siege of Gaeta. The trench was already opened, and immediately upon his arrival he entered it and remained some time there, with the greatest coolness, in the midst of a shower of balls. Next day he went to wait upon the Marshal at his quarters in a house against which the enemy were directing their fire. The walls were riddled with bullets, and his attendants made every effort to prevent him from entering; but in spite of all their entreaties, in which the marshal, too, had vainly united, he persisted in making his visit. All these little traits were carefully noted by his adherents, who repeated them to one another with the fondest anticipations. "Would to God," says Marshal Berwick in a letter to his brother, "that the worst enemies of the Stuarts could have been witnesses of his conduct during the siege. It would have won many of them back again."

From Gaeta he went to Naples, where he produced the same favorable impression at court, by the grace and elegance of his manners, which he had done at the army, by his coolness and intrepidity. The summer following he made a campaign in Lombardy, and two years after visited the principal cities of Upper Italy, in all of which he was received with the honors due to his rank. The next few years must have hung heavily upon his hands, for he had tasted just enough of the excitement of active life to feel the oppression of that monotonous existence where one day passes like another, and at the end of the year one finds himself nearer to nothing but his grave. His passion for music served to while away some portion of the time, and the weekly concerts, in which he played the violoncello and his brother sang, were frequented by men of taste as the best music in Rome. But his favorite amusement was the chase,

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which gave a freer play to his natural vivacity, and enabled him to preserve the active habits he had formed in the camp.

Hunting in the Pontine marshes is not that tame amusement which it has come to be with us. You build a hut of boughs and branches, or, clearing away the earth from some moss-covered ruin, spread a bed of leaves or straw in one corner, and your table of stone in another. Here you come for shelter from the storm, and here is cooked the game which you have won during the day, and here you sleep. Around you expands the broad tract of the marshes, with its long grass and green trees, so beautiful to the eye. Before you is the deep blue of the Mediterranean, where you see the sun set with a glow unknown to northern climes; and at night you may hear afar off the deep murmur of its waves mingling with the solemn voices of the night wind. Behind you and at your side, mountains, girding the plain as with a cincture, and swelling upward, one behind another, till they are lost in the distance. The Circean cape to the south, with its dark outline stretching boldly into the sea, and reminding you of Ulysses and Circe, and the days when history and fable were one. To the east the precipitous wall of the Apennines, with Cora, whence Juno's temple looks down upon you from its rocky seat, and Massimo, hanging like an eagle's nest amid precipices and crags. And on the north the gently swelling slope of the Alban mount, with the white-walled convent that crowns its wooded cone, and the vineyards and olive-orchards that cluster in rich profusion round its base. And the game is worthy of a scene where every object carries you back to days in which the chase was a living image of war; the boar, with his bristled skin, his foam-covered tusks, and flaming eyes. The dogs, a strong, bold breed, and trained to the deadly sport, rouse the fierce animal from his lair, and, yelling wildly on his track, tell you where to look for the prey. On he comes, with a quick, short step, grinding his teeth until the foam flies from them like spray, his small eyes glowing like living fire, and breaking his way with headlong speed through bush and brake. Every huntsman has his stand in the space through which he is expected to pass, and each fires in turn, as he draws nigh; but it is a quick hand and a sure eye and perfect coolness alone that can give you success. Woe, too,

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to the poor dog that is first to approach him, when, maddened by pain, and with speed diminished by the loss of blood, he turns for the final struggle. Some are ripped up by a single plunge of his tusks, some tossed in the air, some crushed beneath him as he falls; and not unfrequently the huntsman, too, counts himself happy, if a slight flesh-wound is the only mark which he bears away from the deadly contest.

Such scenes were for Charles Edward no bad preparation for what he was so soon to undergo, in guiding the last effort of the Stuarts for the throne of their fathers. At length, the long wished-for moment seemed to have arrived. France was on the point of taking an active part in the war of the Austrian succession, and looked to a rising in favor of the exiled family as the surest means of finding employment for the English monarch at home. A body of fifteen thousand men was to invade England, under the command of Marshal Saxe, and all the principal measures were to be concerted at Paris, with Charles Edward himself. Still the whole negotiation was enveloped in a veil of the deepest mystery. At Rome the Bailli de Tencin and Cardinal Acquaviva acted as agents for France, and not a word was said to the ambassador. Charles Edward, the most important personage in the whole drama, was to be kept as long as possible in the background, and to conceal both his departure from Rome and his arrival at Paris.

A hunting-party to the marshes was made the pretext for leaving Rome, and the prince, pretending to have sprained his foot on the road, separated from his companions, and, assuming the dress and medal of the Spanish courier, pushed forward, with the utmost speed, for Genoa. Here he embarked in a felucca for Antibes. The wind was against him, and he was compelled to pass through the midst of an English squadron, enemies now, but soon, he hoped, to become his subjects and defenders. On the 13th of January, he reached Antibes, near the spot where, seventy-one years later, Napoleon was to land on his return from Elba. Reporting himself and his companion to the commandant as Englishmen, under the names of Graham and Mattock, he mounted a post-horse and took the road to Paris. At Avignon, he had an hour's interview with the Duke of Ormond, and by the 20th was already in the capital.

Here every thing seemed to favor his hopes. The army

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of invasion was assembling in the north, and a fleet of transports at Dunkirk. Marshal Saxe, who till then had manifested but little inclination for the enterprise which he had been chosen to command, was completely won over by the prince's enthusiasm, and entered heartily into his views. The king, it is true, still refused to receive him at court, and his negotiations were drawn out through indirect channels; but here, at last, was something done, and something doing, and the speedy promise of more.

But all these bright prospects were suddenly overcast. A tempest scattered the French and English fleets, as they were upon the point of engaging, and wrecked several transports in which a portion of the troops had already been embarked. Marshal Saxe was ordered into Flanders to take command of the army, with which he fought, next year, the decisive battle of Fontenoy; and the court relapsed into that system of tergiversation and indifference by which it had already tried the patience of the Jacobites so severely. Charles Edward retired to Gravelines, deeply depressed, but not disheartened; and not long afterwards, took a house in the neighbourhood of Paris, where, to use his own words, he led the life of a hermit. Months passed away in fruitless remonstrances and negotiations, until he became convinced that no efficient aid could be expected from the court of Versailles. It has subsequently been shown, that Louis the Fifteenth had been induced to abandon an enterprise which promised him so much advantage by the remonstrances of his Protestant allies, justly alarmed at the prospect of so formidable an accession to the Catholic cause.

And now it was that the heroic character of the young prince shone out in full lustre. It had been in compliance with the wishes of his adherents, rather than by his own free will, that he had consented to the French invasion; for, unlike a prince of our own times, his heart revolted at the idea of ascending the throne of his fathers under the escort of foreign bayonets. His partisans were far from sharing his scruples, and the assistance of a body of French troops was a condition upon which they had constantly insisted throughout all their negotiations. This they could no longer count upon, and it now remained to be decided whether the enterprise should be abandoned, or made with such forces as could be raised upon the spot.

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His decision was promptly taken, and, fully aware how much opposition it would meet with in every quarter, he resolved to carry on his preparations with all possible secrecy. There was living at that time, at Nantes, an adherent of the Stuarts by the name of Walsh, whose father had distinguished himself, on several occasions, by his devotion to the exiled monarch, and had received the title of Count in reward for his services. The son had engaged in commerce and privateering, which, according to the ideas of Brittany, were no spot upon his nobility. To him it was that Charles Edward addressed himself for the means of transportation, and by his zeal and activity an old ship of eighteen guns, called the Elizabeth, and the Doutelle, a frigate of twenty guns, were fitted up, as if for a cruise to the northward, and freighted with arms and ammunition. Another exile, a banker, named Rutledge, advanced part of the money, and Charles sent word to Rome to raise what they could upon his jewels, declaring that he should never be able to wear them with any degree of pleasure, when he remembered how much better they might have been employed.

The moment that his preparations were completed, he set out from the castle of Navarre, where he had been staying with his friend and cousin, the young Duc de Bouillon, and hastened with the utmost secrecy to the place of embarkation at St. Nazaire, at the mouth of the Loire. The letters announcing his intentions to his father and to the king of France were kept back until he was beyond the reach of remonstrance. The wind was against him, and he was compelled to curb his impatience for a few days longer. At last it changed in his favor, and on the 2d of July, 1745, entering a fisherman's boat in the disguise of a student from the Scotch college of Paris, he was quickly wafted to the side of the Doutelle. Walsh himself had assumed the command; and with him were seven others, devoted adherents of the exiled family, who had resolved to stand by their prince in this last and apparently desperate effort for the throne of his fathers.

On the 12th, they were joined by the Elizabeth at the rendezvous, at Belle Isle, and spread their sails for Scotland. The first three days went calmly by; but on the fourth they descried a strange sail, which, approaching the Elizabeth, hoisted English colors. It was the Lion, a fifty-eight gun

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ship, commanded by Captain Brett, afterwards Lord Percy. The Elizabeth immediately ranged up with her, and opened a destructive fire. For several hours a heavy cannonade was kept up on both sides, during which both captains were wounded, and each vessel suffered severely. At the sound of the first gun, Charles Edward, forgetting his assumed character, hurried to the deck, calling loudly for a sword, and insisting that the Doutelle should come in for her part of the honors of the combat. "Monsieur l'Abbé," said Walsh, taking him hastily by the arm, "this is not your place; have the goodness to withdraw to your cabin." The combat lasted till nightfall, when both ships, being too much disabled to keep the sea, sought the nearest ports, as best they could. The Doutelle held on her course, but this casual encounter deprived the young prince of his arms and stores, which had been embarked on board the Elizabeth.

Once again they were menaced with the same danger, from three ships of war which they fell in with, towards the south of Long island, and only escaped by keeping close under the western coast of Barra, and anchoring between South Uist and Eriska. As they approached the land, an eagle was seen hovering over the ship. "It is the king of birds," said the Marquis of Tullibardine, "come to welcome your Royal Highness to Scotland." It was the 1st of July, and with a joyful heart Charles Edward set foot, for the first time, on the soil of that kingdom towards which, from earliest childhood, his hopes and his wishes had been directed.

His first care was to despatch a messenger to Boisdale of Clanranald, by whose influence over the mind of the elder brother he hoped to obtain an immediate declaration of the clan. Boisdale obeyed the summons, but with a manner which showed there was little to be hoped from the interview. "I can count upon MacDonald of Sleat, and the laird of MacLeod," said the prince. "Undeceive yourself," was the inauspicious reply; "they have both resolved not to raise a single man, unless your Royal Highness comes attended with regular forces."

This was a bad outset, and some of the party, it is said, began already to wish themselves safely back in France. Charles Edward was not so easily discouraged, but, setting sail, held on his way among the islands, to Loch Nanuagh, between Moidart and Arisaig, where he again cast anchor.

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The next morning Clanranald the younger, with MacDonald of Kinloch, and the lairds of Glenaladale and Dalily, came to wait upon him. But it was evident that they, too, had adopted Boisdale's opinion, and were unwilling to risk their fortunes upon so hazardous a cast. Charles Edward put forth all his eloquence, in order to move them; and, finding arguments fruitless, addressed himself to their feelings. "I am your prince, your countryman, your friend," said he; "do not abandon the son of your king!" In the group on the deck was a younger brother of MacDonald of Kinloch Moidart, who, without knowing the full purport of the conversation, had caught enough of its meaning to understand how nearly it touched the loyalty of his clan. His eyes lighted up, his color went and came, and in the warmth of his emotions, he grasped the hilt of his claymore with an energy that drew the attention of the prince. "And you," said he, turning to the only one who appeared to feel for his situation, "will you not fight for me?" "Yes," replied the gallant youth, "if I were the only one in all Scotland to draw my sword, I would be ready to die for you." "I have at last found a defender," cried the prince, bursting into tears; "give me but a few more such Scotchmen as this, and I am sure of the throne of my fathers." The impulse was irresistible, and the chiefs, giving way to their enthusiasm, swore, with one accord, to lay down their lives in his cause.

Charles Edward now landed, sending back the Doutelle to France, with letters to his father and the king. A guard of a hundred men immediately gathered round him, and from every quarter came young and old, men, women, and children, flocking to look upon the face of their prince.

Meanwhile, measures were taking for raising the clans. Clanranald went in person to Sir Alexander MacDonald, and the laird of MacLeod, two chiefs of great influence, who held three thousand men at their disposal. But they persisted in their refusal to rise, without the support of regular troops. Lochiel, chief of the Camerons, had come to the same decision, but resolved, out of respect to the prince, to be himself the bearer of these unwelcome tidings. "Do not risk it," said his brother; "I know you better than you know yourself. If the prince once sets his eyes upon you, he will do whatever he pleases with you." Lochiel persisted,

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and, repairing to Charles's head-quarters, frankly declared his disapprobation of the enterprise. "'T is true," said the prince, "I am come alone, when you looked to see me with an army. Evasive answers, and hopes which perhaps are false, are all that I have been able to get from the ministers of Louis, and I thank Heaven for it. Let the Elector of Hanover surround himself with foreign guards; it is to the nation itself that I look for support. The first victory will, perhaps, hasten the arrival of the French, who will then come as allies, not as protectors." "Give me a few days for deliberation," said Lochiel, already moved by the prince's energy and fire. "No, no," replied he, with increasing animation, "I have already a few friends with me. With these I shall raise the royal standard, and announce to Great Britain that Charles Stuart is come to reclaim the crown of his ancestors, or perish in the attempt. Lochiel, whose faith and friendship my father has so often vaunted, may remain at home; the newspapers will announce to him the fate of his prince." This bitter reproach was too much for the gallant-spirited chieftain. "Be it what it may, I will share it with you, and so shall all those over whom nature or fortune has given me control."

Without loss of time he returned home to gather his clan. This was all that Clanranald was waiting for in order to call out his own; and small parties were soon afoot under the MacDonalds of Keppoch and Tierndreich. The rendezvous was fixed at Glenfinnin, a long, narrow valley, watered by the little torrent of Finnin, and opening on Loch Shiel, with a mound in the centre, on which the royal standard was to be raised.

Hither Charles Edward repaired on the morning of the 19th of August; but not a plaid was to be seen, and the solemn silence of a mountain solitude overhung the glen. The only trace of living thing that he could descry was a sombre little hut, and towards this he directed his steps. The occupants received him with respect, but could give him no relief from his perplexity. It was eleven in the morning, and two hours had passed anxiously away, when the notes of a distant pibroch were heard among the hills. As the sound became more distinct, it was recognized as that of the Camerons; and shortly after, eight hundred clansmen were seen winding their way through the pass to the place

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of rendezvous. They marched in two columns, and brought with them, as the first fruits of their rising, two companies of English, whom they had made prisoners. All now gathered around the mound, where the Marquis of Tullibardine, the royal standard-bearer, unfolded the royal banner, a tissue of red silk, with a white space in the centre. As its broad folds opened upon the wind, the mountaineers threw up their caps into the air with a shout which scared the young eagles from their nests among the crags, while the pibrochs breathed forth the shrill strain of their songs of triumph, so deep and so spirit-stirring, among the echoes of the hills. And then was read the manifesto of James the Eighth, proclaiming Charles Edward regent during his absence, and the prince himself, taking the word, "told his faithful adherents how he had chosen this part of Scotland to land in, because he knew that it was here he should find the truest-hearted subjects of his father, and that he had come to conquer or to die with them." When the ceremony was completed, a guard of fifty men escorted the banner to the prince's tent, and the little army encamped in the valley for the night.

Small as his army was, Charles Edward resolved to lose no time in commencing active operations, for he knew that every thing depended upon the beginning, and that one successful blow would go farther than a thousand declarations. The alarm had been given, and Sir John Cope was already advancing against him at the head of a strong body of regular forces, with the hope of securing the passes and cooping him up among the mountains; nor could the Jacobites of the south be expected to declare themselves, until they saw some means of efficient protection at hand. He advanced, therefore, directly towards his adversary, holding his way through those wild mountain-passes and rugged glens, where every now and then some little band came to swell his forces, as the streams that flowed by him were swollen by the torrents from the hills. Upon reaching Corryarrack, the first news that he received was that Cope had suddenly renounced his plan of invasion, and was in full retreat. "Fill me a cup of whiskey," cried he, on hearing these unexpected tidings, and turning to his men; "I give you the health of this good Mr. Cope, and may every general of the usurper prove as much our friend as he has been."

A pursuit was instantly commenced, and pushed on with

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Highland impetuosity as far as Garvymore, where he paused awhile to give his army a short breathing-space. But why lose more time in following an enemy who already gives himself up for conquered, when, by pressing forward, he might seize upon the capital, gathering in his adherents all along the important districts through which he would pass, and striking terror into his adversaries by a blow so daring and so unexpected? "To Edinburgh, to Edinburgh!" then, was the universal cry, and thither he directed his course, marching cheerfully at the head of his men, with his Highland bonnet and plaid, and the brogues which he had sworn never to change until he had beaten his enemy.*

At Blair, the seat of the Duke of Athol, the clan gathered promptly around the Marquis of Tullibardine, who, by all the Jacobites, was looked upon as the real duke. As he continued his advance, the flame spread wider and wider. Sir George Murray and Lord Nairne came to offer him their swords, and the laird of Gask came with his tenantry, and the laird of Aldie with his, and as he approached Perth, he was joined by the duke, at the head of two hundred men. He was now in the midst of the cherished associations of his race, for Perth had been the favorite residence of the three Roberts and the first and second James, and at a short league's distance was the venerable abbey of Scone, where the Scottish kings were wont to receive their crown, in the days of Scotland's freedom. No wonder, then, that the inhabitants should flock out to meet him, welcoming him with feasts and acclamations, and the blushing dames plead for the honor of a kiss from his royal lips!

Here he staid a week, in order to introduce a little more system into his army, and exercise his men to some general evolutions, and raise a small contribution among the inhabitants; for a single guinea was all that remained of the money

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* This is alluded to in a song of the times:—

"O, better loved he canna be,
Yet when we see him wearing
Our Highland garb sae gracefully,
'T is aye the mair endearing.
Though a' that now adorns his brow
Be but a simple bonnet,
Ere lang we 'll see of kingdoms three
The royal crown upon it."

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he had brought with him from France. Here, too, he issued several proclamations, and among them, one in reply to the offer of thirty thousand pounds, the price set upon his head by the cabinet of London, ever ready to employ any means, however infamous, for the attainment of its ends. "If any fatal occurrence," said he, at the close of his proclamation, in which he had been compelled, by the importunities of his council, to imitate a conduct which he reprobated so deeply, — "if any fatal occurrence should be the consequence of this, may the blame fall exclusively upon those who were the first to set so infamous an example." On Sunday he attended church, and listened with an air of deep attention to a sermon on the fourteenth chapter of Isaiah, in which the prophet foretells, in such glowing colors, the renewed glories of Israel. Then, having accomplished all the objects of his halt at Perth, he continued his march on the capital.

Fresh reinforcements continued to join him at every step. At Dumblane he was met by the MacDonalds of Glencoe, and by the MacGregors, still true to the faith of Rob Roy, whose own son was serving among the levies of the Duke of Perth, at the head of his father's band. At Doune, the ladies of Cambras were assembled before their houses with white ribbons as decorations for the soldiers, and with refreshments for the prince, who, unwilling to delay his march, could only quaff a wine-cup to their health, without dismounting. Some asked to kiss his hand, and one fair damsel, bolder or more enthusiastic than her companions, begged the honor of a kiss on her lips, which was gallantly given and promptly returned. Eight miles above Stirling is the ford of Frew, where some opposition might be expected from Cope's dragoons. But when the army reached it, the banks were clear, and Charles Edward, brandishing his naked sword, spurred his horse into the stream and was the first to reach the shore. Stirling opened its gates without resistance, the garrison taking refuge in the castle. His march now led him over the field of Bannockburn, a name so stirring to Scottish hearts, and Falkirk, where base jealousies and treachery, their never failing attendant, had checked in mid bloom the bright career of Wallace. The castle of Linlithgow, so dear to the chivalrous James the Fourth and to the unfortunate Mary, was again thrown open, with flourish of trumpets and waving of

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banners, to a descendant of the Stuarts; and at length, on the 17th, from the heights of Corstorphine, he caught his first view of Edinburgh.

Meanwhile, the royal city was a scene of confusion and dismay; for of all its old fortifications the castle alone was tenable, and the army on which it had relied for defence was still at a distance. A few corps of volunteers had been hastily raised, in the urgency of the moment, and there were still two companies of Cope's dragoons, which he had left behind him on his march into the Highlands. But the danger from within was no less imminent than that from without; for the Jacobites formed a large proportion of the population, and hatred to the Union would probably range many of the Whigs on the same side. The lord provost and counsellors themselves were well known to favor the prince in their hearts; and although they continued to perform all their functions with a strict regard to their oath of office, it was difficult to believe that they would neglect so favorable an opportunity of aiding a cause to which they were so warmly attached. When the news of Charles Edward's landing first came, his enterprise had seemed so rash that no one ever dreamed of any thing like a serious contest. His followers were said to be a few wild Highlanders and men of desperate fortunes, whom the riot act alone would be sufficient to disperse. Thus every apprehension was lulled, and men continued their usual avocations with little or no interruption. Every other question was absorbed in the approaching elections. But when it was known that Sir John Cope had commenced a retreat, that the prince was in full march for the capital, and that the country was rising on all sides to his support, men began to look upon his undertaking in a more serious light; the Jacobites, with hopes which they could but imperfectly conceal, and the Hanoverians, with a dejection proportioned to their former confidence. Every thing now wore the aspect of a surprise; sudden alarms, exaggerated reports, hope and fear prevailing by turns, each transition equally sudden and equally extreme; counsels uncertain, and varying with every new tale; the ill disguised exultation of anticipated triumph and party hate, the more bitter from having been so long suppressed; and that indefinable agitation with which men look forward to some great event, from which they know not whether they have most to hope or to fear.

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In the midst of this uncertainty came a letter from the prince to the lord provost and council, summoning them to throw open their gates without delay, and receive the representative of their sovereign with the submission which they owed him. A deputation was sent to negotiate, which soon returned with a letter signed John Murray, saying that the prince's manifesto was a sufficient guaranty for the citizens, and calling upon them to open their gates without further delay. This had hardly been read, when a despatch from Sir John Cope was brought in, announcing his speedy arrival with all his forces. This was a last ray of hope for the Hanoverians, and some few again ventured to talk of resistance. At length, it was resolved to send another deputation to the prince, and thus contrive to gain time, the favorite resource of men who are at a loss what to decide. But Charles Edward, refusing to receive them, sent forward a body of seven or eight hundred men, with orders to find or force an entrance. They arrived just as a gate was opening to let out the carriage of the deputation on its way back to the stables, and some of them, springing forward, forced their way into the streets. Their companions quickly followed, and when, next morning, the citizens awoke from their slumbers, Edinburgh was in the hands of the Highlanders.

The joyful intelligence was quickly carried to the prince's head-quarters, at the little village of Slateford, where, curbing his impatience as best he could, he had thrown himself upon his bed in his clothes, and had barely slept two hours when the messenger came. He immediately mounted his horse and put his army in motion. It was still early in the morning as he approached the city; but the King's Park, by which he was to enter, was already filled with a crowd of both sexes and every age. From an eminence near the Hermitage of St. Anthony, he could see the white banner of the Stuarts waving once more from his ancestral towers of Holyrood. But the guns of the castle, which was still in the hands of the Hanoverians, commanded the usual entrance, and it became necessary to throw down a part of the park-wall for his passage. The Duke of Perth had presented him with a beautiful bay charger for the occasion, which he mounted on entering the park. He was still dressed in his Highland costume, distinguished only by a scarf of azure and gold, and the glittering cross of the national order of St.

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Andrew. His hair fell in ringlets from under his simple blue cap, and as he rode along, the youthful bloom of his countenance, and the mingled grace and dignity of his manners, drew forth a burst of admiration from the assembled multitude. Some stubborn old Whigs pretended to discover in his smile a slight dash of melancholy, which was of no good augury for a day of triumph. But for far the greater part it was the smile and air of Robert Bruce, and as they fed their fancies upon this resemblance to one so dear, they promised themselves that the Bruce's star, too, would shine upon him, and that his simple bonnet of blue would soon be exchanged for the crown of the three kingdoms. At the palace-gate stood James Hepburn of Keith, a gray-headed old man, well known for his hostility to the principles of divine right, but who, seeing in the return of the Stuarts the only hope of obtaining the revocation of the detested act of Union, now advanced, with his sword drawn and a solemn air, to usher the prince to his apartment.

It was a happy day for Charles Edward. Thus far every thing had succeeded even beyond his warmest hopes; and as he paced his paternal halls of Holyrood, the cries of the crowd below compelled him from time to time to show himself at the window, and he could hear the distant shout from another quarter of the city, where the herald was solemnly proclaiming the accession of James the Eighth. But this very success imposed the necessity of a still greater display of vigor, for his strength consisted almost wholly in an excited feeling, which nothing but constant action and fresh triumphs could keep alive. Without waiting, therefore, to enjoy the welcome he was receiving at Edinburgh, he advanced directly towards Sir John Cope, who was already within a few miles of the city, with an army formidable both by numbers and discipline.

The English general was just entering the plain between Preston and Seaton, when two officers, whom he had sent forward to select a camp for the night, came back at the top of their horses' speed, to announce the approach of the enemy. He instantly halted, and ranged his troops in order of battle, extending his wings towards the sea on one side, and the village of Tranent on the other. In a few moments the enemy came in sight, and each army, as they drew nigh, sent up a shout of defiance. Charles Edward had chosen a

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road which brought him out upon a high ground on his adversary's flank, from which his Highlanders could charge down with their mountaineer impetuosity. This manœuvre compelled Cope to change his order, resting his right on Preston and his left on Seaton house, with the sea behind him, and in his front a morass defended by a broad, deep ditch. The position seemed impregnable.

Meanwhile, these manœuvres had drawn out the day, and when both armies came into position, it was too late for an attack. Charles Edward went with the Duke of Perth and another officer to dine at a little village inn. The hostess had hidden away her pewter spoons, for fear of the Highlanders, and had only a couple of wooden ones to supply their place with. Dividing these as they could, they contrived to drink the little dish of mutton-broth which was set before them, cutting the meat with a cleaver, and eating it with their fingers instead of forks. The British general was well supplied with every article of convenience and luxury.

Night set in cold and foggy. Through the mist gleamed the fitful light of the British watch-fires, and from time to time a random cannon-shot, breaking in upon the stillness of the scene, served to show that their experienced foe was keeping good guard. The Highlanders slept upon the ground, in their plaids, the prince in their midst, ever ready to share in the hardships that he imposed. He had hardly closed his eyes, when Lord George Murray came to tell him of a passage over the morass, which had just been pointed out by the owner of the ground, who at the same time offered to serve them as a guide. The offer was gladly accepted, and at three the men were under arms, and, filing off silently, began the passage under favor of the darkness, which effectually concealed their movements until the head of the column had reached the morass. Here they were challenged by the videttes, who discharged their pieces and galloped off to give the alarm. Charles Edward was the first to spring upon the little bridge which led across the ditch, and the head of the column, turning towards the sea, gave room for the rest to pass without breaking their ranks. The moment that all were over, a half-wheel to the left brought them into line, and the whole army pressed forward in battle order. On the right was the Duke of Perth, at the head of the MacDonalds, who claimed this as the post which Bruce himself had as-

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signed them on the field of Bannockburn. The Camerons and Appin Stuarts formed the left wing, under Lord George Murray; and in the centre were the MacGregors, with the levies of the Duke of Perth. The second line was composed of the Athols and Robertsons on the right, and the MacLachlans and MacDonalds of Glencoe on the left. The prince placed himself, with a small body-guard, between the two lines. An old cannon, too much shattered to be loaded with any thing but powder, but which the Highlanders looked upon with a sort of blind veneration, was their only artillery. The English army, though nearly equal in number, was drawn up in a single line, with the cavalry on the flanks, and six pieces of artillery on the right.

Although the men had been under arms since three o'clock, it was broad day when the battle began; but the mist was still dense, and, swaying to and fro as the sunbeams broke through it, served to conceal the inequalities of the Highland line. As they came within gun-shot, they discharged their firelocks, and, shouting their war-cry, rushed forward, with drawn claymores, upon the enemy's ranks. Each man held a naked dirk in his left hand, and on his arm the little target,

> "Whose brazen studs and tough bull-hide
> Had death so often dashed aside."

The English presented their bayonets, and stood firm to receive the shock. But the hardy mountaineers, stooping on one knee, struck up the bayonets with their targets, pierced their enemies from below with their swords, and throwing the dead bodies upon the second line, pressed on in their headlong career. Two balls pierced the chief of the MacGregors, as he was advancing to the charge: — "I am not dead, my children," cried he, instantly raising himself upon his elbow, "I am looking at you to see if you do your duty." The Stuarts and Camerons rushed upon the artillery, and mastered it in a moment. The British line wavered; the cavalry turned and fled, and in a moment the field was covered with the flying and their pursuers, and wounded and dead, and scattered arms; while here and there a few, held at bay by the nature of the ground, strove to make good their stand, or yielded themselves prisoners, without waiting to count their enemies. A large number of standards, six cannon, a supply of tents, ammunition, and baggage, and a military chest of four thou-

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sand pounds, were the immediate fruit of this victory, in which the conquerers lost but thirty or forty men, and the conquered five hundred killed and a thousand prisoners.

Next day the victorious troops made their triumphal entry into Edinburgh. First came the pibroch-players, a hundred men in all, playing the favorite old air of the Jacobites, —

"The king shall enjoy his own again,"—

the predictions of which seemed at last upon the point of being accomplished. Then came the clans, part in their mountain garb, and part decked out in the uniforms and ornaments which they had won from the English. Some bore aloft their own victorious banners, others those of the enemy; and a few, in the wildness of their exultation, fired their guns in the air. A ball from one of these grazed the forehead of Miss Nairn, as she stood waving her handkerchief from a balcony. "Thank Heaven," cried she, "that it did not strike a Whig! for what would they not have said against these brave defenders of the good cause?" The prisoners, a train almost as numerous as the army itself, marched next, and the baggage and cannon of Sir John Cope closed the procession. Everywhere, as they passed along, the streets and squares were crowded with spectators; there was waving of handkerchiefs from every balcony and window, and a mingling of shouts and benedictions, as though one wish and one feeling had animated the whole population.

In this scene of triumph and exultation Charles Edward took no part; but, entering Edinburgh quietly in the evening, returned without pomp or parade to his apartments at Holyrood. His thoughts were already running forward to London, the next great point in his progress, and the first question that he brought before his council was how to make the most of his victory. His own wish was to enter England without delay, and push directly forward for the capital, while the impression produced by his victory was still fresh in the minds of his enemies, as well as of his friends. The king was still absent, the troops scattered, the cabinet taken by surprise, the Whigs disheartened and dismayed; his adherents full of hope, and ready to spring to arms at the first waving of his banner.

But these were far from being the views of his council. "A march into England," said some, "is a serious enter-

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prise, and demands mature consideration. The country is thickly peopled, and the parties nicely balanced. You have friends there, it is true; but they are so closely watched, that you cannot count upon them. The king is absent, but the cabinet is on its guard, with all the means and resources of an established government at its command. The troops are scattered, but they are gathering rapidly, and the ministry are levying new forces. Meanwhile, you have rivers to cross, and fortified towns to pass, and supplies and provisions to collect on your march from men whom you dare not irritate by your exactions, although you can seldom hope to win them by your forbearance. And what are your means for so great an enterprise? An army flushed indeed by victory, but which that very victory has reduced to a bare third of its original number; for a battle, as you well know, is for your Highlanders the signal of temporary desertion; if conquered, to seek a refuge, — if victorious, to secrete their plunder and enjoy their triumph. Soon they will all be back again, and many more with them, whom the sound of victory and the sight of spoil will draw forth, thus swelling your ranks and keeping alive that spirit of enthusiasm which stands them in the place of discipline. Await, then, their return; hasten the long-promised succours of France; establish yourself more firmly in Scotland; and then, with all the resources of one kingdom at your command, you can march with confidence and security to the conquest of another."

Some went still further. According to them, the misfortunes of the Stuarts had commenced with their claims to the throne of England. It was this that had brought the lovely Mary to the scaffold, and Charles had atoned by the same bloody penalty for an elevation so fatal to his race. "Think, then, of Scotland, the birthplace of your fathers, the true source of their greatness, the only spot where their names are hallowed by bright and enduring associations. Make this the foundation of your strength, the starting-point of your new career. Repeal that detested Union, by which her pure fame has been degraded and the blood of her children made the spoil of a foreign tyrant. Redeem her from this abasement; restore her to her former glory and her inalienable rights; atone for the humiliation which the ill-judged policy, the fatal ambition, of your fathers, have brought upon her; and what may you not hope from the self-devotion of gratitude, and the irresistible energy of independence?"

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Thus compelled to remain in Scotland in opposition to his judgment and his wishes, Charles Edward resolved to make the most of this inauspicious delay for increasing his forces and organizing his government. He issued proclamations of amnesty and entire oblivion for all political offences. He sent circulars to all the local authorities, calling upon them to send in their reports and bring their contributions to Edinburgh. He despatched glowing accounts of his success to the court of France, urging the necessity of immediate coöperation in order to complete the work which had been so successfully begun. He renewed his applications to the chiefs who had not yet declared themselves, assuring them that they would be received as cordially as if they had joined him at the first moment; and he sent chosen emissaries into England to consult with his partisans there, and prepare the way for his invasion of that kingdom.

Meantime, his little army was encamped at Duddingstone, about two miles from Edinburgh, where, except that there was less of hardship in it, they led nearly the same lives as at their homes among the mountains. The tents of Cope's army had been pitched for their use, but it was long before they could accustom themselves to the restraint, breathing freer in the open air, and loving to sit round their watch-fires and listen to the songs of their bards. Every day the prince came to visit them, and make his rounds in person; and wherever he saw a group collected, he would join in their conversation with a familiarity which went directly to their hearts, for it seemed to flow from his own; and he was always ready with some of those happy sayings which take such strong hold of the popular mind. Or if it chanced that some old bard was singing the glories of his clan, he would stop to listen and applaud, showing all the while, by his animated gestures and excited countenance, how deeply his imagination was struck by these wild old traditions of other days. Sometimes, instead of returning to town, he would pass the night in camp.

At Holyrood every thing wore the aspect of a splendid court, and the old halls, so long condemned to solitude, now rang once more with the sounds of festivity and triumph. Every morning a crowd of courtiers thronged the prince's levee, and the moment that this formality of royal life was over, he took his seat at the council-board. Then came the

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public dinner and the visit of his posts; and in the evening balls and receptions, where the wives and daughters of the Jacobites displayed their richest attire, and oftentimes, won by his grace and affability, would send next morning to pledge the jewels he had praised, in order to raise contributions for the good cause. New levies, too, were coming in from the mountains; new chiefs declaring their adherence and enrolling their vassals; and, notwithstanding the cautious policy of the Lowlands, a few small bands of volunteers were raised in the cities. But the most important event of all was the arrival of the Marquis d'Equilles as ambassador from France, with letters from the king, and a small supply of arms and ammunition; and although he was not yet authorized to announce his mission openly, yet the presence of a Frenchman of rank, and the assurance that he would soon be followed by others with money and supplies, seemed a sufficient proof that the court of Versailles was at last beginning to open its eyes to its true interest, and would not long delay those more extensive succours, with the aid of which it would be so easy to decide the contest.

Feeble as these supplies were, Charles Edward resolved to put off his march into England no longer. Meeting the opposition of his council with the letters of his English adherents, who complained of being thus left a defenceless prey to the Hanoverians, he announced his fixed determination of entering England immediately, even at the risk of doing it alone. "I will raise my banner there," said he, "as I did in Scotland; the faithful subjects of my father will gather round it, and with them I will either conquer or perish." The council yielded, and orders were issued for the march. By the troops the tidings were received with enthusiasm, for they were wearied with the monotonous inaction of a camp, and longed once more for the excitement of battles and marches. In a general review of all the forces, they were found to amount to little more than seven thousand men; but Scotland had been won with but half this number, destitute both of horse and artillery, and now they were supported by five hundred cavalry, they had seven cannon and four mortars, and, what was of far more account than all this, were glowing with enthusiasm and flushed by success.

Meanwhile, the interval had been employed by the Eng-

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lish government in active preparations for defence. The king had arrived from the continent and rallied his adherents around him. A strong division had been sent forward on the road to Newcastle under Field-marshal Wade; another, under General Ligonnier, directed its march upon Lancaster, in order to cover the western frontier; while camps of reserve were formed at Finchley, and other points in the vicinity of the capital. The only road to London lay between the armies of Ligonnier and Wade.

Charles Edward, with the boldness which had characterized all his measures, was for marching directly upon Newcastle, and fighting Wade on his way. But in this he allowed himself to be overruled by his council, who preferred entering England by Carlisle, where the nature of the country would be more favorable to the tactics of the mountaineers. It was on a Thursday, the 31st of October, at six o'clock in the evening, that the gallant young prince left his ancestral halls of Holyrood, which were never more to be trodden by the foot of a Stuart. That night he slept at Pinkie house, and next morning began his march. The more effectually to conceal his course, he had ordered lodgings to be taken all along the route to Berwick; and, dividing his troops, directed one detachment on Peebles, under the Marquis of Tullibardine, and putting himself at the head of the other, pressed forward towards Kelso, while a few small bodies took an intermediate road by Selkirk and Moss-paul. Redding, in Cumberland, was fixed upon as the general rendezvous.

Here, as on his advance through the Highlands, he marched on foot at the head of his column, lightening the fatigue of the way by many a jest and merry saying, — the surest test, in the soldier's judgment, of his affection for those who were giving so strong a proof of their devotion to him. From Kelso, his route lay directly across the Tweed, and along the banks of the Liddel,* so often stained with blood in the wild wars of the border. The enthusiasm of the clans was at its height as they touched the English shore. They brandished their claymores, tossed their caps in the air, and uttered that shrill war-cry which seems like an invoca-

* The exquisite little Spanish ballad, Rio Verde, so beautifully translated by Longfellow in his Outre Mer, might, with a few changes of name, be applied to the Liddel.

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tion to the powers of havoc and blood. But Lochiel, in drawing his sword, wounded himself in the hand, and the evil omen immediately spread a superstitious dread through the ranks.

Crossing one more watercourse, the little streamlet of Esk, they halted at Redding, where they were soon after joined by the rest of the army. Charles now concentrated his forces, and advanced to lay siege to Carlisle. This city had once been classed among the strong posts of the kingdom, for it was the capital of the county, and exposed by its situation to sudden attacks from the Scottish border. But in the more tranquil times which had succeeded the union of the two crowns, the greater part of its defences had been suffered to fall to decay; and although the rampart still remained entire, it was in no condition to withstand a serious attack, and the only part which offered any chance of effectual resistance was the castle. The army of Marshal Wade, however, was within supporting distance; and the governor, relying upon this, resolved to defend himself to the last.

The moment Charles Edward learned that Wade was marching to the relief of Carlisle, he resolved to advance at once and offer him battle. Accordingly, leaving a small detachment before the town, he pressed forward with all his forces to Brampton, on the road to Newcastle. There he learned that the English general was still so far off, that, by a vigorous attack, he might hope to get possession of Carlisle before the relieving army could come up. The detachment he had left not being strong enough for this, a new one was despatched, under the Duke of Perth, to urge on the siege, while the main body remained at Brampton to watch the movements of the enemy. The trench was immediately opened, the Duke of Perth and Marquis of Tullibardine working, as they had fought, at the head of their men; the batteries were planted within eighty-five yards of the parapet, in spite of the fire of the garrison, which was heavy and well sustained, and fascines and ladders prepared for an assault. The governor now began to despair of making good his defence, and on receiving a second summons, hung out a white flag and offered to capitulate. Charles Edward came in person to receive the keys of the city, and Wade, on learning its surrender, retraced his steps towards Newcastle.

Two plans of action now presented themselves to the

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invaders ; either to attack the enemy at Newcastle, or to march directly upon London. The former, could they have counted upon meeting Wade in the field, would have been the wiser course ; for in case of defeat, the frontier of Scotland was close at hand to retire upon, and a victory in England could hardly have failed to produce an immediate declaration of the Jacobites. But if, in adherence to the cautious policy which he had hitherto pursued, the English general should shut himself up in Newcastle, and protract his defence till the Duke of Cumberland, who had succeeded to Ligonnier, could come to his relief, the prince would find himself hemmed in between two armies, either of which was singly his superior in number, in equipments, and in discipline. It was resolved, therefore, to march upon London, where there were strong reasons for believing that his partisans were sufficiently numerous to secure him a hearty reception. A portion of the Highlanders had deserted, but their places would soon be supplied by the English Jacobites, who would join him on his route, and his rear would be covered by the army of reserve, which had received orders to enter England without delay.

It was a bold game to play in the face of so experienced a general as the Duke of Cumberland. All along the road the bridges had been broken down, and all the usual means employed for throwing obstacles in his way. And in his own army there were many who, condemning the measure as needlessly hazardous, refused to give it that hearty coöperation which alone could insure its success. But here, as throughout the whole of his enterprise, Charles Edward felt that the boldest measures were the wisest.

A small garrison was placed in Carlisle, and on the 21st of November the army was again put in motion, with the cavalry in advance. In Lancashire they were everywhere received with illuminations and ringing of bells ; for here the Jacobites were far the greater number. Many a melancholy thought, and some sad forebodings, perhaps, must have been awakened at the sight of Preston, where, but thirty years before, some of the noblest chiefs of the Highlands had, by the treachery of one of their companions, fallen victims to their devotion to the exiled famly. The event was still fresh in the minds of all, and the more so from having been recorded in some of those touching little ballads which perform

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so beautifully one of the highest offices of poetry, by preserving the memory of noble actions in the simple language of the heart. At Manchester, the prince divided his army into two columns, in order to advance more rapidly. His ranks were gradually filling up. Manchester and Preston had furnished six hundred recruits. A still more touching instance of devotion awaited him at Stockport. It was from an old lady by the name of Skyring that it came. When an infant in her mother's arms, she had been carried to see the landing of Charles the Second, and from that day loyalty became her worship. During the long exile of the Stuarts, she had every year set apart a portion of her income as a tribute to her rightful sovereign, carefully concealing from whom it came, lest her name should awaken unpleasant recollections of the ingratitude with which the services and sacrifices of her father had been repaid. And now that the last of this cherished race was come to claim his rights, old and infirm as she was, she sold her jewels and her plate, in order to raise a small sum for his aid, and brought it to him in a purse, and laid it at his feet; "And now," said she, "let me die, for mine eyes have beheld him."

At Macclesfield the two columns met again. The advanced posts of the Duke of Cumberland were at Newcastle under Lyne, in Staffordshire, near enough to cut them off from the road to London. To prevent this, and deceive the enemy, a party of thirty horse was sent forward on the Newcastle road, as if the whole army were marching in that direction. Cumberland fell into the snare, and prepared himself for battle. Meanwhile, the prince was pressing forward in two columns, by Congleton and Gasworth, to Derby, which he entered in triumph on the 4th of December. The road was now open, and London but forty leagues distant.

Charles Edward had hardly entered his quarters, when a courier from Scotland brought him the welcome intelligence of the arrival of Lord Drummond at Montrose, with his own regiment, the royal Scotch, two squadrons of cavalry, and the pickets of the Irish brigade of Count Lally, whose tragic death,* after years of brilliant service, has left so deep

* The filial piety of Lally Tollendal was a noble example for the Prince of Moskowa. But the son of Marshal Ney still retains his seat in the

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a stain upon the name of Louis the Fifteenth. There came, at the same time, letters from his adherents in Wales, full of hope and promise; and from Newcastle, though garrisoned by the enemy; and some, too, from London, which, though less decided, still gave a flattering picture of his prospects. He instantly summoned his council, and laid his despatches before them, trusting that they, too, would catch new vigor from the cheering tidings.

Such, however, was far from being their feeling. They had looked around them, and found themselves alone, in the heart of a country which, if not hostile, was at least indifferent, and which the slightest reverse might raise up against them. They had been weighing all the chances of victory and all the hazards of defeat, and counting one by one the obstacles in their way, and which seemed to be increasing at every step, till their hearts sank within them; and of all thei former confidence, the only hope that remained was of safety and retreat.

When the prince laid his despatches before them, they listened in silence, and with the constrained air of men who have some unwelcome thing to say, which they know not how to begin with. At last Lord George Murray rose, and, in a set speech, drew a dark picture of their position; the state of the country, the wavering and unsatisfactory conduct of the English Jacobites, the difficulties that beset them on every side, and which seemed to increase the farther they advanced, the rashness of persevering in an enterprise from which they had so much to fear and so little to hope, and concluded by insisting upon the necessity of an immediate retreat. All seemed to mark their approbation by their looks and gestures. It was evident that the whole scene had been concerted. The Duke of Perth alone stood aloof, leaning his head upon the mantelpiece, and with a dejected countenance, which seemed to say that this was one of those occasions in which the prince's will should be the law of his adherents.

Charles Edward was taken wholly by surprise, for never had his hopes been higher, and never had he been less appre-

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Chamber of Peers, while the ashes of his father lie undistinguished in their humble sepulchre, without any other record than the simple offerings with which individual gratitude piously labors to atone for the wanton violation of public justice.

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hensive of opposition. The ardor of his troops, who, boasting that they had penetrated farther into England than their fathers had ever done, were eager to be led to battle; the promises of his adherents, who, from all sides, gave him the strongest attestations of their zeal for his cause; the landing of one part of his reinforcements, with the assurance that the first fair wind would bring the remainder, under the guidance of his brother and the Duke of Richelieu;—these had inspired him with such confidence, that he had almost fancied himself at the gates of Whitehall, when he was thus suddenly summoned to retrace his steps towards Scotland. It was in vain that he urged every argument, answered every objection,—that he addressed himself to the personal feelings, the pride, the love of glory, the professions of loyalty of the chiefs, and with tears of indignation and rage declared that he had rather be buried twenty feet under ground than give his consent to a measure so fatal. The resolve of the council had been taken, and he was compelled to yield.

The retreat began before break of day, and for a while the troops marched cheerfully on, in the confidence that three days more would bring them to London. But as day began to dawn, and they began to recognize by the way-side the same houses and fields which they had passed by but two days before,—"What does this mean?" said one to another. "Is this the victory that has been promised us? Or have we been beaten, that we are condemned to retreat?" And the feeling, gathering strength as it spread from rank to rank, at length broke out in one unanimous cry of indignation, which the chiefs, with all the weight of their hereditary authority, could scarcely suppress. The prince came in the rear, silent, dejected, unheeding what was said or done around him. The hour of hope was past, and the fate of the Stuarts was sealed for ever.

Two days passed before the Duke of Cumberland became fully aware of the enemy's intentions; and then, mounting a part of his foot behind the cavalry, and despatching orders to Marshal Wade to cut off the road to Scotland, he pressed forward in pursuit. But with the double advantage of a two days' start and the habitual rapidity of their movements, the Highlanders were already too far in advance to be overtaken. Wade continued to move with his usual hesitation, and when

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the Duke of Cumberland joined him, the main body of the retreating army was already well on its way towards Carlisle. The rear-guard, under Lord Murray, which had remained a little behind in order to repair some of the baggage-wagons, was the only portion which came in contact with the English, whom they defeated in the brilliant combat of Clifton inclosures; where Murray manœuvred with so much skill as to give his little army the appearance of double its number, and the Duke of Cumberland, but for a pistol's missing fire, would have been killed on the field.

On the 31st of December, the anniversary of the prince's birthday, the army reëntered Scotland. During the last few days it had been raining without intermission, and the worn tartans, the bare feet, and long beards of the men, showed what hard service they had been performing. This evil, however, was easily repaired by a contribution of the city of Glasgow, which, having all along been distinguished by its hostility, could with more justice be singled out as a fit subject for punishment.

But not so with the injurious impressions produced by the retreat, which, as Charles Edward had clearly foretold, was everywhere interpreted as a confession of inferiority. The Hanoverian magistrates had resumed their functions; the English troops were returning into the kingdom; the partisans of the existing government were rising to its support; and several, who had hitherto kept aloof in order to judge by the result, now came forward and declared themselves against the restoration. Edinburgh had opened its gates to General Hawley, and all the Lowlands seemed upon the point of being reconquered by the house of Hanover with as much ease and rapidity as they had been won by their opponents. In England, Carlisle, the only point which an effort had been made to retain, had been compelled to surrender after a few days' siege, and its garrison of three hundred men were the first upon that dark roll of victims which marked the bloody triumph of Cumberland.

Bitterly as he had been disappointed, Charles Edward resolved to struggle to the last, and one more gleam of hope came to cheer him in his sorrow. Still, his confidence in his adherents had been shaken, and we shall no more find in him that buoyancy of spirit, that frankness of heart, that freshness and overflowing of feeling, which enthusiasm in-

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spires, until bitter experience comes to check its expansion by the proofs it brings, in far too great abundance, of the selfishness of human motives and the insincerity of man's professions. The army of reserve, which had not yet moved from Perth, was ordered to hasten forward in order to effect its junction with the main body, and with his united forces, nine thousand men in all, he proceeded to lay siege to Stirling. The town surrendered in two days, and the citadel, built, like that of Edinburgh, upon a precipitous rock, was immediately invested.

The loss of this important post might have produced another revulsion in public feeling, still wavering between the two parties. To prevent so fatal an occurrence, the English general resolved to advance and offer battle. Like Sir John Cope, he was too fully convinced of the superiority of his disciplined battalions to doubt for a moment the result; and accordingly, without waiting for the reinforcements which were hourly expected, he put himself at the head of the eight thousand men he had at hand, and marched rapidly forward towards Stirling. But before he set out upon his march, he caused five gibbets to be erected in one of the principal squares of Edinburgh for the more speedy punishment of those of the rebels who should be unhappy enough to escape death in the field.

Charles Edward's spirits revived at the prospect of a battle. He had with him nine thousand men, a larger army than he had ever commanded before, and among them were several regiments on whose discipline and experience he could fully rely. A thousand men were left to continue the siege, and with the rest he advanced to meet the enemy. The two armies were thus nearly equal in number, the English having received on the eve of the battle a reinforcement of a thousand volunteers. If, as a whole, they were better armed, and trained by a more vigorous discipline, their adversaries had the advantage of a higher enthusiasm and the prestige of two victories. Hawley encamped in the plain of Falkirk, a name of bitter remembrance to the Scotch, for it was here that the first Edward had triumphed by treachery over the heroic valor of Wallace, and tradition still pointed out the withered trunk of the oak amid whose branches the unfortunate chieftain had sought shelter in his flight. But Bannockburn, too, was near, and at their head was the prince in

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whose gallant bearing and noble countenance they had traced, with the fondest hopes, the air and the features of a Bruce.

The ground between Stirling and Falkirk was formerly covered by Torwood forest, some vestiges of which remain to the present day. Throughout its whole extent, it is an almost unbroken level, except about a mile to the southwest of Falkirk, where it rises into an irregular platform, which commands the plain, and affords an extensive view of the surrounding country. From this eminence the little stream of Carron descends, winding its course through the fields to the scene of Bruce's victory. On its banks you now find a forge, and, in place of the wild heather which once covered the plateau, a thick-grown plantation of trees; but in the names of Battle-field and Red-burn,* tradition still preserves the memory of the day when fortune smiled for the last time on the arms of the Stuarts.

So far was General Hawley from dreaming of being attacked, that he had pitched his camp in the plain, without taking any measures to secure the possession of the eminence, and was enjoying a late breakfast at Callander castle, to which he had been invited, with a species of treacherous hospitality, by the Countess of Kilmarnock, when news was brought him that Charles Edward had already crossed the Carron. Positive as the report was, he refused to credit it, and it was only upon the arrival of a third messenger, that he could tear himself from the pleasures of the table. When he reached his camp, the troops were already under arms, and a few bodies of the enemy were beginning to make their appearance on the plateau. The plain was covered with men, women, and children, flying, with whatever they could carry with them, from a spot which was so soon to become the scene of mortal strife. Some few, bolder than the rest, had climbed the steeple of the village-church in order to see the fight. And to increase the wildness of the scene, a violent storm had arisen, with wind and rain, fit precursors of the tempest which was so soon to rage beneath. The wind blew from the southwest, driving the rain full in the faces of the English, and the clouds, gathering fold upon fold, gave a double gloom to the evening shadows which were already approaching.

* Those who love to compare traditions will remember the *Sanguineto* of Thrasymene. Will the name of Red-burn last as long?

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Hawley drew up his men in two lines, with the Glasgow volunteers and the clan of Campbell for a reserve. Among the officers in the first line was one whose name was one day to become glorious in the battle-fields of the New World, the gallant Wolfe. The British general had easily divined the enemy's intention in taking possession of the plateau, and sent forward a regiment of cavalry in order to seize upon it before they could make good their hold. But it was too late. The advantage of position was already lost, and it now remained to be seen what discipline and experience could do towards atoning for the neglect.

The prince's army came out upon the plateau in two columns, which, displaying to the right and left, were quickly formed in line of battle. On this day the MacGregors shared with the MacDowals the post of honor on the right. Lord George Murray commanded on the right, and Lord Drummond on the left. In the second line were the regiments which had recently arrived from France. "Lally," said Charles Edward, as he rode along the line, "those English know you; they fought at Fontenoy." "True, my prince," replied the gallant veteran; "but to renew our acquaintance, my officers and I would like to be a little nearer to the first fire."

Hawley had often boasted that a single troop of horse would be enough to scatter the mountaineers; but as the day was far advanced and the tempest increasing, he ordered his whole cavalry to charge together, and the infantry to advance to their support. "Hold your fire till they come within fair gun-shot," was Murray's order to his line, and it was strictly obeyed. "'T is certain death that we are going to!" murmured the horsemen, on hearing the order to charge; but they spurred forward their horses and rushed to the attack. The Highlanders let them come near enough to make their aim sure, and then, pouring in one tremendous volley, the whole line was, in an instant, enveloped in a dense veil of smoke. As the wind swept it away, the ground was seen covered with horses and horsemen, wounded and dead overthrown together, while the survivors were flying broken and disordered at the top of their speed. Only one battalion dared to charge. It was led by a young officer by the name of Whitney, who, as he drew nigh to the enemy, recognized in their ranks an old friend of former

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days, John Roy Stewart. "We shall be with you in an instant," cried Whitney to his friend, as his troop came thundering on. "You will be right welcome," was the reply; and at the same instant a bullet from the Scottish ranks struck the gallant officer from his horse. His men rushed on to avenge his fall, and in the shock of the encounter overturned the first rank and trampled down several officers and men. But the second rank, slipping under the horses' bellies, stabbed them with their dirks, and then grappled the riders as they fell. The defeat of the cavalry was complete.

The infantry now advanced to the charge, and Murray again called to his men to let the enemy come close up before they fired. But the blood of the mountaineers was now warmed by the contest, and the MacDowals, springing forward and loading their pieces as they ran, threw in a close fire, which broke the English ranks almost before they had time to return it. A few only ventured to make a stand in a ravine on the right, where a small body of Cobham's dragoons rallied behind them, and sustained the combat a few moments longer. The MacDowals hesitated, and began to fall back for fear of ambuscade. Charles Edward, seeing their hesitation, advanced to their support at the head of his reserve, and in a moment the whole English army was driven from the field. "Where are they?" said the officers to one another, as they looked around them for the enemy. "It is a ruse," cried Lord Drummond, "in order to draw us into an ambuscade; those are the royal Scots, who fought so well at Fontenoy." And this it was that saved the English army from total extermination. Hawley had fled with the cavalry; but General Huske, profiting by the mistake of the Scotch, drew off the remnants of his right wing and dragoons, which had held firm to the last, and retreated in good order towards Edinburgh, leaving six hundred dead on the field, and six hundred wounded and prisoners in the hands of the enemy. The prince's loss was forty killed and eighty wounded.

Had Charles Edward now marched directly upon Edinburgh, it can hardly be doubted that he might have easily gained possession of the city, and effaced by the *éclat* of this double triumph the unfavorable impressions which had been produced by his retreat from Derby. The hope, too, of another battle and the excitement of immediate action

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would have retained his Highlanders at their post, and prevented that general desertion with which his victory threatened him. But dissensions had begun to creep in among his officers, and the demoralizing effects of retreat upon an army so loosely organized were apparent in all their movements. Instead of following up their success, and pressing upon the enemy before he could recover from his panic, the time was lost in idle recriminations, and the strength of the army vainly wasted in the siege of the castle of Stirling, which, firm on its rocky base, set all their efforts at defiance.

There was another cause, too, for this delay; and in order to trace it to its source, we must go back to Italy, and to the year 1719. In that year had been completed the negotiations for the marriage of the Chevalier of St. George with the Princess Mary Casimir Clementine Sobieski, granddaughter of the heroic king of Poland, and believed to be one of the richest heiresses of Europe. Her father, having failed of an election to the throne, was living in Austria under the protection of Charles the Sixth, and it seemed as though there was something in the destiny of the two betrothed which gave a peculiar propriety to their union. But the moment that the tidings of an event so important to the tranquillity of his own family reached the ears of George of England, he addressed a strong remonstrance to the imperial court, complaining of this infraction of the friendship that subsisted between the two nations, and calling upon the emperor to interpose his authority in order to prevent its accomplishment. Charles readily complied with his demand, and forbade the marriage; and shortly after, the young princess, who had escaped with her mother and was on her way to Italy, was arrested at Innspruck, and shut up in a convent. The evil star of the Stuarts seemed to extend its fatal influence to all those who ventured to share in their fortunes.

Among the exiles of the insurrection of 1715 was John Walkenshaw, Baron of Baronsfield, one of the prisoners of Sheriffsmoor, but who had succeeded in making his escape in time to avoid the fate by which so many of his companions had atoned for their fidelity to the exiled monarch. From that time he had continued to live on the continent, still attached to the cause for which he had hazarded life and fortune, and ever ready to give new proofs of his devotion.

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For him, as for all those of his party, the question of James's marriage was one of the deepest interest, and the news of George's interference and Clementine's arrest excited the highest indignation. At first, he endeavoured to intercede with the emperor in her favor; but failing in this, resolved to effect her liberation by stratagem. Another exile, by the name of Wogan, agreed to share the hazards of the attempt; and to complete the party, they took with them a Captain Toole and Major Wisset and his wife. An Austrian passport was obtained for the Count de Cernes and his family, pilgrims to the holy house of Loreto, and thus provided they set out upon their perilous enterprise. Lady Walkenshaw was to pass for the countess, and Wogan for her brother-in-law; while a quickwitted maid, whose love for a romantic adventure was heightened by the promise of a liberal reward, consented to play the part of the countess's sister, until she could change places with the princess in her convent-prison. So well arranged was the whole plot, that the party reached Innspruck and succeeded in opening a communication with the prisoner without exciting the slightest suspicion. Their offers of assistance were gladly accepted; the maid changed dresses with the princess, and, taking her place in the convent, the rest of the party pushed on for the Venetian frontier. Thence they proceeded to Bologna, where the marriage was performed by proxy. The only reward that Walkenshaw would accept at the hands of the princess was the promise, that, if he ever became a father, she would stand godmother to his child. The promise was faithfully performed, and the daughter that was born to him some time afterwards received at the font the name of Clementine.

When Charles Edward, on laying siege to Stirling, took up his quarters at the castle of Bannockburn, the Jacobite leaders of the neighbourhood hastened to present to him their families. Among the young damsels who graced this little court was one of remarkable beauty, whose aspect and manners, accustomed as he was to this sort of homage, struck him with peculiar force. But how much deeper was the impression, when he heard the name of Clementine, and learned that she was the daughter of that noble-hearted chief to whom his mother had been indebted for her freedom. The effect upon the mind of the young Clementine was equally strong; this was the prince of whom, from her

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earliest childhood, she had heard so often; his youth, the charms of his manners, the graces of his person, the romantic enterprise in which he was engaged, all conspired to awaken a feeling in her young heart, which she at first may have mistaken for loyalty, though she soon discovered that it was love. The camp was so near, and a long siege leaves so many hours unemployed, that Charles Edward, without any apparent neglect of his duty, could easily find time for long and earnest interviews. He had the story of his own romantic adventures to tell, and could draw for her bright pictures of the sunny South; she, the youthful remembrances with which his mother's name was so closely interwoven, and that loveliest of all pictures, woman's heart, unconsciously yielding, with all the fervor and self-devotion of her sex, to the pure and gentle inspirations of a first and ardent love. Sincere and honorable in his feelings, Charles Edward promised himself that he would soon be able to place her by his side upon the throne of Scotland; for she was of an ancient family, allied to the first houses of the kingdom, whose attachment would become all the stronger for so marked a distinction. But she had read the future with woman's truer instinct, and thought rather of the day when her voice and her love would be the sole charm and solace of his exile. And she was true to her word, and, when every hope had failed him, and the nearest and dearest had abandoned him to his fate, she sought him out in his solitude, and in the darkest hour of his adversity united her destiny with his.

The drama was fast drawing to a close. The Duke of Cumberland, who, after the fall of Carlisle, had returned to London, no sooner received the news of the battle of Falkirk, than he resolved no longer to intrust the command of the army to subordinate hands, but, putting himself at its head, to complete the reconquest of Scotland by the most vigorous measures. He accordingly hastened to Edinburgh, drew around him all those who had been distinguished for their adhesion to his family, issued the severest instructions for the treatment of the rebels, and, proclaiming his intention of putting a speedy termination to the war, marched out with ten thousand men, in two columns, to meet the enemy. Charles Edward would gladly have risked the chances of another battle; but his army was too much reduced by the customary desertion of the Highlanders to justify so hazard-

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ous a venture ; and raising the siege of the castle, which was upon the eve of surrendering, he crossed the Forth and retreated towards the Highlands. Here, in order to facilitate his march and distract the enemy's attention, he divided his army into two columns, one of which, under his own guidance, pursued the direct route through the mountains, while the other, led by Lord George Murray, took the road by the seacoast. Inverness was fixed upon for the general rendezvous.

Cumberland continued his pursuit as far as Perth. It was the depth of winter, and while the severity of the weather and the natural obstacles of a wild and mountainous country arrested his troops at every step, and compelled him to proceed with the utmost precaution, his light-footed enemy was moving rapidly before him, and doubling every day, without any perceptible effort, the distance that lay between them. These considerations, and the news which he had received of the landing of a reinforcement of six thousand men under his brother-in-law, Prince Frederic of Hesse, induced him to retrace his steps to Edinburgh, where he would be better able, after this short experience of the nature of the opposition he was to encounter, to devise his measures for the effectual subjugation of the kingdom.

Charles Edward easily gained possession of Inverness, though defended by two thousand men, and spread his forces over an extensive tract of country. Nothing else could be done till the return of spring, and then, if France should, in the interval, fulfil her oft-repeated promises of support, there was every reason to hope that he might open the campaign with the defeat of Cumberland, and renew, under better auspices, his attempt upon England. These well founded hopes were defeated by the shameful negligence and dilatoriness of the court of Versailles. His remonstrances were disregarded, his agents listened to with incredulity. It was in vain that he detailed all his wants, and reported all his successes. The king and his ministers, wavering and undecided in their councils, subjected to the caprice and passions of a vain and voluptuous mistress, frittered away in deliberation the time which should have been devoted to action, and persisted, with a half timid, half treacherous policy, in deferring to the morrow what could only be accomplished to-day.

Meanwhile winter wore away and spring came on, and the

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Duke of Cumberland hastened to take the field. Charles Edward made every effort to collect his army; but six thousand men were all that he could bring together, and part of these were soon dispersed again by the scarcity of provisions. Cumberland advanced towards Inverness, and encamped within a few miles of his antagonist. Charles hoped to make up for his inferiority by a night attack, in which his men would have the advantage of their familiarity with the ground. Two thousand men were collected for the enterprise, and midnight, when the English camp would be buried in that deep slumber which follows an evening of debauch, was fixed upon for the onset. But the night was so dark that even the Highlanders were delayed in their march, and at two in the morning they were still three miles from the enemy. Charles Edward was at hand with a strong reinforcement, which he had collected in order to support the main body. Several of the chiefs still insisted upon proceeding; but Murray, whose prudence as a tactician led him more than once to mistake the character of the troops he commanded, and the real nature of his position, ordered a retreat. Tired, disappointed, and hungry, the men retraced their steps.

At break of day, Cumberland, little dreaming of the danger he had escaped, was under arms and advanced to offer battle. And now, for the first time, the prince allowed his impatience to overcome him. Six thousand men were all that he could muster, and his enemy counted ten thousand; but great as the disparity was, he resolved to risk an engagement. His council opposed his resolution with arguments and entreaties; they painted the state of the two armies, the one exhausted by privations and hunger, the other fresh and vigorous from a well stored camp. They urged the necessity of giving time for the remainder of the clans to come in; that every day would bring him a new accession of strength, and diminish that of his antagonist; that, by confining himself to a war of skirmishes and surprises, he could draw his enemy into the mountains, entangle him in their passes, harass him by cutting off his supplies, weaken him by surprising his detachments, and, having once got the advantage of number, of position, and of feeling upon his side, attack him at his own choice, and with the certainty of success. The French minister threw himself at Charles's feet, and beg-

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ged him to wait but a few days longer. But argument and entreaty were vain. The evil star of the Stuarts had resumed its sway, and the unfortunate prince rushed headlong upon his fate. It is said, too, that some of his officers had been bought over by the enemy, and treacherously labored to confirm him in his fatal resolution.

The ill-fated army was encamped on the plains of Culloden. The weather was piercing cold; they had no beds but the heather, which served them also as fuel for their fires. Part were still dispersed among the mountains in search of provisions, and others were engaged in parcelling out a few cattle that had been brought in for food, when the columns of the enemy appeared upon the opposite border of the plain. Charles Edward had just taken his seat at table; but instead of continuing his repast, though he had been for hours without food, he sprang instantly to his horse, and gave orders to range the troops for battle. The drum beat to arms, the bagpipes breathed forth, for the last time, the shrill gathering-call of the clans; alarm-guns were fired to call in the stragglers. Soon they came pouring in, for it was a welcome sound, and, forgetful of their hunger and careless of their inferiority, they ranged themselves joyously in their ranks, each under the chief and the banner he had so often followed to victory. One good omen came to cheer them at the last moment; the Frazers and MacDonalds, who were supposed to be still many miles distant, came up in time to take their posts before the battle began. But the MacPhersons and the MacGregors, and half of the Glengarys, and nearly the whole clan of the MacKenzies, were still absent, and six thousand men were all that could be brought together for this last and decisive struggle.

The army was drawn up in two lines, the Highlanders in the first, the Lowlanders and foreign regiments in the second. Four pieces of cannon were placed at each extremity of the first line, and four in the centre. On the right of the first line was a squadron of the horse-guards; and on the left of the second, Fitz-James's light-horse. The remainder of the cavalry was stationed with the reserve under Lord Kilmarnock. The prince took his stand on the right of the second line, on an eminence which commanded the field.

The Duke of Cumberland, profiting by the disasters of Hawley and Cope, had drawn up his men in three parallel

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divisions, with his cannon on one flank, and his cavalry on the other. Each division being composed of four regiments, each regiment came in this manner to serve as a support for the other, so that, if the impetuous onset of the Highlanders should break through one, there would still be three more to overcome before they could complete their victory. And in order to deprive them of the defence of their targets, the men were ordered to present their bayonets obliquely, so as to aim their blow, not at the enemy immediately before them, but at the one at his side. As a record of Preston and Falkirk, free permission was granted, by the order of the day, to every one that was willing to confess himself a coward, to withdraw before the battle began; and certain death was denounced as the punishment of those who dared to desert their posts after the signal had been given. "Flanders! Flanders!" was the reply, for there, at least, these same men had won the name of veterans.

The plain of Culloden is a vast heath, extending from east to west, with nearly a level surface between the mountains and the sea. There was nothing in the nature of the ground to favor the tactics of the mountaineers, no strong position in which to make a stand, no elevation from which to rush down upon their enemy. On their right, but not near enough to rest upon, were the river Nairn and the mountains; on their left, the sea and the parks of Culloden-house. The only elevation was on the opposite side of the plain, and that was in the hands of the enemy. The advantage of position, as well as of number, was against them.

It was one in the afternoon when the two armies drew nigh. The morning had been clear, but now the sky was suddenly overcast, and thick volumes of murky clouds began to darken the air. A violent wind arose from the north-east, accompanied with snow and rain, which it dashed in the faces of the Scotch, as it had done in those of their enemies on the plain of Falkirk. An indefinite dread, a superstitious horror, seized the minds of the Highlanders, for it was on their own heath and among their native mountains that the elements had declared against them.

The battle began by a cannonade, which on the part of the Highlanders did but little execution, for their artillerists had miscalculated the distance, and nearly all their shot fell short. But when the enemy came to fire in turn, their balls fell like

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hailstones on the Highland line, ploughing deep furrows wherever they struck the plain, and carrying death and confusion through the ranks. It was a fearful trial for those undisciplined mountaineers, accustomed as they always had been to come at once to close quarters, and decide every thing by the impetuosity of their onset. At length the order was given to advance, and again their war-cry rang loud and shrill, and each man, drawing his cap tight over his brow, firmly grasping his claymore in his right hand, and throwing out his dirk and target with his left, sprang forward with tiger fury to grapple with his foe. The English line stood firm to receive them, and, presenting their bayonets obliquely, met the shock without wavering. The targets glanced harmlessly along the polished barrels of the muskets, but the point of the bayonet went true to its mark, and with every thrust a Highlander fell. Another struggle, and still another, and the mangled bodies of the dead and the dying, of friend and foe, were heaped up like a bulwark in front of the line. The first rank of the English was crushed, but a terrific cross-fire from the second came to support the bristling wall of bayonets, at whose feet the second rank of the Scotch fell, one upon another, before they could aim a blow in return. A few still pressed onward with the recklessness of despair, but it was only to swell the bloody pile of victims, and Wolfe's regiment, formed *en potence*, now prepared with the reserve and the extreme right to envelope the survivors. The Mac-Donalds, dissatisfied at not having received their usual post on the right, refused to charge with the rest of the line, and after a short scattering fire retired from the field. Their chief alone rushed forward, with his shield-bearer and his nephew. "The children of my tribe abandon me!" was his melancholy cry, and a few moments afterwards he fell, pierced with wounds.

The rout of the first line was complete, but the second remained entire, and with this Charles Edward still hoped to win the day. His horse had checked the English cavalry, and could the Highlanders have been rallied, and induced to try their terrific charge once more, it might have been thrown back upon the infantry, and opened the way for the advance of the second line. "Courage!" cried the prince, riding in among them to place himself at their head; "we can yet make the day our own." But their discouragement had

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struck too deep, and his officers, gathering around him, forced him from the field. A part of the vanquished army fled towards Inverness, and part, crossing the Nairn, dispersed themselves among the mountains.

Resistance had ceased, but still the work of death went on. Cumberland lingered upon the plain to count his victims. "Wolfe, blow out that insolent fellow's brains," said he to the future hero of Quebec, pointing out to him a wounded Highlander, who had raised his head upon his hand, and lay gazing upon his conqueror with a bitter smile. "I am no executioner," replied Wolfe, and the noble rebuke was long treasured up with the unerring tenacity of revenge.

The soldiers, animated by the example and approbation of their leader, gave full play to their thirst of blood. They mangled the wounded; they mutilated the dead; they dipped their hands in the blood, and threw it at one another with shouts and laughter, as children play with water. Those whom they did not see fit to despatch at once they stripped of their clothes, and, reserving them for a longer torture, left them naked upon the field, exposed to all the horrors of a tempest and a night among the mountains. Next day they returned, and renewed their fiendlike sports. A few unhappy wretches, less severely wounded, or stronger than their fellows, had survived the horrors of the night, and were still breathing. They were instantly despatched, and this might almost be called a deed of mercy. But on counting their victims anew, the third day after the battle, it was found that some had either escaped, or been carried away by their friends. A strict search was immediately instituted through all the cottages of the neighbourhood, and wherever a wounded soldier was found, he was mercilessly butchered. There was one small party which had taken refuge in a shed, where the shepherds had kindly sheltered them, and dressed their wounds. The shed was instantly set on fire, and the wounded men and their protectors were consumed in the flames, while a strong body kept guard around it, that none might escape. Nineteen officers, after wandering two days and two nights in a wood, had been admitted into a court-yard of one of the Culloden-house farms. The moment that they were discovered, they were seized, tightly bound with cords that entered their wounds, dragged upon a cart to a neighbouring inclosure, and shot; and the murderers, as if

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doubting the effects of their bullets, rushed in upon them as they lay stretched upon the ground, and completed their work of death by beating out their brains with their musket-stocks. The imagination shrinks appalled from such wanton barbarity, and one is almost tempted to deny that deeds like these could have been perpetrated in a civilized country, and under the eyes of a son of the king of England. But the narratives which record them are of unquestionable authenticity, and, revolting as the picture is, we have not hesitated to sketch it, as a record for our countrymen of the ideas which, only thirty years before the outbreak of our own revolution, the king of England and his soldiers attached to the name of rebel.*

Meanwhile, wearied, wounded, and disheartened, Charles Edward had directed his flight towards Gorthleek, a seat of Lord Lovat, the chief of the Frazers. His horse had been shot under him, and when he presented himself in the hall, with his garments soiled with mire and stained with blood, the vaunted courage of the wily old chief seemed to abandon him at the sight, and, instead of receiving his prince with words of consolation and respect, he broke out into exclamations of despair at the ruin of his house, and the bloody fate which awaited his own gray hairs. After a few hours of repose, the prince resumed his flight, with only seven companions, part of whom he was soon compelled to separate from; for the alarm had been spread, and numerous parties, allured by the price that had been set upon his head, were searching for him in every direction. Soon, the country became so rugged that he could no longer continue his way on horseback. The mountains rose on every side wild and broken, separated only by deep glens, where torrents, swollen and chilled by the rain and snow, were to be forded at every pass. A straggling sheep-path that he found from time to time was his only relief from climbing precipices, and letting himself down the sides of worn and slippery crags. Thus, after four days, he reached the little village

* Four hundred English officers had been released by Charles Edward upon parole. When the Duke of Cumberland came to take the command, he sent a circular to them, ordering them to join their regiments under pain of disobedience. All obeyed but four, who alone had the courage to reply to this insulting order, — "that the duke was master of their commissions, but not of their honor."

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of Glenbeisdale, in the canton of Moidart, where, but a few months before, he had landed so full of confidence and hope. Here he received a letter from Lord George Murray, begging him to come and put himself at the head of the relics of his army, a little more than a thousand men, who were assembled at Badenoch, and make one more effort. But he was now convinced that nothing could be done without the succours of France, which, if they had been withheld at a moment when every thing seemed to promise success, would hardly be ventured after so fatal a reverse. His own presence at Versailles seemed to offer the only chance of bringing the hesitating and reluctant court to a decision, while the utmost that he could hope to accomplish by remaining in Scotland would be to keep up for a few weeks longer a destructive partisan warfare, which, even if successful, could lead to no decisive results. This reasoning, so plausible in itself, was supported by the advice of Clanranald and the other chiefs who had joined him ; and although, upon a cooler examination, there appear many grounds for calling its correctness in doubt, yet it can hardly be considered surprising that it should have been adopted as the wisest course, at a moment of such deep depression. Sorrow has its intoxication as well as joy, and few men have received from nature, or won by education, so firm a texture of mind, as to justify the inconsiderate condemnation which is lavished so freely upon the errors into which we are led by giving way to despondency.

The whole country was now on the alarm ; English cruisers hovering on the coast, and guarding the passes of the islands, and strong bands of soldiers scattered in patrols along the shore and through the valleys, following like bloodhounds upon every track, and subjecting every nook and corner to the most rigorous examination. Charles Edward was not suffered to remain long in tranquillity at his little asylum of Airsaig. His traces had been discovered, and a party was approaching to seize him. His companions fled in different directions, and he took refuge in a wood. As he was wandering here alone, at a loss which way to direct his steps, he met the pilot whom he had sent for to the isle of Skye. It was a cheering omen, and seemed to say that all had not abandoned him in this hour of need. The weather was upon the point of changing, and the heavens were lowering

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with the well known signs of an approaching tempest. It seemed like courting destruction to embark at such a moment upon that stormy sea ; but to remain on shore was captivity or death. The tempest burst upon them in all its fury. The rain fell in torrents upon their unprotected heads. The waves tossed their little bark like foam, seeming at times as if they would engulph it in their abysses, or dash it in fragments upon the rock-bound coast, where the breakers broke and roared with the deafening noise of thunder. Night came on, and they had no compass to steer by. In ten hours, they had run a hundred miles, and at length they landed on the little island of Benbecula. It was almost a desert. A few crabs which they caught among the rocks, and a little barley-meal mixed with water, was their only food ; an old cow-house was their shelter. Next day they found the cow, and made a better meal.

The tempest still continued to rage with unabated violence, and it was not till the 29th that they were enabled to embark once more, and direct their course towards Lewis island, where they hoped to find a French cruiser. But they had hardly put off when another tempest came up, which drove them to the islet of Glass. Here they gave themselves out for shipwrecked merchants, O'Sullivan taking the name of St. Clair, and passing the prince for his son. A farmer gave them shelter, and lent his boat to MacLeod, the pilot, to go upon the lookout as far as Stornoway, the port of Lewis island, which they looked to as the end of their wanderings. He soon sent back word to the prince to follow him, but the wind again drove him from his course, and he was compelled to land at Loch Seaforth, and continue his journey on foot. The guide missed his way, and it was not till the evening of the second day that he reached Point Ayrnish, a mile from Stornoway. Here he stopped, while one of the party went forward to reconnoitre. MacLeod soon joined him, not with the cheering tidings that the vessel he had hoped to find was ready to receive him, but to tell him that the population, warned of his approach, were upon the point of rising to repel him or make him prisoner, unless he consented to retrace his steps without delay. Burke was for retreating at once. "My good friend," said Charles Edward, "if you are afraid, you will spoil our supper. If it is me that you are alarmed for, be under no uneasiness, for

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nobody will ever take me alive; and woe to the first man that comes near me! But there is a time for every thing, and the most important question at this moment is how to get supper."

They remained there all that night and started again at day-break. And now a new danger presented itself; for a few hours after they had left the shore, four cruisers hove in sight, and they were compelled to take shelter in the little island of Issurt, where they passed four days in a hut without a roof. At length they ventured out again, creeping under the shore of that long chain of islands which are comprised under the general name of Long Island, being supposed to have been originally all united in one. The cruisers continued to hang upon their track, and pursue them from point to point, so that it was only by slipping in between the rocks and islands, where they were hidden from view, that they succeeded in escaping. In this manner they came back again to Benbecula, closely pursued by an English cruiser, which was happily driven off by a sudden squall, just as they came to shore. Here, while they lived on shell-fish, secreting themselves during the day in a little hut, the entrance of which was so low that they were obliged to crawl into it on hands and knees, one of the party was sent to invite the old chief of Clanranald, who lived on Long Island, to an interview, and another with letters to Lochiel and Murray of Broughton, the prince's secretary. Clanranald came in the night, attended by his children's tutor, MacDonald, or, as he was commonly called, MacEachen, who from that time attached himself to the prince's person. The old chief was deeply moved to find the son of his sovereign in this miserable little hovel, with his clothes falling in shreds from about him, and his whole frame extenuated by hunger and fatigue. It would have been dangerous for both to have carried him to his own dwelling; but MacEachen was ordered to conduct him to a little country-house at Corodale, a valley in the centre of South Uist. After the huts and caverns in which he had been living, this seemed to Charles like a palace. Here he remained several weeks. Nearly all the inhabitants of the island were partisans of his family, and none would be likely to betray him, even if they had known that he was among them. Game was plenty, and he amused himself with fishing and shooting, and was sometimes not a little surprised

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to find himself as happy at a good shot as he had ever been after a victory. From time to time Lady MacDonald sent him the newspapers, bringing him back again to the world, which he had lost sight of during his flight.

One evening, as his faithful companion, Burke, was preparing for supper part of a deer, the fruit of that day's hunt, a young beggar, allured by the savory odor, came and seated himself at Charles Edward's side to claim his share in the feast. Burke, more attentive than his master to the distinctions of etiquette, was upon the point of driving him away. "Remember, my friend," said the prince, "that the Scripture bids us feed the hungry and clothe the naked. Let this man eat, and after he has done, you will give him a coat to cover himself with."

Never was charity worse bestowed, for the wretch had no sooner swallowed his meal, and drawn his new garment around him, than he hastened to give information to the agents of government against the suspicious stranger, who was thus secreted in the heart of the island. Charles Edward was compelled to abandon his quiet asylum, and trust himself once more to the chances of the winds and the waves. For a while he wandered about from island to island, shifting his abode as the danger drew nigh, and returning again when it was passed. At last he came back once more to Benbecula. He had been obliged to separate from O'Sullivan, Burke, and MacLeod; O'Niel and MacEachen were the only ones that he had kept with him, and so closely was the net now drawn around him, that it seemed as if nothing short of a miracle could save him from the hands of his pursuers.

In this extremity, a young girl, of about his own age, whose heart had been touched by the melancholy tale of his perils and his sufferings, undertook to become his guide. Her name was Flora MacDonald. She was daughter of a petty laird of South Uist, who had been dead several years, and her mother was now married to another MacDonald, of the isle of Skye. Her education had been that of a simple country-girl of good family, but her beauty and her strong natural sense, accompanied by deep feeling and heart-sprung enthusiasm, had made her a favorite of the Clanranalds, and other noble families of the neighbourhood, in which she was a frequent and welcome visiter.

When Flora took this adventurous resolution, she had

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never seen the prince, and knew him only by the songs which recorded his early triumphs, and the tales which were whispered from mouth to mouth of his subsequent disasters and dangers. O'Niel and MacEachen accompanied her to the first interview, for they alone knew the secret of his hiding-place. She found him in a little cavern formed by a crevice in the rocks, his garments soiled, his cheeks pale, his eyes hollow and sunken, his hands covered with a cutaneous disorder which he had contracted in shifting about from hovel to hovel and cavern to cavern, and his whole aspect so care-worn and haggard that she burst into tears at the sight. But his cheerfulness soon dried her tears, and the gayety with which he spoke of his own appearance and situation made her laugh in despite of her melancholy. After staying as long as she dared, she gave him a basket of provisions and a change of linen, which she had brought for his use, and took her leave, with the promise of a speedy return. If before this she had felt disposed to make an effort in his favor, she was now resolved to save him at every hazard. Her mother was at the isle of Skye, which would afford a sufficient pretext for a journey thither; and as she was frequently in the habit of making these little excursions, sometimes all alone, and sometimes with a single attendant, there was every reason to hope that this also might pass off without attracting attention. The chief difficulty lay in framing a suitable disguise for the prince; for at this moment every person was closely watched, and there was no such thing as travelling in security, without a passport that covered the whole party. The habits of the country suggested an expedient. Mrs. MacDonald was a thrifty housewife, and would be glad to have an able-bodied maid to assist her in her spinning. This would be a sufficient reason for introducing another name upon the passport, and, the first step made sure, fortune would decide the rest. The prince was informed of the character that he was to assume, and Lady Clanranald and Lady MacDonald assisted Flora in preparing his disguise.

While these preparations were going on, she continued from time to time to visit the prince in his cavern, sometimes with Lady Clanranald, and sometimes with MacEachen, but always at intervals and with the utmost precaution, in order to avoid exciting suspicion by being seen to go too often in the same direction. This was the sole relief that

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Charles Edward enjoyed from the monotony and anxiety of his situation; and when, as sometimes happened, three or four days passed away without a visit from Flora, it was with difficulty that he could curb his impatience. And well may his impatience be excused, for it would be hard to conceive of a situation more trying. The spot in which he had taken shelter was rather a crevice in the rocks than a cavern. With every shower, — and in that climate there are many, — the water penetrated through the fissures, dropping upon his head, and collecting in the folds of the tartan with which he vainly endeavoured to protect himself. All that his companion, a hardy islander, could do to assist him was to shake out the water when the folds were filled. To complete his misery, the flies gathered around him in swarms, biting him on the hands and in the face with a sharpness that sometimes, with all his self-control, wrung from him a shriek of agony. His food was brought to him by a little milk-girl, who also stood on the watch to keep him informed of the movements of the soldiery. At length, after many a day of anxious expectation, and many a hair-breadth escape, the preparations were all completed; and on the evening of the 28th of June, after one more narrow escape from a party of soldiers that were prowling along the coast, he embarked with Flora and MacEachen in an open boat for the isle of Skye.

They had hardly been aboard an hour, when the wind began to rise, and the sea with it. The oarsmen shook their heads ominously as they gazed at the rising billows, for their frail bark was but ill fitted to stand the shock of a tempest. To distract their attention from the danger, Charles Edward sang them the songs which he had learned around the Highland watch-fires, and rehearsed those wild legends of the olden time, which have such a charm in that land of mist and storm. Calm returned with daylight, and, after wandering for a while at venture, they found themselves near the western point of the isle of Skye. As they were rowing along under the shore, a platoon of soldiers suddenly appeared on the rocks and ordered them to land. They were within gunshot, and before the boatmen could put about, the soldiers fired. Flora would not consent to stoop her head until the prince did so too, and the balls fell around them without doing any harm.

At last, they landed at the north end of the island, and Charles Edward remained with MacEachen, while Flora

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went forward to MacDonald castle to consult about their future movements. She found the castle full of officers and soldiers. It was decided that the prince should take refuge in the little island of Raasay. Lady MacDonald sent Kingsbury, her steward, to attend him and conduct him to his own house, where he was to pass the night. Flora rejoined them on the road. It was long after nightfall when they reached the house, and all the family were abed. Mrs. Kingsbury hastened down to receive her husband and guests, and was not a little terrified, upon saluting the supposed Betty, to feel the impression of a rough beard upon her cheeks. "It is an outlaw, then, that you have brought home with you!" said she to her husband. "It is the prince himself," replied Kingsbury. "The prince! alas! then we are all undone!" "We can die but once," said the faithful islander, "and where could we find a nobler cause to die in? But make haste, and get some supper for his Royal Highness; give us some eggs, and butter, and cheese." "Eggs, butter, and cheese for a prince's supper!" cried the good woman in astonishment. "If you knew what kind of suppers he has been living upon of late, you would call that a feast. Besides, if you were to make any unusual preparation, it might excite suspicion; so make haste, and come and take your place at table." "At table with a prince!" "To be sure. He would not eat without you, and his gracious manners and affability will soon put you at your ease." The supper was indeed a feast for Charles Edward, and when the ladies had retired, he remained at table to keep his host company, as gay and apparently as unconcerned as though he had never seen a day of sorrow. It was only in his slumbers that he betrayed the real state of his mind, and then no selfish complaint, no lament for his own sufferings, was ever heard to escape him; but "Alas, my poor Scotland!" was the exclamation that broke from his lips.

Next morning he was again on his way; but not till after a hearty breakfast, and after leaving a lock of his hair for Flora and his hostess, which, with the worn-out shoes that he had exchanged for a new pair of Kingsbury's, and the sheets in which he had slept, were carefully treasured up as precious relics of those days of trial. A circuitous route brought them down to the shore, where he was to embark for Raasay. The blood gushed from his nostrils in a copious stream as he

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bade adieu to Kingsbury and to the noble-hearted Flora, who were soon to atone by a long captivity for this act of self-devotion.

Malcolm MacLeod, a cousin of the laird of Raasay, and who had served in the prince's army as a captain, now became his guide, and with him, after passing several days in a little hut on the island, he again returned, through another tempest, to the isle of Skye, and roamed for a while among the mountains, till his provisions were all exhausted. In this extremity, Malcolm resolved to carry him to the house of his sister, who had married the laird of MacKinnon. His brother-in-law was absent, but his sister received him with open arms, and went out herself to keep watch, while her guests reposed within. The old nurse came to wash Malcolm's feet, and when she had done, he asked her to wash the prince's, who passed for his servant. "I have washed the feet of your father's son," said she; "but why should I wash the feet of his father's son?" "But my good mother," replied Malcolm, "it will be an act of Christian charity. He, too, is weary as well as I." "And a great deal dirtier, too"; which was true, for the prince had fallen into a quagmire, and was covered with mud. The old woman complied, but not without murmuring, and when she came to wipe his legs, she handled her towel so roughly as to extort a slight expression of suffering from her patient. "In sooth," cried she with great indignation, "it well becomes your father's son to complain of my father's daughter!"

The wanderers slept a few hours. Charles Edward was the first to awake, and, seeing the little boy of his hostess near him, took the child upon his knees and began to sing to him. While he was thus engaged, Malcolm came in with the nurse, not a little surprised to see how he was occupied. "Who knows," said the prince, "but that this boy may some day or other become a captain in my service?" "Say, rather," cried the indignant old woman, "that you may perhaps get to be a sergeant in his company." Mrs. MacKinnon now came to announce the return of her husband, and Malcolm went out to meet him. "What would you do," said he to his brother-in-law, "if the prince were to come to you for an asylum?" "I would give my life to save him." "Come, then, for he awaits you at your house."

Despairing of meeting a vessel among the islands, which,

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moreover, could no longer be relied upon as a shelter, Charles Edward resolved to return to the main land. MacKinnon furnished him with a boat, and, bidding adieu to Malcolm, he embarked in the height of a gale, and under the guns of two cruisers, confidently assuring his companions that the weather would quickly change, and deliver him both from the tempest and his enemies. Months of peril and daily familiarity with danger had given him a confidence in his good fortune, which could not easily be shaken. His prediction was verified. The horizon cleared, and a sudden change in the wind drove the cruisers off the coast. In embarking for Raasay, Charles Edward had quitted his disguise for the dress of an islander, and this he now exchanged for the costume of a mountaineer. The passage was quick, and the MacKinnons moored their little boat at the southern extremity of Loch Nevis. The first three nights they slept in the open air, the fourth in a cavern, and then wandered from one to another of the miserable little huts which the inhabitants had hastily erected upon the ruins of their houses ; for the vengeance of the Hanoverians had swept over the country, and blood and ashes were the records it had left behind. In this way the MacKinnons brought him in safety to the lands of MacDonald of Boisdale. "We have performed our duty," said they, "to the son of our king ; it is now your turn." "And I am happy to have the opportunity," was the noble reply.

Great as Charles's sufferings and privations had been, the hardest were yet to come. The passes of the mountains had been occupied by two corps of troops, of five hundred men each, who, like skilful hunters, were every day drawing closer and closer the circle which they had formed around their prey. After three days, which he passed in a cave, he was joined by his new guide, MacDonald of Glenaladale, and began his life of wandering once more. Sometimes a glass of milk was his only food for twenty-four hours, and then again two whole days would pass before he could find even that. His pursuers were so close upon him, that the light of their watchfires was often his only guide in escaping them, and more than once he had cause to bless the tempest and the mist, which came to screen him when every other shelter had failed. Once he forgot his purse, and, while Glenaladale went back to look for it, a party of soldiers passed directly under the rock behind which the prince was secreted. Another

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time, after walking all night, he came out upon a point whence he could see the kind of chase in which the soldiers pursued the mountaineers, driving them before them and keeping up a constant fire from their muskets, as if the poor wretches had been beasts of prey enveloped in the toils. He laid his hand upon his sword, and would have rushed forward to their defence, if his companions had not forcibly prevented him from this rash exposure of his person. He continued his march all day, and at night took shelter in a crevice among the rocks, so narrow that he could not lie down in it, and where the wind and the rain came in on every side. At first, his companions tried to kindle a fire, but found it impossible. "Never mind," said he; "let us content ourselves with the sparks."

The next day brought them to the canton of the "seven men of Glenmoriston," a band of outlaws who had taken refuge among the wildest passes of the mountains, every foot of which they were familiar with, and where they lived at the sword's point, setting the English at defiance, while all the rest of the country, a prey to the outrages of the soldiery, was trembling around them. It was from these men that Charles Edward resolved to ask shelter. Glenaladale went forward to treat with them, hoping to pass off the prince for Clanranald. "Clanranald is welcome," said they; but no sooner did they see the pretended chieftain, than one of them hastened forward, crying aloud, with a significant air, — "You are come, then, at last, Dougal Maccolony?" He had recognized the prince under his coarse tartan, all soiled and ragged as he was, and Charles Edward, perceiving his intention, answered readily to the name. The chief now proposed the robber's oath: — "May we turn our backs to God and our faces to the Devil, may all the curses of the Bible fall upon us and our children, if ever we betray those who confide in us." When it came to the prince's turn, they told him that an oath from him was needless, for they knew who he was, and, falling on their knees, swore to stand by him to the last drop of their blood.

To procure him a change of linen, they waylaid an English officer; to supply his table, they laid the sheepcots of the surrounding country under contribution; and, hearing him express a wish for a newspaper, one of them ventured into Fort Augustus in disguise, and brought away the papers of the

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commander. Sometimes Charles Edward would reprove them for their profanity, and they listened respectfully to his rebukes; for, wherever he went, he was sure to win the affections of his companions, and when, in after years, those iron-hearted men told the story of his sojourn among them, it was always with a tremulous voice and a tearful eye.

After three weeks of this wild life, he joined the Camerons in the little hut where Lochiel had taken refuge. Glenaladale was despatched to the coast to try if he could hear tidings of a vessel. In a few days the prince was obliged to flee again to another shelter, which he now found in a cavern among the rocks of Letternilich, called the Cage, so high in the air and of a form so peculiar, that it looks as if a giant's hand had suspended it there. Here he remained eleven days, from the 2d to the 13th of September, when Glenaladale came back to announce that two French ships of war had cast anchor in Lochnanaugh bay. The five months of wandering and peril were at length at a close.

On the 19th of September, Charles Edward descended to the shore, attended by Lochiel and his brother, and a numerous train of their friends and adherents, who preferred exile in a foreign land to the persecutions which awaited them at home. A large crowd, brothers, sisters, and friends, were gathered on the beach to bid them an adieu, which, whatever might be the caprices of fortune, must for so many of them be the last. A gleam of hope seemed to light up their dejected countenances, when the prince spoke to them of happy days yet in store, and, drawing his sword, promised them that he would again come back to them with a more powerful army and for a surer triumph. But when they looked upon his haggard features and tattered garments, and saw in the melancholy train of exiles that surrounded him the bravest and most beloved of their chiefs, their hearts sunk within them, and their farewell was uttered in sighs and tears.

Another danger awaited the prince on the coast of France, from an English fleet which was cruising there, and which he was fortunate enough to pass through under cover of a fog. At length, on the 10th of October, after a tedious and anxious passage of twenty days, he landed at Roscoff, near Morlaix, on the coast of Brittany. The moment that his arrival became known, the noblemen of the province hasten-

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ed to bid him welcome, vying with each other in supplying his wants and those of his companions. After two days' repose, he set out for Paris, whither he had already despatched one of his attendants with letters for his brother, the Duke of York, who came out to meet him and accompany him to the castle of St. Antoine, which had been fitted up for his reception by order of the court. This time, the king could not refuse to admit him to his presence; and accordingly, a few days after his arrival at Paris, he proceeded with a splendid train to Fontainebleau, where the court was then residing, in order to receive his audience. The story of his gallantry and his romantic adventures had excited a strong interest in the Parisian circles, and he was everywhere received with the most unequivocal marks of enthusiasm and sympathy. But the ministry still continued to meet all his proposals with doubts and objections, and he was not long in perceiving that there was nothing to hope from a government frivolously false, and a court sunk in debauchery. He went to Madrid, and was equally unsuccessful. Soon after his return, the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle was signed, and he was driven from his asylum in France, under circumstances of the utmost indignity and humiliation. Avignon, which was then under the dominion of the church, proved an insecure refuge, and Venice refused to receive him.

All at once he disappeared from the world; all traces of him were lost, his letters were without date, and nobody knew whither he had gone. Meanwhile, his partisans in London were preparing for a new outbreak, and, could their reports be trusted, every thing was ripe for a revolution. All of a sudden he appeared in the midst of them, at a large assembly which had been called in London, in order to receive some important communications from France. "Here I am," said he, "ready to raise my banner; give me four thousand men, and I will instantly put myself at their head." This was a test for which the conspirators, men fonder far of talking than of acting, were not prepared; and, after passing a few days in London, he returned to the continent.

The remainder of his life is a melancholy tissue of public and private sorrows; of disappointed hopes, unrequited affection, trust misplaced, and confidence betrayed, and a mind so bruised and saddened by its struggles with the world, that self-oblivion became its sole relief. We know of nothing more

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melancholy than the contrast which the following little sketch, which we translate from the autobiography of Domenico Corzi, offers with the scenes that we have attempted to trace in the first pages of the present paper.

"I lived two years," says he, "with the Prince Charles Edward. All this time he led a very retired life, and saw nobody. It was under the last Pope, who had refused to acknowledge his title. In this retirement, he passed the greater part of his time in practising music, of which he was enthusiastically fond. I passed the evenings with him; he played the violoncello, and I the harp, and we used to compose little pieces together. But these *tête-à-tête* were far from being cheerful. The apartment was hung with old red damask, and lighted by only two tapers. Upon the table was a brace of pistols, instruments very little to my taste, which he would take up from time to time to examine, and then lay them down again. His manners, however, were always mild, affable, and agreeable."

In this manner he passed the last years of his life, dividing his time between Rome and Florence, at times seeing more of the world, and at others living in absolute seclusion, but preserving to the end so grateful a remembrance of the fidelity of which he had received such striking proofs in Scotland, that a Scottish song or an allusion to those scenes never failed to call forth his tears, and often threw him into fits. He sank by a gradual though a premature decay, till at length, abandoned by the world and forgotten of all, save a few devoted followers, whose truth held out to the last, he expired at Rome, on the 31st of January, 1788.

We can hardly venture to draw a portrait of this unhappy prince, or to weigh his qualities in an accurate balance. His public career was too brief to afford room for the full development of his character, and his private life so much embittered by sorrow, and parts of it are still enveloped in a veil of such impenetrable mystery, that it is hardly possible to come to any conclusion which shall not be open to serious objections. His courage, his magnanimity, his generosity, his fortitude, his humanity, his patience in the hour of suffering, and his promptitude and self-command in the midst of danger, are qualities which none can dispute, and all must admire. But the liberality of his principles was never brought to the test of a practical application, and the generous sentiments which he professed towards his political ad-

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versaries were never subjected to the perilous trial of long-continued prosperity. If compared with his immediate opponent, the Duke of Cumberland, the qualities of his heart appear to the greatest advantage; if with George, his enlightened views and elevated sentiments shine out with the purest lustre. On a throne he might have lost somewhat of the vigor, and perhaps, too, something of the amiability, of his character; at the head of his troops, his energy and self-control commanded the respect of all, and his kindness and affability made him the idol of his soldiers.

Why should we seek to go farther, or darken the shadows upon so bright a picture? There are minds to which success is a necessity, which go on firmly, brightly, purely, with a constantly increasing elevation, to the full maturity of their development; flowerets which expand their leaves and breathe out their odors to the sun, but shrink withering and scentless from the tempest. And do those who thus love to dwell upon faults rather than virtues know what it is to miss your destiny; — to cherish a hope through long years, to dream of it by night, to bless the returning daylight which brings you nearer to its accomplishment, to direct all your efforts, train all your faculties, for this, and this alone, until your whole existence is absorbed by it, and, like the atmosphere you breathe, it becomes a part of you with every respiration; and then, whether prepared or unprepared, whether by slow degrees or by a sudden blow, be deprived of it for ever; — to look around you and see all desolate and dark; to turn within and find a pulseless, rayless void; to live, because life is a necessity, and continues to have its duties, even when it has ceased to have its charms; but to protract it with loathing and shuddering, when you remember that it might have been a blessing? Every man has his mission. Upon some it weighs so lightly, and they march on so easily and unconsciously towards the fulfilment of it, that you would almost accuse them of living for themselves alone. But there are beings of a more earnest nature, upon whose hearts the responsibilities of existence weigh like sorrow; and if you ever see them smile, it is only when they feel that every day is bringing them nearer to the accomplishment of their destiny.

We cannot conclude our article without a few words upon the work to which we are indebted for the greater part of

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the facts upon which it is founded. M. Amédée Pichot has long been known in continental literature, as the editor of one of those clever periodicals which reflect with so much truth and vivacity the movement of French intellect in the various realms of thought. But to American readers he brings a still higher claim, as the translator of Prescott's Conquest of Mexico. It was during a tour in Scotland, and with Waverley for his guide-book, that he first formed the idea of a life of Charles Edward, as an episode of Scottish history. The canvass grew under his hands as he wrote, and he was gradually led to draw a full picture of the long rivalry between Scotland and England. The first edition of his work appeared in 1830; that which we have cited at the head of our article is the fourth, a sufficient proof of the favor with which it has been received. Each new edition contains important additions, new documents, drawn from their resting-places in public or in private archives, where they had lain for years unregarded, and, but for his untiring perseverance, might have lain there still. During this interval, other writers have followed him into the field which he had opened; Brown and Lord Mahon in England, and two in Germany. But as he was the first, so he continues to be the best; and the enthusiasm which he brought to the beginning of his task seems, at the end of twenty years, to be as bright as ever.

A work composed under such circumstances must, necessarily, be original. M. Pichot's idea and plan are his own, and the execution of them is accurate and able. The state of parties, the popular mind as manifested in the popular literature of the day, all the great questions which were then in agitation, and many of those often neglected accessories which throw so strong a collateral light upon historical events, have found a place in his volumes, many of them being treated with skill, and all with great apparent fidelity. Though far from believing in the doctrine of divine right, he is a warm admirer of his hero; but we cannot perceive that his sympathies have anywhere given a false coloring to his narrative; and that man must be cold-hearted indeed, who should have no other feeling than that of common interest for a friend of twenty years' standing. If we were disposed to look for faults in a work of so much merit, we should say, that here and there we could have wished for greater fulness

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of detail, somewhat more of earnestness and warmth in the narrative, and of vigor and compression in the style ; but it is none the less the fullest and most satisfactory history that has yet appeared of this interesting period.

ART. II. — *Lives of Men of Letters and Science, who flourished in the time of George the Third.* By HENRY, LORD BROUGHAM, F. R. S. Second Series. Philadelphia : Carey & Hart. 1846. 12mo. pp. 302.

WE give a hearty welcome to this new volume from such a distinguished hand. It contains another series of animated portraits, struck off with free and bold execution. The writer, powerful as he is, has not, in every respect, the best qualifications for such a work ; but the reader is sure of finding independent views and valuable information ; and if there should be a measure of prejudice and occasional passion, this will only prove that his Lordship is not exempt from the misleading influences with which less gifted minds are afflicted. In the case of men of science, having a natural taste for their investigations, he has entered with all his heart into those studies and discoveries to which they are indebted for their fame. With moralists and literary men, he is, of course, less successful and happy. But a mind like his, which has been for years in a state of intense activity, cannot be turned to any subject without throwing light upon it, though it may, peradventure, be accompanied with occasional bursts of flame. At any rate, it is a good example for retired statesmen thus to engage in intellectual labors. Would it might be followed by persons of the same description in this country, who, after escaping from the scuffle of politics in the condition of Canning's "needy knife-grinder," with garments rent in twain, before the sartor can repair the damage they have sustained, are impatient as the war-horse to be in the same glorious strife again.

It is rather a curious procession which the ex-Chancellor now calls up from the deep. At its head rolls on the stern and melancholy Johnson, apparently not aware that he is file-leader to the eloquent Adam Smith, who was so distasteful

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to him when living, that it would not be strange if he had a sharp word to say to him, even in the land of souls. They are separated by the Frenchman Lavoisier, as a barricade, from the spherical form of the sarcastic and not very amiable Gibbon. Next comes Sir Joseph Banks, who, with great forbearance, does not swear, — out of fear, perhaps, of him who leads the van; and last, but not least, appears D'Alembert, one of those sketches which his Lordship, who is a half-domesticated Frenchman, delights to draw, but which do not appear to be received by readers in France with unmingled satisfaction, perhaps for the reason that they are too severely true. Critics of that nation have complained of want of novelty in his life of Voltaire; but they do not say whether they expected him to discover new facts in the history of one who spent all his life in the daylight, or whether they wished him to exert his inventive genius in giving a charm to biographical writing. Others have quarrelled with his portrait of Rousseau, as it would seem, because he does not represent that mean-spirited creature as a great philanthropist and benefactor of mankind. But if any one rejoices in filth, and is disposed to make declamation pass for philanthropy, he will find that the eyes of the world are wide open, and splendid shillings, if counterfeit, will be left on the hands that receive them. Meantime, Lord Brougham has been attacked by English critics, one or two of whom he has paid back with a compliment which will not make them impatient for another. In their desire to show off his ignorance and errors, they have made an unseemly exposure of their own. But on the whole, as his language is somewhat lofty, and as no man living has collected a richer variety of enemies than he, it is not strange if some should take this indirect way to resent those wrongs which otherwise they would have no means of avenging.

The greatest fault in this writer's portrait-painting proceeds from an occasional waywardness and haste, which lead him into views and representations which his slower judgment would have disapproved. We need not go far for an illustration of the truth of this remark; there is the case of Dr. Johnson, to whom he seems disposed to render justice, though with the same uncertainty with which an eel may be supposed to look upon the movements of a whale. There is a passage of his history in which he ascribes to him motives and feelings

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which, when examined, seem absurdly untrue. Thus, when the widow of his friend Thrale married Piozzi, the Doctor, like every body else at the time, considered it an injudicious and discreditable connection; though, with the single exception of the word "ignominious," which he applies to it, there is nothing indicating excitement of feeling; and it should be remembered that this word, which sounds so formidable, was but one of the ponderous missiles which he was accustomed to employ. Lord Brougham professes himself unable to see why it was not a very tolerable match, and thinks that Johnson's opposition to it must have arisen from an attachment to her on his own part. Now, if this was so, all the world must have been smitten with her charms, for there was a perfect unanimity of opinion as to the course which she pursued; and as Lord Brougham evidently knows nothing more than others about Piozzi's character and standing, his conjectures will not outweigh the judgment which they had better opportunities of forming. As to the Doctor's affection, we speak with diffidence, having had very little experience in these affairs of the heart; but it does not seem to us that at the age of seventy-five he would be transported with the tender passion; nor that, with one foot in the grave, he would have engaged in a love-chase with any brilliant promise of success. His Lordship makes himself merry with the aristocratic feeling of these humble persons, who considered her marriage with Piozzi as a degradation; and, sure enough, it is ridiculous for one earthly potsherd to look down upon another, which happens to be an inch or two lower in the dust. But such is the way of the world; it is universal, although it be not a true nor wise one; and well as he discourses on the subject, theoretically considered, we strongly apprehend, that, if the case should be his own, and a daughter of his house should marry a foreign adventurer, he would set up an outcry of wrath and vexation that might be heard across the deep.

We do not think that this writer, in his estimate of Johnson, makes sufficient allowance for the effect of the disease which hung like a millstone round his neck through all his mortal existence,—a disease which brings with it every form of gloom and irritability, and which, in his case, was aggravated by the loneliness in which he lived; for it is remarkable, that, with his wonderful power of conversation, his society

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should have been so little sought; though, indeed, if the circle in which he moved had been ever so extensive and inspiring, it could not have afforded him the relief and comfort of a home. And yet his Lordship has had, as he says, unusual advantages for observing this fearful complaint, of seeing the paralyzing influence which it exerts upon the mind and the will, and the deadly aversion which it gives to those active efforts in which the only remedy can be found. This disorder was deeply engrained in Johnson's constitution; it brought with it a sense of ever-present misery, and oppressed him with dark forebodings; he evidently feared the time when the intellect would sink under it, leaving him a miserable ruin. Had physical education been understood in his day, he might possibly have been relieved by attention to diet and exercise, which no one then seemed to suspect had any connection with health or the want of it. One brave effort of that kind he made, in giving up the stimulating drinks of all kinds to which he had resorted for relief, — an abstinence in which he persevered to the last; but generally, in this instance, as in that of Collins and Cowper, the malady seems to have been treated as a visitation of God, with which there was no such thing as contending. When one thinks of his long struggle with poverty, — of his dining behind a screen at Cave's, because too meanly dressed to appear at that great man's table, — of his supporting life for a long time on less than sixpence a day, — of his occasional enjoyment of conversation with men like Burke, which, when it was over, left him in solitude and sorrow, — of the plaintive manner in which he would entreat others to sit up with him, that he might escape as long as possible the terrors of the night, — it gives us a view of his condition, which, one would think, would excuse many of those petulant expressions that appear numerous because Boswell has faithfully recorded them, and has not always stated that it was his own folly which brought down the shower-bath of compliments upon his head. We learn from Miss Reynolds, who was the Griffith among his chroniclers, that he gave the impression of a man of unhewn manners, but of a kind and affectionate heart. And while we do not undervalue that grace of life in which he was so sadly wanting, it is but right to remember his active and self-denying charity; it is but right to ask of those who censure him, if they would be ready to receive and support two helpless

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and unattractive women, together with a poor physician, whose practice, unprofitable to himself, was probably far more so to his victims, — forming a community in which a favor done to one gave a pang to the rest, and where he himself found so little comfort, that he dreaded to enter his own door, but would not dislodge them, because they could have no home but for him. Truly, if it was required of those who censure Johnson to exercise equal generosity, the voices of condemnation would be few and small.

While Lord Brougham, as it seems to us, hardly does justice to the great moralist, presenting a view of him which is deficient in harmony and wholeness, and made up of parts not always consistent with each other, the shade of Boswell would be beside itself with exultation to find his own opinion of his own merits confirmed by so competent a judge; for assuredly the Auchinleck patrician never dreamed that his connection with Johnson would suggest to any human mind the recollection of the intercourse of Plato and Xenophon with Socrates. His Lordship praises not only his tact, cleverness, and skill, but his admirable good-humor, his strict love of truth, his high and generous principle, his kindness to his friends, and his well-meant, but sometimes grotesque devotion, and says that his book, once taken up, is the most difficult of all others to lay down. Certainly, no man of really intellectual taste ever joins in the contempt which is poured on Boswell's name; nor, on the other hand, will many be ready to subscribe to such extensive praise as this. The truth is, that his contemporaries were as much at a loss to know what place to assign him, as men of the present day. Lord Stowell, when pressed on the subject, could only say that he was universally welcome as a "jolly fellow." It was his pleasure to parade those weaknesses which most men keep to themselves, and as he kept his banner of folly perpetually flying, they did no justice to the merits which he possessed in no small degree. What but a strong admiration of intellectual power could have induced him to lead the life which he did? And it shows how oddly our notions of high and low are perverted, that so many wonder at his submitting to the caprice of Johnson, while it is considered perfectly natural that such a person as Miss Burney should feel herself honored by the trust of preparing snuff for the queen.

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We have no disposition to find fault with Lord Brougham's estimate of Johnson's literary merits; and what he says of the style of the great moralist is altogether discriminating and true. To Johnson's poetry he assigns a rank perhaps too high, if it be regarded as poetry; but when we regard it as eloquent and powerful declamation, like that of Juvenal, against the vices and follies of the times, it certainly exhibits a striking union of deep feeling with majesty and might. He loved the regular cadences of verse, which he is said to have read in a very impressive way; and we see, in fact, in his prose, that measured step and those balanced periods which would seem wearily formal and mechanical in any other, but which affect us differently in his case, because they are the natural expression of his mind. Some of his writings Lord Brougham characterizes as dull and flimsy, in which he has reference principally to the Rambler and Idler, and seems to us to express a hasty and ill-considered opinion. Dull the Rambler may be, but flimsy it is not; — it is dull to us because it was an ephemeral publication, which found readers and satisfied them in the day for which it was intended; and, if it has lost its attraction, it is in the same predicament with the Spectator, which no one now thinks of sitting down to devour. That it was not wholly speculative and unpractical appears from the circumstance pointed out by Lord Brougham himself, that Johnson, in some of these light periodicals, has an able argument against imprisonment for debt and capital punishment, thus anticipating by three quarters of a century questions of great interest, which his own age cared little for, but which have become subjects of vast importance at the present day.

We fully accede to the justice of the opinion which pronounces the Lives of the Poets the best of Johnson's works. Some of these biographies are spoken of with contempt, for their prejudice and narrowness, by those who have never read them. Lord Brougham thinks the life of Milton, for example, does not deserve the censure usually cast upon it; and any one can see, that, while Johnson had no sympathy with Milton's politics, and was unable to appreciate the peculiar beauties of Lycidas, he assigns to the Paradise Lost a place among the highest efforts of the human mind. The life of Savage is here spoken of as overpraised, and that of Swift as most objectionable; while it is admitted that Johnson may have

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been so severe on the Dean of St. Patrick's because he was so untrue to the sacred profession, which, with his tastes and principles, he ought never to have assumed. As to Johnson's prejudices, whatever they were, they never worked in darkness ; he always fearlessly avowed them ; while his clear-headed sagacity, his sharp critical discernment, his manly indignation at every thing unworthy, his occasionally profound discussions, and pointed and glittering remarks, giving life to the narrative which generally flows full with thought, and, among other attractions, his occasional solemnity and tenderness of feeling, — these various merits are united in a work which will never lose its charm for intellectual readers so long as our language endures.

But Dr. Johnson's works of various kinds, excellent and instructive as they are, will be more or less esteemed as the literary fashion changes ; always sure, however, of readers of the higher order, however neglected by the light and trifling generation who disdain all things but new. If they were lost and forgotten, his fame would rest securely on his conversation as Boswell has recorded it, which is unrivalled for its point, brilliancy, and strength ; it is here that his clear and powerful mind makes the richest display of its activity, and the vast variety of its resources. It goes straight as a cannon-ball to the heart of every subject ; with intuitive discernment he sees the matter at once in all its bearings ; no mysticism nor illusion can stand for a moment before him ; but so far from giving a cold dissection of the question presented, his views are made interesting by the finest possible illustrations, and that quick sarcasm and playful humor, always at perfect command, in which he was never exceeded. We do not well understand on what authority Lord Brougham undertakes to place Swift before him. The Dean's range was limited, he says, but within it he must have been very great. It is true that he had that strong common sense and wit which are among the chief elements of success ; but we do not know that he had the overflowing abundance and easy command of his resources which conversation requires. Addison, too, he says, has left a great reputation of this kind, and Bolingbroke's superiority to all others cannot be doubted. But it seems to us, that he might as well exalt the social powers of Adam and Eve, who may have been great in conversation, for aught we know, though

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the existing records of it are quite too few to sustain a confident opinion.

When Lord Brougham speaks of Johnson's conversation as no conversation in any proper sense of the word, as destitute of all free interchange of thought, and allowing no free discussion of sentiments and opinions, he is evidently misled by Boswell's record, for that worthy did not care to set down any thing but what Johnson said; the remarks of others were introduced only when they served as suggestions for his own. It would have been inhuman to require of him to treasure up all the lifeless and indifferent things which were said, merely for the sake of keeping the entireness of the conversation. And yet the prominence which is thus given to the remarks of Johnson makes them appear oracular and dictatorial, as if to hear what he would say was the only object and concern of the whole party. Now Boswell had this feeling, — that it was the province of all others to listen, and Johnson's alone to speak; but others doubtless viewed the matter in a different light; and these were like all other conversations, in which each one took his share, while Johnson bore the most distinguished part, — as indeed he would, were he living in any circle of the present day. Let the attempt be made to record the sayings of any other master of conversation, — Sir James Mackintosh, for example, — and one easily sees that in these social efforts Johnson has no brother near his throne.

Though Lord Brougham, in his particular criticisms on Dr. Johnson's mind and character, is not always entirely just, his summary of the whole is given in terms to which no objection can be made. He says, that those who saw him but once or twice formed an erroneous estimate of his temper, which was rather kindly and sociable, and not at all sullen or morose; he allows that Johnson, to the last, had nothing of that severity and querulousness which the old are so apt to feel. He admits that he was friendly, actively so, in the highest degree, — that he was even imprudently charitable, that he was strictly and always just, that his love of truth was wonderful, in matters both small and great, and that his habitual piety, his sense of his own unworthiness, and his generally blameless life entitled him to a place among the good and great, while he showed his right appreciation of this world's honors by attaching more importance to his worth than to his fame. Certainly this is high praise, and such as few can ever

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deserve. But we do not see in this writer the hearty sympathy with which Carlyle, for example, enters into the struggles and sorrows of "brave old Samuel," admires the heroism and manly independence of his bearing, and does not upbraid him with the coarseness of his manners, out of respect for the firm energy with which, through his dreary voyage of life, he forced his strained and shattered vessel, "built in the eclipse," through the dark and resisting sea.

Next in order is Adam Smith, who is represented in Croker's Boswell, the main characteristic of which is a brave neglect of dates and all kinds of precision, as having come in conflict with Johnson, when the latter was on his Northern tour. It is said that the subject of difference was Smith's account of Hume's last sickness; that Johnson, with his usual benignity, told Smith that he lied, and that he of the Moral Sentiments, in return, applied to the moralist a term which properly belongs to younger branches of the canine race, and is not often, we believe, used in the best society with respect to them, — though of this we speak doubtfully, having no means in our solitary attic of knowing what refinements may have been introduced by the elegant literature of the day. It is a pity to disturb the story of this classical communion; but as Johnson was in Scotland in 1773, and Hume died in 1776, it was certainly premature in the Doctor to take offence three years before offence was given. In fact, this slight anachronism brings the authenticity of the whole account into serious question; not, however, to the disparagement of Sir Walter Scott, whom Lord Brougham is inclined to blame for it. He indeed reported it to Croker; but he said distinctly that he had it from Professor John Millar, to whom, therefore, the responsibility belongs. It was no doubt an imaginative picture of what the meeting of these two great men, if they came together, was likely to have been, dealing with the future as Mr. Landor brings up the voices of the past.

Not much is known of the early days of Adam Smith, save that he was stolen by gypsies in his childhood, but soon happily rescued, and that his delicate health in youth drove him to the usual resource of books and study. Having obtained an exhibition for Baliol College, he spent seven years at Oxford, but afterwards retained very little reverence and affection for that time-honored institution. Of the enlargement of mind which then distinguished it some judg-

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ment may be formed from the fact that he was sharply reprimanded for reading Hume's Treatise of Human Nature, and the ray of light which was struggling in at the keyhole was extinguished by taking such works away. At the age of twenty-nine, he filled the chair of Moral Philosophy in the University of Glasgow, a place for which he was admirably suited by his power of communication as well as by the habits of his mind, as he spoke with great fluency when once engaged in his subject, and was listened to with the enthusiasm which his ability, accompanied by a popular manner, might be expected to inspire. It is much to be regretted, that his lectures were destroyed by his own hand before he died. The course of Natural Theology was one which would have great interest for readers of the present day; and such was the variety of suggestion always flowing from his active and fertile mind, that every part must have contained much to interest and instruct mankind.

It was in 1759 that Adam Smith published his Theory of Moral Sentiments, a work so eloquent and interesting that it could not fail to meet with immediate and general success. This was the case in Great Britain, though, as Grimm tells us, it failed entirely in Paris, a region where moral sentiments are generally in but little demand. It is true that the leading principle of the work, resolving all moral approbation into sympathy, is quite too narrow to be true, as would be felt at once by any thoughtful reader; but considered as a treatise on sympathy, or a view of some aspects of human nature, seen with searching discrimination, and presented in a rich and fascinating style, it would not be easy to say too much in its praise. One effect of the fame of this work was to recommend him to Charles Townshend, who had married the Duchess of Buccleuch, and who employed him to accompany the young duke, her son, upon his travels. This gave him an opportunity of forming an acquaintance with the eminent men upon the continent, and ultimately led to his appointment as a revenue officer, one of those splendid rewards of intellectual greatness which are held forth as a bounty to such efforts in England, and of late in this country. There, the iron-headed wolves who rob and murder in the service of the state are heaped with estates, titles, and orders, while such men as Burns are made excisemen at the rate of seventy pounds a year. Here, men of fine talent and

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manly understanding may peradventure have a place in the custom-house, while all rich pastures are carefully reserved for the worthless cattle who move in the droves of party.

There was another less questionable advantage which Dr. Smith secured by means of his residence abroad; this was the acquaintance of distinguished men, particularly in France, where he found those whose tastes and investigations were similar to his own. Among these was Quesnay, of whom we hear in Marmontel's Memoirs, who had acquired a great reputation by his writings on political economy, a science which had attracted attention, in its various parts, from the middle of the last century, and which he was endeavouring to reduce to a systematic and practical form. Though the public at large were unable to comprehend the point and value of Quesnay's suggestions, he was admired by such men as Condorcet, Turgot, and the elder Mirabeau, "the crabbed old friend of man." Dr. Smith had such an opinion of his ability and excellence, that he would have dedicated the Wealth of Nations to him, if Quesnay had lived to receive the attention. He was not sufficiently master of the French language to speak it fluently; but he was able to communicate with such men as this, though not to chatter with the apes and peacocks of fashionable circles, a privation, however, which he bore with great fortitude.

About a dozen years after this European tour, appeared the celebrated Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations, a work which is the surest foundation of his fame; for, although it was anticipated in its doctrines by the French and Italian philosophers, it was so marked, as Hume said, by depth, solidity, acuteness, and power of illustration, that it placed him at the head of all who had attended to this great subject, not even excepting the historian himself, whose own essays upon these questions possessed all the merits which he delighted to ascribe to those of his friend. It is not to be understood that Dr. Smith's views were borrowed; his way was to elaborate those truths for himself, in the solitude and silence of his own mind. If he was indebted to any one, it was probably to Hume, whose essays may have been the means of turning his attention to these inquiries. In the year when those remarkable essays were published, he began to lecture on political economy in Glasgow; and from the character of his intellectual life, we may readily

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infer that his views were original in himself, though others may at the same time have reached conclusions resembling his own.

It was shortly after the publication of this great work that he received the appointment of commissioner of the customs; a compliment about as adequate to his merits and claims as if Le Verrier, in acknowledgment of his late scientific exploit, should be appointed to superintend a church-clock in his native city. It gave him a subsistence, indeed, but the duties of the office were incessant and vexatious, — peculiarly unsuited to one who was remarkable for his absence of mind, an infirmity carried so far that he would often talk in company, perfectly unconscious of their presence, and in some instances he would enlighten those about him as to his opinion of their merits, disclosing much more than they delighted to know. He moved through the streets with his hands behind him and his head in the air, wholly unconscious of any obstructions that might be in his way. On one occasion, he overturned the stall of a fiery old woman, who, finding him perfectly unmoved by her tempest of salutations, caught him by his garment, saying, — "Speak to me, or I shall die." It is rather singular, that, with these habits, he could accomplish any thing in the way of official duty; and the beauty and fitness of such rewards of intellectual greatness were manifested in the necessity which it brought with it, of suspending those labors of the mind which, though they would not answer for the custom-house, might have enlightened and blessed the world. Rich and active as his mind was, the preparation of his great works required great expense of labor and time. His habit of composition, too, was laborious and slow; it never became easier by practice, but, as he told Mr. Stewart not long before his death, he always wrote with the same difficulty as at first; or, perhaps we should say, he spoke; for, instead of writing with his own hand, he employed an amanuensis, to whom he dictated as he walked about the room. He was unfortunately fastidious in his judgment of his own works; he had eighteen folio volumes of his own writing, which he ordered to be destroyed before his death. His friends promised that it should be done; but he was not satisfied till the sacrifice was actually made, and the labor of so many years was reduced to dust and ashes. He said that he meant to have done more, and there were materials in his manuscripts

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out of which he could have made much ; but he had not time for it, and all was lost to the world. Will such governments as that of England ever become sufficiently enlightened to withdraw some portion of the immense amount now spent in prizes for bloodshed, and appropriate it to the support of those who, in a day of higher civilization, will be at once the glory and the shame of their country ? a country which knows its true interest and honor no better than to lavish dukedoms and princely fortunes on Marlborough and Wellington, while these men, in every respect of mind and character immeasurably above mere soldiers, are thought highly blessed to receive from it enough to keep body and soul together in the dreary winter of their days.

Nothing can be more attractive than the account which Lord Brougham gives of Smith's disposition ; his benevolence was often carried beyond his means, and always delicate in its regard to the feelings of others. His principles of integrity were firm and high. The thoughtfulness of study, the demands of ill health, had no tendency to make him selfish, and the approaches of age did not chill the warmth of his affections. His mother lived with him till her death, in 1784 ; and after her death, his cousin, Miss Douglas, took charge of his family for the four succeeding years. Her decease, in 1788, deprived him of most of the comforts of his hospitable home ; but he lingered on with broken health and spirits, though with an equal mind, till 1790, when a painful disorder brought him down to the grave. A few days before he died, several distinguished friends who were accustomed to sup with him on Sunday were with him ; when, finding himself unable to go with them to the table, he said, — " I believe we must adjourn this meeting to some other place " ; after which they never met again. His complaints were of the kind which are brought on by over-exertion of the brain and the inactivity of a literary life. At one time he believed he had found a panacea for his diseases in tar-water, which was recommended by so great an authority as Berkeley, and was hailed with as much enthusiasm as sundry other nostrums, each of which works miracles for the time, though unfortunately its wonders and glories are too good to last. The history of all such inventions and discoveries is written in two passages of his letters. In one he says, — " Tar-water is a remedy in vogue here for almost all diseases ; it has perfectly cured me of an

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inveterate scurvy and shaking in the head." But not long after this happy restoration, he says, that he has had those complaints as long as he remembers any thing, and "the tar-water has not removed them."

The letter of Adam Smith in which he describes the closing life of Hume has been the subject of much remark, not very complimentary in its tone; for in former days, many, who manifested no other interest in Christianity, were furious against unbelievers, and nothing could be more unscrupulous than the manner in which they abused those sinners, by way of giving them a taste of the religion of love. Few men have ever received so much of this friendly attention as Hume; his crime seemed to be, that he was not so wicked as, in their opinion, an infidel ought to be. Of this offence he was certainly guilty; and so odious did it make him, that it required some courage in the good-natured Boswell, even under Johnson's broadside, to tell him that "he was better than his books,"—a eulogy which, proceeding from such a quarter, might, one would think, have turned his brain for ever. Now, though religionists at the time had no patience with his serenity and cheerfulness, still, if he possessed that equanimity in his closing hour, there was no good reason why his friend should not mention it even in words of praise. It is true, he had no right understanding of the religious relations in which he stood; but this should be dealt with as a misfortune, rather than as one of the seven deadly sins. Those who press their censures beyond the bounds of justice always throw the general sympathy on the opposite side. What Dr. Smith's religious opinions were, it is not easy to say; there are none of his writings in which he has disclosed them. Lord Brougham thinks that there are allusions enough to a Divine Providence and the hopes of a future state to remove all doubts on the subject; but if he was alienated from Christianity, and we have some fears that he was, it was probably owing in part to the abuse which Christians, so called, had heaped without measure on his friend.

The approach of Lavoisier, who comes next in order or disorder, whichever it may be, excites Lord Brougham to a strain of condemnation for which he took the pitch in his former volume; not that the French chemist was not great, and in many respects good; but on account of his propensity

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to appropriate the discoveries of others, as if every thing which came to light in the domain of his favorite science must necessarily be his own. He was born in a condition of life which makes his devotion to science very creditable to him ; being the son of a farmer-general, a kind of official who enjoyed great opportunities for gathering riches, and was usually not backward to improve them. The son had a certainty of succeeding to the fortune and post of his father, when that worthy should go to answer for the use of his wealth and the manner in which he had made it. Of course he enjoyed the best means of education which France afforded ; studying astronomy with La Caille, botany with Jussieu, and chemistry with Rouelle. He gained several prizes for his success in classical pursuits ; but his mind was bent in another direction. When he was twenty-one years of age, a prize was offered by M. de Sartine, the well known chief of police in Paris, for information as to the most efficient, readiest, and cheapest means of lighting a city. The prize was divided among three other claimants, but Lavoisier's paper was so highly appreciated that it was printed and honorably mentioned, and a gold medal was publicly presented to him by order of the king. At first he seemed inclined to devote himself to geology, and had collected materials for a work on the revolutions of the globe ; but recent discoveries in chemistry arrested his attention, and he first presented himself as a candidate for its honors, in an analysis of Gypsum. In this, together with much that was original and valuable, he is said to have taken credit, in substance, for what had been ascertained by others before him, thus giving an early indication of that unscrupulousness for which his Lordship pours a vial of wrath upon his head. The times afforded strong temptation to such a taste, and easy means of indulging it. The scientific world were dazzled by the successes of Black, Cavendish, and Priestley. Lavoisier filled his house with the best instruments, and kept it open to all who were interested in those studies. Having men of science always about him, with whom he discussed all subjects to which his attention was directed, it was natural that he should take advantage of their suggestions, and that, when travelling over the same path of experiment in which others had gone before, he should not always remember the extent of his obligations. Besides, it should be remembered that the same discovery or invention

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is sometimes made at the same time, by those who could have had no possible communication with each other. But after every explanation that can be made, we fear there is no denying the charge, that he was quite willing to "gather where he had not strewed"; a strange and suicidal propensity, unaccountable in one whose own merits were so distinguished, and which, after a moment's poor gratification of vanity, must evidently lead to a most unenviable fame.

Such was his activity of mind, that he was constantly turning aside from his chosen path of science, to engage in what is now the province of the civil engineer. After writing on the best means of supplying Paris with water, he entered into an examination of Stahl's theory, which was, that the union of phlogiston with the bases of the metals was the cause of their ductility and lustre, and that the evolution of that substance was the cause of their becoming earths or calces. From various experiments, he came to the conclusion, that the union of air with the metal was the cause of calcination, — a valuable discovery, and fatal, of course, to Stahl's theory, though it did not proceed so far as to ascertain what gas was thus absorbed, which ought to have led him to a knowledge of the composition of atmospheric air. This and the discovery of oxygen, two years after, laid the foundation of Priestley's fame. But Lavoisier did claim to have been acquainted with oxygen; if so, he kept it to himself in a manner not common in the scientific world; for Priestley's discovery must have been known to him in 1774, and in the many papers which he published between 1772 and 1780, no allusion is made to any similar claim of his own. But in 1782, somewhat late in the day, it suddenly dawned upon his memory that he had made the same discovery about the same time with Priestley; not stating that the way in which he discovered it was by communication from Priestley himself, who was very indifferent as to this kind of credit, and, contenting himself with his successes, did not care who appropriated the fame.

The discovery of the composition of water afforded another temptation to Lavoisier to claim a share of the renown which belonged to others. Mr. Watt had arrived at the suggestion that water was not a simple element; Mr. Cavendish had performed those experiments by which the fact was clearly established. In 1783, Sir Charles Blagden visited Paris,

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and, as he himself declares, gave an account of Cavendish's experiments to a company where Lavoisier was present, and evidently very much to the surprise of the French chemist, who could not be convinced, except by a trial, that two gases could be converted into water. But afterwards it seems that he had forgotten his surprise on that occasion, and believed himself to have been all the while familiar with the great fact which was so new to all the rest of the world. So, too, in his papers on the subject of the gases and the nature of heat, Lavoisier contrives to avoid all mention of Black, the unquestionable discoverer of latent heat, who had lectured on the subject for years ; and he leaves on the minds of readers who did not know better the impression that all these triumphs of science were his own. At the same time that he was carefully suppressing all mention of Dr. Black's name, he wrote some flattering letters to the great Scotch chemist, in which he professed great admiration for his talents, and a desire to be an humble disciple of such a master. Dr. Black was surprised at this course of conduct, and treated the verbal homage that was thus paid him with very little regard ; but in his lectures, as Lord Brougham, who was one of his audience, testifies, he spoke with the greatest respect of the scientific character of Lavoisier, and of his powers of generalization with particular admiration, cheerfully admitting him to a share in the great discovery of the composition of water, and never intimating a complaint of the injurious course of conduct toward him which there was no denying that Lavoisier had pursued.

It is a relief to turn from these defacing stains on so great a name to other passages of his history, which can be remembered with entire satisfaction. Besides his geological attempts already mentioned, which have lost all their interest in the wonderful disclosures afterwards made in that branch of science, he took some part, as has been usual in France, in public affairs ; not, however, as a politician, but simply to aid the government in any department where his service was required. At the instance of Turgot, he made great improvements in the manufacture of gunpowder, which, to be sure, is but a doubtful blessing to the human race ; in order to amend the system of taxation, he made a most valuable report on the wealth and productions of the country ; being appointed a commissioner of the treasury, he introduced

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clear daylight into a dark and complicated system; in fact, there was no reform or improvement which the government attempted to make, without asking the aid and feeling the value of his great and various ability. In private life, he engaged in experimental farming, extending to the peasantry on his estate a kind and generous care; while his rich house in Paris was always open to strangers, and young men of straitened means were sure of finding a liberal and courteous friend. But when the Revolution came, with its wild excesses, the eminence which his talents and virtues gave him exposed him to the jealousy and hatred of the wretches who were thrown up into power. That strange frenzy swept away the boundary which had formerly seemed to separate the races of man and devil, and for a time seemed to establish the identity of the two. The charge against him was that of having used pernicious articles in the adulteration of tobacco; but as his wealth was his real crime, it was evident that his doom was sealed. Hearing of the order for his arrest, he succeeded in escaping; but fearing lest his escape might be injurious to some of his friends, with singular generosity he returned to prison with the rest. By a retrospective law, he was condemned for treason. M. Hallé had the courage to read a defence before that villanous Revolutionay Tribunal, in which he recounted Lavoisier's discoveries and services; but though Carnot and Fourcroy, who knew how to appreciate his worth better than the brutes with whom they were associated, were members of the Tribunal, and might have interposed without danger to themselves, not another voice rose up in his favor in all that wilderness of sin.

Thus Lavoisier perished, in the fifty-first year of his age, his miserable fate covering his country with disgrace, as his talents had thrown more glory upon it than a million of successful wars. When sentenced to die, he requested a short reprieve to finish some experiments which he was then conducting in the prison; but his request was refused, as might have been expected from those with whom he had to do. His widow, a woman of unusual talent and information, survived him, and afterwards married Count Rumford, whom she also outlived. Such was the recompense of one who greatly extended the bounds of his favorite science, and to whom it owes some of its most important discoveries. He relieved it from the bondage of prejudice and error that weighed it

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down for a long time; he stood almost alone in his country, maintaining those truths which few beside him had sagacity to understand, but which are now universally received and acknowledged by all the civilized world.

With one of those tremendous strides, which remind us of the expression "*sic itur ad astra*," Lord Brougham passes to the Englishman Gibbon, if English he may be called, who prided himself on writing French like a native, and whose joy it was to spend so many of his days at a distance from his own land. Gibbon was one of those who have lightened the labor of biographers by giving some sketch of his own life and mind. There is some danger of partiality in these accounts, and they cannot always be implicitly trusted; not from any disposition to mislead on the part of the writers, but from that over-exaltation with which poor human nature contemplates its own perfections, and the Christian tenderness which it extends to its own sins. Still, it is interesting to see how such men stood with themselves, and their self-estimation, whether high or low, is always one of the chief elements from which an estimate of character is made up. In the case of Gibbon, there was no struggle with difficult circumstances, no various adventure, nothing of that incident which gives life to the story. Though not rich, he was well provided for; he had the full command of his time and motions; he had the most desirable social resources at all times within his reach. But with that spirit which seems inseparable from the human heart, we find him lamenting that he had not embraced the lucrative profession of law or trade, or even "the fat slumbers of the church," though it is not probable that he would have succeeded in either of the former; and as to "fat slumbers," we imagine it would have been difficult to find the happy individual who enjoyed more of them in life than he. The health of the great historian was very delicate in his childhood, and he therefore did not enjoy the advantage of much discipline or instruction. Fortunately for him, he was under the care of an aunt, a woman of good taste and judgment, who directed his inclination for reading, which was very strong, and which turned itself most passionately to history, the natural resource of the young reader in that day, when a swarm of novels as worthless as the writers of them had not yet come up into every corner of people's houses, forming one of the chief pests of the age. He

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read such works, however, more thoroughly than is common with the young. For example, when engaged with Howell's History of the World, he studied the geography of the Byzantine period, which was contained in the volume that fell into his hands, examining also the chronological systems which had reference to the subject; thus unconsciously preparing for the work which he was afterwards to do. He was hardly fifteen when he entered the University of Oxford, — a place which has a great and venerable name, but which, according to Gibbon and Adam Smith, offered greater advantages to winebibbers and sinners than to those who wanted education without maturity of mind or force of character to work it out for themselves. The result with him was, that he had read three or four plays of Terence after fourteen months' instruction; his habits were irregular and expensive; no care was given to his religious and moral instruction. Under the influence of a friend who had become a Catholic, he was converted to that form of Christianity, much to the annoyance of his father, whose notions on the subject were not the most enlarged, and who could devise no better way to reclaim him than to put him under the influence of Mallet, the poet, whose chief accomplishment for the trust appears to have been, that he had no regard for Christianity whatever, — as if a person could be reclaimed from what was thought excess on one side, by the winning exhibition of far coarser excess on the other.

Finding that this beautiful experiment did not succeed, his father sent him to Lausanne, where he was put under the care of a pious and sensible Protestant divine, who soon gained an influence with him and brought him back from the Roman fold, which was not then beset with converts, as it is in the present day. The probability is, that there was no depth in his feeling on either side; and it may have been because he found himself so cheered and welcomed on these several occasions, and was so complimented for his religious principles and feelings when he was not conscious of having any, that he afterwards held Christianity in so very light esteem. Meantime, he was faithfully and diligently employed in study, paying attention not only to French literature, with which he was familiar, but securing those treasures of classical learning which he afterwards used to so great advantage. The monotony of his retired life was varied by an affair of the

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heart with the daughter of a pastor, — the same lady afterwards known as the wife of Neckar and mother of Madame de Staël. He resorted to the desperate measure of throwing himself on his knees before her, — a most unguarded act, since he could not rise of himself by reason of his weight, and she was not able, if disposed, to lift him; so that it was not till the servants came in, that he was released from his unhappy posture, and enabled to depart in peace.

When he returned from abroad, he was kindly received by his father, who had married a second wife; a person who became to Gibbon a kind and faithful friend. A military taste infested the country at that time, and people the most unfit for such extravagances hurried away from their harmless employments to share the excitement of war at a comfortable distance from its dangers. Gibbon, among others, was glorified with the rank of captain in the regiment of which his father was major; but he found no enjoyment in what he called his military life; he complained of the loss of time which it occasioned, and the rude companionship to which it exposed him; it was altogether unsuited to his taste, which did not fit him even for literary warfare, save when there was no enemy arrayed against him, — as when he published his work on the study of literature, in which he vindicates, as he says, his favorite, though who had attacked it or thrown any reproach upon it since the Battle of the Books, it was not easy to tell. His essay, being written in French, was not read at all in England; abroad, it excited some attention from the singularity of French correctly written by a foreigner. He apologized for what seemed like an affectation, by saying that he had hopes of some diplomatic appointment, which it might help to secure him; but it was probably more from display than any other reason that he undertook to "babble the dialect of France." There are very few who are acquainted with a foreign language, who can resist the temptation to flourish it in the eyes and ears of men.

The natural bent of Gibbon's mind inclined him strongly to historical investigations, and while engaged in the bloodless campaigns of the militia, he had been revolving various subjects in his mind, such as the expedition of Charles the Eighth into Italy, the wars of the English barons, and the short and brilliant lives of the Black Prince, of Sir Philip Sidney, and Montrose. He had almost determined to en-

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gage in a biography of Raleigh, and read with deep interest all the records of his romantic and adventurous life. But among so many fine subjects, he was perplexed with the variety and number; and it was not till he had made a visit to Rome that his mind took fast hold of any one. There, in October, 1764, as he sat musing in the ruins of the Capitol, he heard the barefooted friars singing vespers in the Temple of Jupiter, — a sound which, as one might have supposed, brought up affecting and powerful associations of the changes and revolutions that had passed over the Eternal City, and which was itself a sufficient illustration of the decline and fall of the glory that had passed away. But the mere passing thought was not sufficient to inspire him; it was not till he felt the want of steady and systematic employment to keep his mind in tune and to prevent the exertion of its self-tormenting power, that he was able to nerve himself for the great enterprise before him. He found that nothing is more afflicting than the literary leisure which intellectual men so earnestly desire. It was once stated in a Western print, that "the operation of the 'Relief laws' had been found very burdensome"; and so in life, relieve a man from the obligation to labor with his mind or hands, and he can hardly bear the weight of existence; if he is not under any such necessity, he must supply the want of it for himself; and this was done by Gibbon, with equal wisdom and success.

His great work was commenced in 1772, with diligent and efficient preparation. He appears to have been aware that his weak point would be the style, and so anxious was he to guard from failure in this respect, that the first chapter was written three times, and the next two twice over, before they gave him satisfaction. But even then he was too easily satisfied; for after all, he never gained the power of melting down his various materials into a harmonious, consistent, and flowing story. There are constant intimations of what the reader has no means of knowing, awkward and squinting allusions to facts and incidents which are behind the scenes, and a way of introducing subjects indirectly and by implication, which, if produced at all, should come full before us in the march of the history, each in its place and order. Many sentences seem intended for riddles to try the ingenuity of the reader; over others we ponder quite as long as is worth while to make sure that we understand them, — a natural and rea-

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sonable desire, in which we are sometimes disappointed after all. And yet we must allow, that, while his manner of writing is neither easy nor graceful, it is more in keeping with his subject than it would be with any other, resembling the lordly march of a Roman emperor in his flowing purple, stately and majestic, though restricting the free movements of the form. But while it had some obvious defects, its merits were superlatively great; the two great historians of the time delighted to honor it, — Hume with friendly and sympathizing interest, Robertson with gentlemanly praise. Moreover, it had the honor of being dedicated to a royal duke, and history has recorded the exclamation of distaste which fell from the Mæcenas, when he saw the historian heaving in sight with "his great square book." Thus heralded, the work was received with great applause; while Hume's history was left on the bookseller's shelves, the first edition of this was sold almost in a day; it was found in the studies of the learned, and in the saloons of fashion. One can hardly tell how it happened that such a work, with all its great merit, should have gained favor with those who had no taste for the delightful narrative of Hume. But the voice of applause was not the only sound which the author heard on this occasion. The church militant, always sufficiently warlike for a religion of peace, was at this time up in arms. Various divines, with Bishop Watson at their head, assailed him for the unfairness and malignant spirit of those parts in which Christianity is mentioned, and confronted him with charges which he was not able to disprove. When they accused him of incorrect statement and false quotation, he was prepared to meet them; his regard to his character as a historian was enough to save him from those errors and crimes. But he could not deny that he wrote in the character of a Christian, with an evident design to throw contempt on the religion; that he intimated, in language sharp and sneering, what he dared not openly advance; that he made his history a means of gratifying a spiteful and resentful feeling, which he seemed to want courage to avow; and that, under some strange perversion of feeling, he seemed to enjoy and defend the persecution of the early martyrs, making light of their patient fortitude, and justifying the oppressor's crimes. It is not easy to explain how this venomous feeling against the religion originated in his breast. It does not seem so much like a doubt of its truth

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and divinity, as an aversion to the name. But he finds his retribution now; his credit as a historian is far lower than if he had come out with an open declaration of his unbelief; and, instead of exciting admiration by his vast power of irony, he gives the impression of something unsound in his heart.

In the two years between the publication of the first and the commencement of the second volume, he employed himself in his attendance as a member of parliament, and in a visit to his friends, the Neckars, in Paris, where his familiarity with the French language made him generally welcome. Hume, who was a favorite there, was laughed at for his ignorance of French and his awkward simplicity of manners. Gibbon appears to have been more respected than beloved. In parliament, he gained credit by drawing up a memorial in defence of the British government against the French claims, in 1778. For this he was rewarded with the sinecure place of Lord of Trade, which he held till the board was abolished, in 1784, when, finding his income unequal to the expense of living in London, he determined to spend the rest of his days at Lausanne. He longed to take a part in the debates of parliament, but as often as he thought of the horrors of a failure he shrank back with dismay. He was not aware how many empty vessels in all public bodies make the welkin ring with their abundance and endlessness of sound. Extemporaneous speaking in its ordinary forms is easily acquired, — too easily, indeed, for the comfort and respectability of our halls of state. Even now the silent members are the chief ornaments of such places, and the country would not lament if a prevailing lock-jaw should suppress the eloquence of many who might as well be still.

After the completion of his second and third volumes, which, as he was well aware, were not received as warmly as the first, not, however, on account of the matter or style, but simply because the great majority of readers have no delight in books that are long, he was in doubt whether to proceed, or to close the history with the fall of the Western Empire. But the same necessity which urged him to begin required him to persevere; indeed, it was more difficult, when once accustomed to the routine, to sink back into listless repose. He therefore kept on, and nearly completed his fourth volume before leaving England, after narrowly escaping a controversy

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with Dr. Priestley, to which he was earnestly invited by that excellent but somewhat warlike divine. He was prepared to hear his treatment of Christianity condemned, and was not surprised when the censure came, though rather stunned by its depth and loudness; but he does not seem to have been in the least aware that the indecency of his notes would be matter of reproach. One can hardly conceive what his habits of thought must have been, to see nothing objectionable in his account of Theodora, for example. Even when Porson thundered out his anathema, Gibbon seemed more disposed to smile at such a person officiating in the capacity of moralist, than to resent, or even to feel, the reproach. The only excuse he thinks it necessary to make is that the narrative is what it should be, and only the notes are licentious; whereas it is evident that this very consciousness, and the thin veil of another language, only serve to excite attention which the reader without them never would have thought of giving. It implies an enlightened knowledge of human nature, like that of one who should inclose what he wished to conceal in a thin covering, writing on it a request to the public that no one would look in.

The history was completed in 1787, and most readers are familiar with the striking description of his feelings as he wrote the closing words in a summer-house in his garden, at the hour of midnight, when the air was mild, the sky serene, and the moonlight sweetly reflected from the waters. His first thought was that of joy at recovering his freedom, and perhaps establishing his fame. But on reflection, he felt that he had parted with an old and agreeable companion, which had been a source of high and intellectual interest for years, and that, however the history might endure, the days of the writer were wasting to their close. The question of the duration of the history was soon decided. Every intelligent reader felt that only a most uncommon sagacity could have seen through the confusion of the chaotic variety of his materials, estimating their claims and merits, and their often obscure relations with each other. So far from complaining of any want of clearness in the narrative, the wonder is, that he should ever have been able to subdue them into tolerable harmony and order. He seems never to have been weary of searching into the endless range of subjects presented, balancing authorities and determining their accuracy with a

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precision and faithfulness which few will venture to impeach. Guizot, himself a great authority, admires this power of judicious discrimination; and every one is struck with his watchful penetration, his painstaking industry, and the rich abundance of learning sprinkled over the work almost to profusion. In these respects he is as much superior to Hume as that great historian excelled him in the easy grace with which he tells his story; and the result is, that, while Hume is no authority, the verdict of Gibbon is almost decisive in every historical question which he ever undertook to explore.

Though the cold sarcasm which runs through Gibbon's history gives an unpleasant impression of the man, he appears to have been kind and affectionate in his intercourse with his friends, steady and faithful in his attachments, and manly and honorable in all the relations of life. No human being could well be less attractive in the outward man. His head enormously large, with no elevation of feature, his mouth a round orifice directly in the centre, his form heavy and unmanageable, partly with corpulence, but still more by a fearful rupture, descending to his knees, but which he seemed unconscious that any one ever saw, and which he never mentioned either to his physician or his attendant till it had brought him nearly to the grave. With all these impediments to personal display, he appears to have taken pains and pride in dress. Colman describes him in company, with a suit of flowered velvet, together with a bag and sword, while Dr. Johnson sat opposite in his coarse black stockings and raiment of rusty brown. This, however, may have been nothing more than the full dress of gentlemen, while the foppery of the great moralist was excessive on the opposite side. His conversation is said to have been of a very high order, though somewhat formal and labored; his remarks appeared as if studied, and even his wit had the air of careful preparation; but he was ready in argument, full of information, and pleasant in manner, though not exempt from affectation. He had the oppressive consciousness of a great reputation to sustain, which is never favorable to the true social manner, nor indeed to the best display of the powers. Madame du Deffand believed him to be very learned, but was not sure that he was very clever; while Suard speaks of his conversation as full and animated. On the whole, he appears to have borne in social life and conversation a part not unequal to his literary name.

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It is honorable to Gibbon that he was able to secure and retain so many friends, among whom the most confidential was Lord Sheffield, a man of sense and honor, whose infirmity was, that he could not refrain from writing pamphlets which Lord Brougham pronounces unreadably dry. When in England, Gibbon was domesticated in his house, and he with his family made visits to the historian at Lausanne. When his Lordship suffered under the loss of his wife, the heaviest of domestic sorrows, he at once, though disabled by infirmity, set out on a long, painful, and dangerous journey, to comfort his mourning friend. He was not at the time aware that he was returning to die in his native land. But soon after his return, he found it necessary to consult physicians, who relieved him for the time by a surgical operation; but the difficulty returned, and a second operation was more painful and less beneficial than the first. The evening before he died, he was conversing with his friends about the probable duration of his life, which he fixed at ten, and possibly twenty, years. That night he was taken more ill, and shortly after noon on the next day he expired.

The transition from Gibbon to Sir Joseph Banks bears some resemblance to a decline and fall; and yet the latter was useful and distinguished in his day and generation, though his renown will not be likely to sail far beyond it. Very great credit is due to those who, having the means of living in luxury and self-indulgence, rise above the temptations of their position, and feel so strong a determination toward the walks of science, that they cannot be content to spend life in lazy epicureanism, or an empty fashionable display. Even if they do not make any great discoveries, nor extend the boundaries of science, themselves, their aid and influence are of service to those who do; and under their circumstances, to possess such a taste implies a certain degree of superiority, which entitles them to a place in the general estimation far higher than that of intelligent and cultivated persons who live entirely for themselves. He certainly is no common man who loves knowledge for its own sake, looking to no other recompense than the enjoyment of the pursuit, delighting in his own intimacy with nature, and contentedly leaving it to others to write their names where they will shine in the eyes of men.

Not much is known of the history of his childhood, save that he was born with the prospect of wealth, his family

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being ancient and respectable, and having recruited their means by one of those marriages with an heiress which city and country so often arrange, to their mutual profit and satisfaction. He went early to a public school, where he manifested kindness and good-nature, together with an extreme aversion to all sorts of study, — the latter being an encouraging promise in which those schools are apt to abound. As the prevailing idea is, that rich youths have no more occasion to study than the prosperous have need to pray, he was not much afflicted with discipline and instruction which he did not welcome. But, in his fourteenth year, his own impulse did for him what education would not have effected to the end of time; for, walking one evening among flowers, the question started up in his mind, why he should be drilled in dead languages which his soul abhorred, while the book of nature with its expressive language and beautiful illustrations lay unread, beneath his feet. At least, such was the substance of his meditations; for we would not give the impression, that he, whose life was plain English prose, ever stated the subject to himself in any poetical form. He reduced this thought to action by employing women to gather plants, and paying druggists, at the rate of sixpence a fact, for all the information which they afforded him. He thus formed a collection of plants, and at the same time gathered insects for his cabinet; while Greek and Latin could not boast that he ever paid them any very flattering regard. There is some reason, too, to fear that he never cultivated the other studies which must be learned in youth, if ever; it is said that he never was in the good graces of the Muse of spelling, and that the mutual indifference lasted till his dying day.

The same taste continued when he went to Oxford, in his eighteenth year; but he found that the chair of botany was held by one of those eminently useful professors whose duty it is to give no lectures. Happily this learned doctor was not jealous of his prerogative, and, at Banks's request, graciously consented that a lecturer should be employed, and paid by those whom he instructed. As Oxford could not supply a competent person, one was imported from Cambridge, and he proved well qualified to inspire enthusiasm for the science which he taught. As his pupils did not regard prosody as the chief end of man, they were not greatly respected in the University. "Banks knows nothing of

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Greek," was the sentence of his condemnation; but there were occasions which showed that a knowledge of things might be useful, even though it did not compare in importance with the knowledge of words; so that he and others like him gained some consideration, scholars though they might not be.

When Sir Joseph Banks became of age, he was put in possession of a large estate, his father having died three years before. He had no ambition to enter parliament, neither was he attracted by fashionable circles; but as soon as the opportunity came, he took a voyage to Newfoundland, returning by the way of Lisbon, which served as a preparation for the enterprises which were soon to be undertaken on a more extended scale. The Earl of Bute, whom it is so customary to abuse that one can hardly think of any good thing coming out of the Nazareth of his administration, was desirous, for the sake of knowledge, not of conquest, to gain information respecting the islands in the Pacific, then just discovered. There was also an astronomical object to be gained by observing the transit of Venus, Dr. Halley having shown what an exact measure of the sun's parallax that phenomenon would afford. This had been attempted in 1761, when the observers were disappointed by the unfavorable state of the weather; but a second transit was to take place in 1769, and the various governments of Europe were anxious to secure the honor of aiding the cause of science; —well for them, if they could always content themselves with so harmless and useful an ambition!

This was precisely the enterprise in which Banks was desirous to engage; not so much with a view to astronomy, as for the opportunity to study natural history in new regions which such an expedition would afford. He offered his services, which were accepted, and made his preparations on a liberal and extensive scale, engaging Dr. Solander, a favorite pupil of Linnæus, to accompany him, together with a number of draughtsmen. The charge of the expedition was given to Captain Cook, a self-made man, who had shown great capacity on other occasions, having risen by his own merit from the condition of apprentice in a collier to the command of a ship of war. The Endeavour sailed in 1768, and the first land they touched at was Terra del Fuego, where they came near closing their labors in a wintry grave. In an attempt to ascend the mountains, three of their at-

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tendants perished from the severity of the cold ; and Dr. Solander, though accustomed to severe exposure in high northern latitudes, and so well aware of the danger of sleeping that he was perpetually warning his companions, insisted on being suffered to lie down, and was rescued only by the strength and determination of his younger friend. Sir Joseph Banks often described this desire to sleep as irresistible ; it seemed the greatest suffering to keep awake and active, and a luxury to lie down, though they were well aware that they should never rise on earth again. After they reached the Sandwich Islands, he soon established a great influence over the islanders by his commanding presence, his kindness of manner, and his resolute firmness of purpose. When the quadrant was stolen, he alone was able to recover it, though the loss would have defeated the whole object of the expedition. During the voyage in quest of the Southern continent, which had long been supposed to exist as a balance to the northern polar regions, they were exposed to great danger, both from shipwreck and disease ; but when they at last returned in safety, their adventures excited the highest interest, and the contributions to science, which Banks had been the means of securing, gained him, from all who could estimate such services, unbounded gratitude and applause.

After a similar expedition to Iceland, Sir Joseph Banks established himself in London, and when Sir John Pringle resigned, was elected President of the Royal Society. But he soon found that the South Sea islanders were less savage than men of science once arrayed in parties ; for when he attempted to restrict the freedom with which the secretaries admitted their own friends and favorites, with a generous disregard to all manner of qualifications, those potentates vigorously resisted the attempt to deprive them of their powers and glories. Dr. Horsley, a divine well known for his intolerance, who appears to have considered himself a high-priest in the temple of science, chose to lead the opposition, under the pretext of zeal in favor of mathematical science, which it was very liberal in him to uphold upon so slight an acquaintance as he had with it, according to Lord Brougham. Dr. Hutton, an eminent mathematician, then residing at Woolwich, was the secretary for foreign correspondence; and as the revenue of the office was but twenty pounds, he spent more than his salary in hiring a place in London for the

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performance of his duties. As some complaint had been made of his conduct, and it seemed proper that such an officer should reside in London, a law to that effect was passed which induced him to resign. Some of his friends resented what they thought injurious treatment; and there followed a war in the camp, for the ostensible purpose of avenging Dr. Hutton's wrongs, but really to place Dr. Horsley in the chair, which he was equally unfit and ambitious to fill. The contest was long and bitter; but the victory inclined to the side of Sir Joseph Banks, and his Lordship considers it matter of sufficient congratulation, that it settled the pretensions of the restless divine, and secured the office, with its influence, in the hands of one who had held it with integrity and honor, showing the greatest kindness to all men of science, and lending his money and credit without reserve, whenever any private service could be done, or any public object answered.

When the tempest had blown over, carrying with it the cloud-compeller, Dr. Horsley, who had been the means of raising it, Sir Joseph Banks kept peaceful possession of his throne, with much enjoyment to himself and equal benefit to the scientific world. He wrote and published nothing of any importance, conscious that his strength did not lie in that direction. But he had influence with George the Third, though always independent in his political action, — influence which he exerted in favor of the great objects which he had at heart. During the war at the close of the last century, there were many opportunities to render service to scientific men. It was owing to him that the English government issued orders in favor of the unfortunate La Perouse; when D'Entrecasteaux was sent in search of him, and Billardière's collections were captured and brought to England, he had them restored to the owner without opening, that no one might use the information which they contained. On ten several occasions, he procured the restoration of collections addressed to the Jardin des Plantes, which had fallen into possession of the English cruisers. He gave most liberal aid and sympathy to foreigners outcast from their home; and when the vile and childish tyranny of Napoleon detained so many English travellers in France, he procured an order for the release of men of science, the benefit of which he and his colleagues in Paris extended to many who had never known

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any thing of the charm and blessing of science, except on that occasion. It is well known that our countryman Ledyard, when in trouble, drew a bill on Sir Joseph, which was readily honored. But it is needless to give examples of that open-hearted public spirit which no one ever denied. He pursued the same honorable course to the end of his long life, which was terminated by the gout, at the age of seventy-eight years. His history was uneventful, but as no satisfactory attempt to write it had ever been made, Lord Brougham was right in undertaking it, and assigning to him the rank and the applause which he deserves.

There is not much in Sir Joseph Banks to suggest the idea of D'Alembert, who comes next in succession; nor did their provinces of scientific action lie, as Mrs. Malaprop says, contagious to each other. But Lord Brougham appears to have taken the latter as an example of the peace of mind and repose of the passions which a life devoted to the severer sciences tends, more than any other, to secure. Adam Smith has pointed out their happy exemption from those disturbing forces which perpetually affect the serenity of artists and literary men, and, indeed, of all who are dependent on the public taste either for subsistence or applause. The difficulties which the mathematician contends with are of a kind which it is inspiring to encounter, and glorious to overcome; he stands in calm reliance on his own powers; no doubt or self-distrust oppresses him; fully persuaded that his results are established by arguments that cannot be shaken, he knows that no light suggestion, no wanton ridicule, and not even the most bitter resistance, can prevent their making their way, and he submits them with comparative unconcern to the judgment of mankind. His pursuits also furnish a subject of never-failing interest, which always engages his thoughts, but is never painfully exciting; and as vacancy of mind occasions much of the restless irritability of life, the mathematician is thus spared the vexation of spirit which troubles other men. In days of heaviness and sorrow, he can more readily turn from his grief in this peaceful direction than in any other; so that whoever gives himself in good faith to these studies has certainly chosen a good part, so far as happiness is concerned. But there is no Arcadia in this lower world; men of science, like the men of Loo Choo, will be found, if examined nearly, to have their

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jealousies and wars; their swords are not yet beaten into ploughshares, for some sort of controversy with pens or swords seems inseparable from human nature. Even the religious penitent, as soon as he has professed himself a follower of the Prince of Peace, will fasten tooth and nail upon his neighbour for believing a little more or less than he.

D'Alembert made his first appearance in the world as a foundling, exposed by his mother in a winter night, but rescued, when almost dead, by the humanity of strangers. His father was M. Destouches, a poet and commissary of artillery, who soon came forward and made provision for his support. His mother was Madame de Tencin, so well known to the readers of Marmontel, who represents her as the witty and accomplished centre of a brilliant circle. When he afterwards became distinguished, she was desirous to have him come and live with her, and be acknowledged as her son, which would not have injured her reputation in the Paris of that day. But he declined the honor, having already had enough of her maternal affection; and for forty years he lived in the cottage of the poor woman who had rescued him from the fate which his mother's love assigned him. When his health compelled him to leave those humble lodgings, he continued to supply her wants from his own narrow income till she died. His whole conduct in that relation was humane, affectionate, and honorable in the highest degree.

At the age of twelve, he was sent to a Jansenist college, where his early promise was discovered, and attempts were made to enlist his feelings in the feud between his instructers and the Jesuits; they hoped, doubtless, that another Pascal would rise up to throw the great weight of his character and talents on their side. But D'Alembert, though he went so far as to write a commentary on the Epistle to the Romans, was too much engaged by what the pious fathers called, in Fénélon's case, "the devilish attractions of geometry." When he left them, he devoted himself entirely to those studies. In order to increase his small income, he made some attempts to study a profession; but in whatever direction he forced his mind, it was always springing back, like the bended bow, to his favorite pursuits. In this he was not encouraged certainly by his good old nurse, who used to say to him in sorrow, — "O, you will never be any thing more

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than a philosopher! and what is a philosopher? a foolish body, who wearies his life out to be talked of after he is dead!" But he found his studies a great source of satisfaction, apart from any such vision of posthumous renown. He awoke, he says, every morning, with a feeling of gladness in his heart, as he thought of the investigation in which he was employed the day before, and which he was again to pursue. In the evening he sometimes went to the theatre; but when there, what he enjoyed most was thinking of the next day's labors. Though he was a philosopher, without question, according to the original sense of the word, there was nothing which gave him less concern than the manner in which he should be talked of, either living or dead.

Talked of, however, he was destined to be. A paper which he offered to the Academy of Sciences attracted their favorable attention, and in 1741 he was admitted a member, at the age of twenty-four, younger than any other who had received that honor, except the celebrated Clairaut. Two years after, D'Alembert justified this high compliment by his Traité de Dynamique, which at once established his reputation. For some years he was engaged in following out his principles in their various and extensive applications, till, in 1752, he published an essay on a new theory of the resistance of fluids, which was the subject that principally engaged his attention for many years. Meantime, by way of interlude, he had submitted a memoir on the general theory of the winds, which was crowned by the Royal Academy of Berlin. As his fame extended, his enjoyment of life was less secure, this being one of the severe penalties which men pay for renown. He became somewhat jealous of every invasion of his rights and honors, to which he had been rather indifferent before. Lord Brougham accounts for these feelings, which were not according to his habits or his nature, by ascribing them to the influence of the literary factions and social parties with which he had become connected, as an Encyclopedist, with Diderot, Holbach, and Voltaire, to whom repose of spirit was as much unknown as peace to the wicked; but a more general explanation of it may be found in the general tendencies of human nature. Men become avaricious of praise as readily as of money; and as one who comes across our promising speculations in business is re-

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garded with feelings not entirely benignant, our charities wax cold toward those who interfere with the ingathering of our harvest of applause.

It would have been well for D'Alembert, if nothing had ever drawn him out from the circle in which he moved in his earlier days; for up to the age of thirty-five his wants were few, his enjoyments simple, his spirit unruffled, and his renown as a man of science fast extending. But when the famous Encyclopædia was established, he became joint editor with Diderot, and supplied many of the most striking portions. His preliminary discourse, on the distribution and progress of the sciences, was greatly admired in its time; but Lord Brougham regards it with little favor. Still, the severity of his censure is rather disarmed by the admission, that Bacon had fallen into the same errors before. When the work, to which this discourse was an introduction, appeared, the church and the government were filled with mutual alarm. The great body of literary men grew jealous of those who thus threatened to eclipse them; the fashionable circles, which exert so much influence in Paris, took sides in the matter, and it seemed as if Æolus had let loose the winds to fan the flame which threatened to consume the wights whose freedom of speech, or rather whose known opinions, had kindled it. There are some who melt away under the influence of this kind of heat; others, on the contrary, are hardened into petrifactions; but as D'Alembert was not of this hardy sort, and was disgusted in the extreme with the new state of things, he took occasion, when the government prohibited the work in France, to withdraw from the editorial charge, leaving it in the hands of Diderot, who better loved the sweet music of angry speech, and was perfectly willing to finish his rough journey alone. Having his attention thus directed to literature, D'Alembert wrote several works on various subjects; one of which, On the Intercourse of Literary Men with the Great, had the effect to change the style in which works were dedicated, which, both in France and England, till a late period, instead of being offered with manly independence, were submitted with the tone in which the veteran beggar acknowledges the donation of sixpence, — praying immortal blessings upon the Samaritan's head.

In 1752, the king of Prussia invited him to reside in Berlin, with liberal appointments and a salary of five hundred

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pounds a year; which offer D'Alembert declined, though his income was but about seventy pounds. His determination was to keep his independence and freedom; and his moderation was worthy of praise, though it should be stated that Frederic's promises to pay were at a considerable discount, particularly with those victims who had once tasted his bounty, and could not be hired to expose themselves to the same blessing again. He received, some years after, a more tempting proposal from Catharine of Russia, to undertake the education of her son, with a salary of four thousand pounds. The profligate old woman was willing to pay liberally for the instruction of her boy. But whether he foresaw the impediments in the way of educating a young emperor without brains, where the teacher might be expected to do what nature had found beyond her, or whether he was too much attached to the social atmosphere of Paris to be willing, on any terms, to leave it, he wisely determined to be his own master; that service, unlike the other, being one which he could renounce at will.

His attachment to Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse is a curious passage in his history. She was a young person of romantic character and brilliant talents, who lived with Madame du Deffand, as a companion, with a salary of next to nothing a year, in consideration of which, she was to bear the intolerable temper of her patroness, and to read her to sleep in the morning; for she rose when the sun set, and went to sleep when he rose, so that the two luminaries were seldom seen above the horizon together. The attendant found but one comfort in her life, which was to receive D'Alembert, and one or two other friends, before the old lady appeared in the eastern sky. Unhappily the patroness discovered the proceeding, and falling into a passion with her morning star, dismissed it from her heaven. The young lady's friends procured her a residence and a small pension; and D'Alembert having been taken dangerously sick, she nursed him with the greatest kindness and care. As they were thus thrown together, he continued to reside with her through the twelve remaining years of her life. She, being susceptible in her disposition, was meantime sending her affections abroad; she forced them, so it would seem, at the same time on Guibert, a French officer, and Mora, a young Spanish grandee. But though she had thus two, if not three, strings to her bow, she

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was put out of tune by the failure of one; for on the death of Mora, she took his loss so much to heart, that she began to decline, and two years after she died. Now D'Alembert had gone regularly every morning to the post-office, to get her letters from the young Spaniard; at her instigation, he had obtained from a celebrated French physician a medical opinion that the air of Paris was good for him, in order that his relations might consent to his return to France, from which they had recalled him; but after her decease, we find him bitterly complaining of his discovering that her affections were not his own, and asking, with some simplicity, what security he could have for believing that she had ever loved him. His uncertainty was a distress, no doubt; but it resembled that of another unfortunate hypochondriac, who, waking one morning with a grievous colic, said that "it was just as like as not that he had had it all night," a reflection which added tenfold to the bitterness of his woe.

Lord Brougham so much laments the desertion of D'Alembert from science, that he is not inclined to allow him much merit in his literary career. He says that he came to it without the right preparation, not rich in classical attainments, nor indeed in any kind of learning, unacquainted with the principles of criticism, and deficient also in correctness and simplicity of taste. But his style was eminently simple; and as the style is an expression of the character of the mind, it can hardly be that he was viciously defective in those respects, though he may have been misled by partiality or prejudice in some of his literary opinions. But the great difficulty with him was his excessive admiration of Voltaire, a man so distinguished by his variety of talent that it was impossible he should excel in all. It was bad enough in him to place Corneille and Racine far below the footstool of Voltaire; but so far did he carry his reverence, that he appears to have been more delighted with Voltaire's approbation of his mathematical works than that of seven men who were able to understand them. Such deference to such a genius was very apt to betray.

In private life, D'Alembert appears to have been always amiable and everywhere welcome. He came into society with the unconscious freedom of a child, never oppressed by the weight of his reputation, not concerned what impression he made, but always speaking from the overflow of his mind

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and the dictation of his heart. There never was a trace of reserve, suspicion, or pride about him; sometimes he was gently satirical, but never bitter. He entered with all his heart into the enjoyment of the hour, and, like every such person, exerted a sunny influence round him, keeping all in good-humor with him and with themselves. But he had other recommendations of a higher order. As soon as his income rose above poverty, half of it was spent in acts of charity and kindness; and in every way in his power he served those who needed or deserved his aid. To aristocratic influence he did not pay much regard, but merit was sure of his respect. Thus, the celebrated Laplace, when a young man, came to Paris, bringing letters to him from divers magnates in his native city. Finding that these were not attended to, the young student wrote him a letter on the principles of mechanics, which received immediate attention, and in the course of the week obtained for him a professorship in the military school.

This great man died at the age of sixty-seven; and after his death it was discovered that his sympathies on the subject of religion had taken the side of unbelievers. While he lived, he had avoided the subject, and never wrote any thing in reference to it which could give offence or pain; but in communicating with Frederic and Voltaire, their selfish and sneering natures appear to have overborne the moderation and kindness of his own. As for Frederic, it is some comfort to think that he was not a Christian, since Christianity cannot be made responsible for the stony hardness of his heart; and even Voltaire, though there was much of a redeeming nature about him, was a sort of person whom Christianity might be well content to disown. But it is unfortunate that D'Alembert, with his kind heart and genial nature, should have mistaken the Christianity of Christians for that of the gospel, and thus have rejected a religion which he was never fortunate enough to know. And yet, as Lord Brougham suggests, there is great excuse for those who formed their impressions of the religion of Jesus from what they saw in the church; it was no wonder that their minds and hearts rose up against it; but had they endeavoured to inform themselves on the subject, they would have seen that the sentence which the gospel pronounced against it was even severer than theirs.

We need say no more of these portraits, which are paint-

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ed with a bold and confident, but of course an able, hand. They are instructive and entertaining, and the sooner the rest follow, the more welcome they will be. Considering his Lordship's mathematical tastes and talent, it might have been well to have devoted himself exclusively to men of science; yet few will be inclined to complain that his range was more extended.

ART. III. — 1. *La Divine Comédie avant Dante.* Par M. CHARLES LABITTE. [La Revue des Deux Mondes. Septembre, 1842.] Paris.

2. *Études sur les Sources Poétiques de la Divine Comédie.* Par A. J. OZANAM. Paris: Lecoffre & C^nie. 1845.

THE object of these two interesting essays is to show the sources whence Dante drew his poetic inspiration. Such an undertaking would have excited general disapprobation some forty or fifty years ago, and the two learned persons whose works we have before us would have been accused of wishing to depreciate the genius of the great Florentine poet. No such feeling is now entertained; literary criticism having made so much progress of late years, we are all convinced, that to subject the works of men of genius to such an analysis is not to diminish their glory, but rather to add to it, inasmuch as it shows their superiority to their predecessors. In the proper sense of the word, it is not given to man to create; God alone possesses this power. The man of genius, like the architect who in executing the plan he has conceived makes use of the rough stone, may collect and arrange those materials which he finds dispersed in the world, but he can never give life to that which is not. His task is to put order in the place of disorder, to give light to that which was veiled in darkness. Thus it is with Dante. He found the materials which he used for the composition of his immortal poem, he collected them, and gave them the unity and harmony which the man of genius alone can impart to his works. To require that he should lead us through the three regions of eternal life, without following any other light than that of his own genius, without having gathered any of

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the flowers which bloom so profusely through the works of the ancients, without any precedents to justify the bold imaginings of his Muse, and without having profited by those legends so frequent in the poetic and imaginative religion of the Middle Ages, is to ask more than man can give.

On studying with attention the Divina Commedia, it is impossible not to see that Dante was indebted to his predecessors and contemporaries for some of the greatest beauties of his poem. The treasures of antiquity, as well as those of Christianity, were made to contribute to the formation of

> "the sacred work that made
> Both heaven and earth copartners in the toil," * —

a work which, after a lapse of five hundred years, still excites the admiration of all, of the Protestant as well as the Catholic, and even of those who are, in general, averse to meditating upon death and eternity, the two great subjects which Dante sang.

We may trace in the Divina Commedia three distinct sources of inspiration;— the writings of the ancients, the poetic visions of the Middle Ages, and external circumstances, including the works of art which in Dante's time were so plentifully scattered throughout Europe. We shall endeavour to examine successively how far Dante was indebted to each of these sources. To those who, from their admiration for the great poet, or from their taste for literary antiquities in general, may feel interested in this subject, we recommend the perusal of the two works now under review. They are, we believe, with the exception of an article in the Edinburgh Review for September, 1818, written by Ugo Foscolo, the only attempts which have as yet been made to elucidate a subject of so much interest to the literary world.

The first source from which sprung the Divina Commedia is to be found in the works of antiquity. At all times the imaginations of the Greeks were accustomed to visions of things beyond this world. Homer had led Ulysses into the realms of Pluto; Euripides, in the Alcestis and the Hercules Furens, had represented his heroes descending into Hades; Sophocles had shown the son of Jupiter and Alcmene carrying off

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* "Il poema sacro
Al quale ha posto mano e cielo e terra." — *Paradiso*, Cant. XXV.

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Cerberus. Similar marvellous narratives formed the subjects of two tragedies of Æschylus, the Psychagogia and the Adventures of Sisyphus, both unfortunately lost to us. These fables were well adapted to please the imaginative inhabitants of Greece, who were always inclined to look beyond this world for that retribution which cannot be found in our present state of existence.

But we must not seek in the works of the Greek poets for any thing beyond fine descriptions and poetical images of a future state. We must not look for those pure and spiritual delineations of eternal life which Plato alone had dimly conceived before they were fully brought to light by divine revelation. The Greek poets, in so frequently laying the scene of dramatic and epic action in another world, have merely shown that this was a favorite subject with the people for whom they wrote. Plato has done more; he has led us still farther into the kingdom of Death. He has shown, with a sense of justice which had never before been witnessed in pagan antiquity, the punishments and rewards reserved for those who have left this world. In the narrative of Her, an Armenian soldier, Plato has given a description of the invisible world.* This soldier, says Plato, was killed in battle. Ten days after his death, his body was found on the field in a perfect state of preservation. It was placed on a funeral pile to be burned, when life returned, and Her rose to relate to the bystanders what he had seen.

"As soon as my soul had left the body," said he, "I arrived, together with a great number of other souls, at a most wonderful place. In the ground were two openings, close together, and in the heavens were two other openings, which corresponded with those in the earth. Between these two regions were seated the Judges. As soon as they had passed sentence on a soul, they ordered it, if it was one of the just, to take the road up to heaven, which was to the right; they had previously placed on its breast a label inscribed with the judgment which had been pronounced in its favor. If, on the contrary, it was the soul of one condemned, it was ordered to turn to the left, and to enter one of the openings in the ground; each carried on its back an inscription enumerating all the wicked actions it had committed during its life. When I presented myself, the judges decreed that I should return to the

* *The Republic.* Book X.

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world to relate what I had seen, and ordered me to hear and to notice every thing that should take place."

Her then describes the manner in which the souls were punished or rewarded. His narrative does not at all resemble the descriptions of the infernal regions so common among the poets of antiquity. There is something in it more elevated, more pure, more terrible ; it seems to be the first step towards that doctrine which, a few centuries later, regenerated the world. We must not say that Plato placed unlimited trust in such narratives ; but he knew the vast importance of these symbolic representations of moral truths. In his Phædo, he has said, — "To maintain that all these things are as I relate them would not be possible for a man of sense ; but whether all I have said about the souls and the place of their abode is true or not, if the soul is really immortal, it seems to me that it may be believed without danger."

Five centuries after Plato, we find a similar narrative in a work of Plutarch : *De his qui a numine serò puniuntur.* Thespesius of Cilicia returns to the world after his death, and relates what he had seen. "He had lived," says Plutarch, "in the indulgence of sensual pleasures. His vision of eternity sanctified and purified him."

The Romans, whose literature is, after all, but an admirable imitation of that of Greece, the reflection of a brilliant light, naturally transferred to their works the taste of the former for the marvellous. Cicero, in the last book of his Republic, has given us the Dream of Scipio, which, in the work of the Roman philosopher, takes the place of Plato's Vision of Her. Scipio the younger, in a dream, imagined that his ancestor, Scipio Africanus, appeared to him, and, after pointing out to him the brilliant career which awaited him, prepared him for his destiny by explaining to him the economy of the system of the universe. Transported to the top of a celestial temple, Scipio, in the midst of the souls which are wandering along the milky way, listens to the seven notes of the eternal music of the spheres. He gazes upon the stars which surround him, and contemplates with awe the immense spaces in which they are suspended ; and when at last he discovers our little world, and the small space which the Roman empire occupies, he turns away to hide his shame. Struck by the admirable spectacle which he has

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witnessed, he vows to rise above this world, and to aspire with all his power to this supreme felicity. In this admirable fragment, Cicero has collected all his doctrines on God, on nature, and on man.

But the images of a world of spirits are still more vivid in another and more popular work, Virgil's Æneid. In the sixth book of this poem, the Roman poet has given an epitome of the whole religious system of his country. He has shown the origin and destiny of the soul, and has combined the philosophical doctrines of his times with all the pomp and majesty of the Greek mythology. In fact, he may be said to have opened the road to the infernal regions; for all his imitators faithfully crowd after him, and follow him to the cavern of the terrible sibyl. The descent to the regions of death and darkness becomes an easy undertaking, —*facilis descensus Averno*. Ovid leads Orpheus and Juno to them; Silius Italicus shows Scipio visiting Avernus; Statius has given no less than three descriptions of the infernal regions; and Valerius Flaccus and Claudian have followed the common example. The dramatists are not in this respect outdone by the epic poets. It is remarkable, also, that in the fights of the gladiators a figure bearing the attributes of Pluto, with a hammer in his hand, came into the arena to take away the bodies of the dead. The poets of the time of the decline of the Roman empire treat these popular descriptions, and the belief of the multitude, with the greatest contempt. Seneca says, that they are nothing but words devoid of sense.* In the eyes of Juvenal, they are fables to be believed only by "children too young to pay at the public baths."†

Dante, it is probable, was only indirectly indebted to the Greeks for the general conception or the details of his poem, for it is still a question how far he was acquainted with the Greek language; but to the Romans he certainly owed much. He tells us, that, after the death of Beatrice, he sought for consolation in the works of Cicero.‡ He then read the *Somnium Scipionis*, and, like the great Roman general, overpowered by the admirable vision there related, he determined to rise above the world, and to concentrate all his thoughts on

* "Rumores vacui, verbaque inania." — *Troad*, Act II.

† "Nec pueri credunt, nisi qui nondum ære lavantur." — Juv., Sat. II., 152.

‡ *Convito*, 11, 13.

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the mysteries of another life. But to Virgil he was particularly indebted. There is ample evidence of this in the first canto of the Inferno, for there he has himself said, in speaking to Virgil: — "Thou art my master and my guide, thou art he from whom I took the beautiful style which has done me so much honor."* The part which he has ascribed, in his poem, to the great Latin poet shows how well he must have been acquainted with the Æneid. In his eyes, as in those of most men of the Middle Ages, Virgil was the representative of the religious belief of the ancients, in its purest form. He had, as it was then believed, prophesied in one of his Eclogues the advent of Christ. As we have already said, he did not, in the sixth book of the Æneid, follow exclusively the precepts of any one school of philosophy. Whilst he professed the pure and spiritual doctrines of Plato, he did not express any contempt for the mysteries of Eleusis, or the poetic conceptions of the Pythagoreans. These considerations had given rise during the Middle Ages to a peculiar veneration for the name of Virgil. By the people he was considered as a magician; by the men of learning, as a prophet. On the subject of his life and death the most curious legends were in circulation. He figured in the old Mysteries, and there is even an old Spanish ballad entitled Vergilios. It is not surprising, then, that Dante should have chosen him for his guide during the first part of his supernatural initiation in the mysteries of eternity. He was probably acquainted, also, with a number of the minor Latin poets; for, notwithstanding the religious zeal of these times, and the treasures of learning and eloquence which Christianity had given to the world, the cultivation of Greek and Roman letters was never entirely abandoned. In 1325, we find a master of grammar, named Vital, employed in the University of Bologna, at a fixed stipend, to comment upon the works of Cicero and of Ovid. In the monasteries, the passion for antiquity was carried to such an extent, that, even as early as the eleventh century, a German monk complains bitterly of the great abuses to which this taste for Juvenal and Horace might give rise, and accuses himself of having given too

* "Tu se' lo mio maestro e 'l mio autore,
Tu se' solo colui da cu' io tolsi
Lo bello stile, che m' ha fatto onore."
Inferno, Canto I., 85 – 88.

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much time to the reading of Lucan. But, as M. Ozanam very justly observes, it is in Latin and in making use of the same measure as these poets, that this monk expresses his complaints and regrets.

Such are the sources, in the ancient literature of the Greeks and the Romans, to which Dante is chiefly indebted. If we now turn to the literature of the East for descriptions of another world, we shall find an abundance of curious and instructive material. But it must be remarked, that the Jewish and Hindoo writers can have exercised on Dante's poem but an indirect and rather vague influence, and that it is only when we consider them as one more link of that chain which unites the inspiration of the Florentine poet with those traditions which have occupied and interested the human race at all times, that they can be studied in connection with the Divina Commedia. A rapid analysis of these works will show what were the notions of these people on the subject of a future state.

Although full of the most poetic images, the Hebrew Scriptures contain little or nothing on this topic. There is no complete description of hell to be found, and the few expressions which are used to designate it convey but a vague idea to the mind of the reader. Even the visions of Elias, of Ezekiel, or of Enoch, do not give any details respecting it. In the Hindoo literature, on the contrary, there is much on the subject. In the Maha-Barata, we find the description of the journey of Ardjuna to the heaven of India. In the Atharva-Veda, that most ancient of poems, we see the young Brahmin Tadjkita sent by his father to the king of Death, from whose kingdom no living man ever returned. The king, touched by the obedience of Tadjkita, sends him back to earth, after having granted him three gifts, which he may choose as he likes. After he has asked for two, which are granted, the conversation between them continues thus. Tadkjita says, — "This is my third request; among those who discuss these matters, there are many contradictions. Some say there is nothing beyond this world, and that, when the body perishes, nothing remains; others think that the soul is distinct from the body, and that, when the body dies, the soul enters another world, where it is treated according as it has merited. I therefore wish that you should instruct me, in order that I may learn which

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of these opinions is true." The king of Death replied, — "On this subject the gods themselves are in doubt; it is a subtile matter which escapes the powers of the intelligence." Tadjkita said, — "O King! this is my great desire, and I have no other desire stronger than this." The king of Death replied, — "Ask me to grant you a great number of children, and that they may live a long time, each one living to the age of a hundred years; ask me to give you the world and all its riches; ask me to grant you a long life, or any thing else you like; only do not ask me to answer that one question, — What happens after death? For none of those who are dead ever return to the world to tell this to the living." Tadjkita rejoined, — "You say, Ask me to grant you a long life. But if in the end I must die, what shall I gain by living many years? Keep therefore for yourself the world and its riches, and a long life. I have but one wish; that is, that you should instruct me. I ask this because I live in the world, and because I fear death and old age. I ask you to teach me something which shall prevent my fearing either old age or death." The king, touched by the earnestness of his request, informs him of the state of the soul after death, and sends him back to the world with the certainty of a future existence.*

Similar scenes are to be found in some of the songs of the Edda. In the Vafthrudnis-mal, the giant Vafthrudnir informs Odin of what he has seen in the Valhalla, and in the darker regions of death.† In the Vegtams-quida, Odin mounts his horse, Sleipner, and descends into the infernal regions, there to consult the spirit of a prophetess respecting the fate of Balder, the youngest and the fairest of the human race.‡ Thus we find analogous ideas on the subject of a future state in the literature of all nations, even of those the most remotely connected. This is not surprising, when we reflect that the earliest application which was made of poetry was to religious subjects. Quintilian tells us, that poetry was destined to preserve sacred doctrines, to express the decrees of the oracles, and to animate devotion. Thus the common origin

* Oupnek 'hat. Vol. II. 37.

† For an analysis of this part of the Vafthrudnis-mal, see Wheaton's History of the Northmen, p. 68.

‡ See a translation in verse of this Saga, in Spenser's Miscellaneous Poetry, Vol. I., p. 50.

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of all poetry explains the singular resemblances we find between the Hindoo and Scandinavian literatures, resemblances which would otherwise be inexplicable.

We have seen how far the ancients succeeded in penetrating the mysteries of our spiritual nature and future destiny. We have witnessed the isolated attempts of poets and philosophers, and the combined efforts of whole nations, to explain what is to be the state of the soul after death. How vague and unsatisfactory are the results of these undertakings! But life and immortality were brought to light by the gospel, and what had been the subject of the doubtful meditations of men of science since the beginning of the world was made evident to the followers of the new religion. Still, as a society of men cannot exist without some kind of poetry to gratify their imaginations, the New Testament soon became the source of poetic inspiration. All the narratives, which in the sacred books had been designedly left unfinished, were soon completed, according to the taste of the early ages of our era. We need mention but one example of this, that of the legends relative to the Virgin Mary. The mother of the Saviour is mentioned but once in the New Testament after the death of her son, because at the foot of his cross all the interest she inspired vanishes; her sacred character disappears, she is no longer superior to any other woman. The legendary spirit, however, which at so early a period sprung out of the new faith, did not respect the silence of Scripture on this subject. A narrative of the life and death of the Virgin was invented; the popular belief penetrated into the church; and even at the present day, all Roman Catholics celebrate the 15th of August as the day of the ascension of the Virgin. The multitude had free access to the sanctuary; consequently the sanctuary was not always respected. The mysteries of another life had been laid open to all men; they no longer feared to gaze upon those secret regions where retribution awaits those who have left this life. Our Saviour and his apostles had never attempted to give any description of heaven or of hell; the poetic and zealous spirit of the new Christians did not hesitate to supply this omission. Hence the vast number of legends and visions which pervade the literature of the Middle Ages, and which were not destined to receive a definitive and permanent form until Dante combined them in his immortal work, and gave to them the sanction of genius. We

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shall endeavour to show how much influence they exercised on Dante's invention, to give a general idea of the nature of these legends, and to analyze as rapidly as possible some of those which may prove the most illustrative of our subject.

Among the legends of the Middle Ages, it is necessary to distinguish those which belonged in common to all nations from those which seem to have been the property of some particular race. In the collection of poetic traditions entitled *Legenda Aurea*, published during the thirteenth century, by Giacopo de Varaggio, we find many legends that were popular throughout all Europe. Such are the narratives of the visions of St. Carpus and St. Christina, which were in circulation during the first centuries of our era. We are struck by the mildness of spirit which pervades these early legends. But if it is remembered, that, when these legends were composed, Origen was teaching that all the sufferings of hell are but expiatory, and inculcating the doctrine of the final redemption of mankind, we shall not be surprised at this.

The most striking of the legends given by Giacopo de Varaggio is that referring to the descent of Christ into hell. This legend was taken from the apocryphal Gospel of Nicodemus. The narrative commences on the day of the resurrection of the Lord. While the Jewish priests are in deliberation, two men, Lucius and Carinus, risen from the dead, are introduced into the synagogue. They relate, that, as they were in darkness with the patriarchs, a brilliant light suddenly appeared, and the father of all men, Adam, was filled with joy, and exclaimed, — "This is the light of the Author of all things, who promised to send us his light." And Isaiah said, — "This light is that of the Son of God, of which I prophesied that the people which was walking in darkness should see the splendor." And Satan, the Prince of death, said to Hell, — "Be prepared to receive Jesus, who prided himself on being the Son of God, and who is but a man who fears to die; for he said, 'My soul is sorrowful even unto death.' I have tempted him, I have excited the people against him, and prepared his cross; the moment is at hand when I shall bring him prisoner to this place." And Hell answered and said, — "Is it the same Jesus who ordered Lazarus to rise from the dead?" "It is he," replied Satan. "Then," cried Hell, "I beseech thee, by my power and thy own, not to bring him here; for when I

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heard his voice, I trembled and could not hold Lazarus, who suddenly escaped and rose in the air, like an eagle." But while Hell was thus speaking, a voice like thunder was heard to say, — "Princes, open your gates, your eternal gates, and let the King of Glory enter." At the sound of this voice, the demons shut the gates of bronze with iron bars. But David, on seeing them, said, — "I prophesied that he would break the gates of bronze." And the voice was again heard to say, — "Open your gates, and let the King of Glory enter." Hell then said, — "Who is this King of Glory?" And Daniel answered, — "The Lord strong and powerful, the Lord of Hosts; it is he who is called the King of Glory." At that moment, the King of Glory himself appeared, and, taking Adam by the hand, said to him, — "Peace be with thee, and all those of thy race who shall be just." And the Lord left Hell, and all those who were just followed him. The archangel Michael opens the gates of paradise to the multitude. There appears a man bearing on his shoulder the sign of the cross; this man was the thief who was crucified with Christ, and to whom our Saviour had predicted that he should be that day in paradise with him.*

Here ends this curious legend, which, if it had but little authority in the eyes of the theologian, has at least been a source to which Milton and Klopstock did not disdain to look for poetical descriptions. Another curious legend, among those which belonged in common to all the nations of Europe, is that of the vision of the three monks, Sergius, Theophilus, and Hyginus. They wished to discover the spot where heaven and earth touch each other; that is to say, the terrestrial paradise. After having travelled through India and Persia, they arrived in a most delightful country, where seemed to reign an eternal spring. They here found a fawn and a dove, who led them through hell, — where they heard cries of "Mercy! mercy!" and a formidable voice saying, "This is the place of punishment!" — into the blessed regions where the just enjoy the perpetual contemplation of God. After having thus visited all the mysteries of eternity, they returned to their convent, but other monks had taken their place. They saw their own names nearly effaced on the list of persons who had previously inhabited the convent;

* Legenda Aurea, *De Resurrectione Domini.*

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seven centuries had elapsed since they had left it.* This legend, says M. Labitte, shows "something of the stories of the Golden Age, mingled with the splendors of the Arabian Nights, and the aspirations of an ascetic life." These two fictions are among the most important of those in general circulation. We have now to consider those which differ from each other according to the peculiar genius, or the degree of civilization, of the people among whom they had their origin. Each of the great nations of Europe had its own cyclus of legends, as it had its own laws, and its peculiar manners and customs.

In Germany, religious visions are found in greater number than in any other region; and they bear a character of severity and terror which seldom belongs, at least in the same degree, to the legendary poetry of other nations. It was natural that it should be so in the land where the Catholic faith had encountered the greatest difficulty in taking root. It was deemed necessary to use terror as a means of conviction with a barbarous people, who lived in an open state of polygamy as late as the eleventh century, and whose emperors made the most corrupt use of ecclesiastical patronage.

The monk Othlo mentions no less than seven visions of the punishments reserved for the wicked.† He also relates the curious adventure of a knight named Vollark. As he was going to a nuptial festivity with some of his friends, he lost his way in a forest. Presently a knight dressed in black accosted him, and offered him shelter for the night. Vollark accepted the invitation, and entered the castle of his host. The tables were covered with gold, silver, and precious stones, and around them were seated the most hideous figures. This sight filled Vollark with astonishment and fear. "Al these riches," said his host, "are those taken by men from their churches; they work for me." The poor knight then remembered that his host had called himself *Nithard*, that is to say, the Evil One; but as Vollark lived in the fear of God, Nithard had no power over him, and he was enabled to return to his companions.

One of the most remarkable among the German visions is

* Manuscript in the Royal Library of Paris, fifteenth century, No. 7762.

† Othlonis monachi Ratisbonensis *Liber Visionum tum suarum tum aliarum.*

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that of Wettin, monk of the monastery of Reichenau.* Two days before his death, Wettin was transported in spirit, and conducted by his guardian angel through the three abodes of immortal life. He there saw the condemned given up to the most dreadful punishments, rolled in torrents of fire, buried in coffins of lead, and surrounded by clouds of smoke. Among those who were condemned to suffer he recognized many priests and monks.† He ascended the mountain of purgatory, where bishops who had been remiss in the discharge of their duties, and rapacious noblemen and princes, were condemned to expiate their sins. Among the latter, he saw Charlemagne punished for incontinence. At last, he entered heaven, and, having passed through the midst of the holy martyrs and virgins, he arrived at the throne of God, who promised him eternal life on condition that he should return to the world to relate what he had seen. In the vision of St. Anscharius, we find, in the description of paradise, much of the spirituality which pervades the narrative of Dante. "He saw neither sun nor moon, nor the heavens nor earth, for every thing there was incorporeal."‡ In the visions mentioned by St. Boniface,§ the founder of the church in Germany, one is struck by the gentleness of spirit which seems to have dictated them; still, the principal aim of the legends of Germany, as already said, was to strike terror into the heart of the believer.

The same gloomy and severe character is stamped upon many of the French legends. The French, who had derived many of their manners and customs from their neighbours the Germans, preserved them down to a very late period. We find a manifesto of the thirteenth century, in which the Sicilians complain of the barbarism of the French, because, instead of taking their instruction from Italy, they sought on the other side of the Rhine for their laws and customs.‖ At the period of the decline of the Carlovingians, the French legends were particularly

* *Acta Sanctorum Ordinis S. Benedicti*, IV., pars 2, p. 268.

† Compare these punishments with those described by Dante in his Inferno, Canto XI.

‡ *Vita S. Anscharii*, auctore Remberto. "Sol vero nec luna necquaquam lucebant ibi, nec cœlum ac terra ibidem visa sunt, nam cuncta erant *incorporea*."

§ *S. Bonifacii Epistolæ.*

‖ Vide Amari, *Storia del Vespro Siciliano.*

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fearful. The descent into hell of a woman named Frothilda is recorded. She there foresaw the exile of Louis d'Outremer, and the consequent disturbances which were to spread grief and sorrow throughout the kingdom.* Berthold visits the abode of the damned, and there sees Charles the Bald, an archbishop, and several priests, punished for their crimes.† Andrade is present at the council of God, and hears him ask the angels what is the cause of all the wickedness which exists on earth; he is told that it is the fault of the bad kings who reign in the world. "But who are these kings? for I know them not." The emperor Louis and his son Lotharius then appear, and God tells them that they must obey the church, if they wish to preserve their crowns.‡ One of the most celebrated French legends is that of the vision of Charles the Bald. One night, he saw before him a figure dressed in white, which placed in his hand the end of a thread that seemed to be all of fire, and ordered him to follow it. He thus enters the infernal labyrinth, where he witnesses the punishment of bishops who had misused the authority given to them by their clerical character; passing through the midst of molten lead, he hears dreadful lamentations, and distinguishes these words:—"The punishment of the great is great." In purgatory, he sees his father, Louis, plunged in a caldron of boiling water. At last, the heavens open, and his grandfather Lothaire appears, and predicts to him the fall of his race and his own abdication.§ In these legends we are particularly struck by the courage with which the vices and crimes of the great were attacked by their contemporaries; they formed the morality of history. But this opposition to the encroachments or abuse of power not only existed in the legends of France; it passed into the church, and mass was said against tyrants, *missa contra tyrannos.*

In England and Ireland, we find two very celebrated legends, the Purgatory of St. Patrick, and the Vision of St. Tundale. The first mentioned was one of the most popular legends of the Middle Ages. It was well known in France, and was translated both into Italian and Spanish.‖ An

* Ampère, *Histoire Littéraire de France*, Tom. III., p. 283.
† Ibid., Tom. III., p. 117.
‡ Ibid., Tom. III., p. 119.
§ Ibid., Tom. III., p. 120.
‖ Calderon adapted this legend to the stage, and as late as 1764 we find

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English knight is the hero of this legend. He undertakes to visit purgatory, and for this purpose enters a cavern in an island of lake Dungal, which had formerly been opened to St. Patrick. Hence the legend is called the Purgatory of St. Patrick. The terrible threats of the demons who strive to prevent him from entering do not intimidate him; he continues to advance, and sees the condemned suffering the most horrible punishments. Some of them are crucified, or devoured by serpents; others, quite naked, are exposed to the cold winds of winter. Among those thus tortured he recognizes many of his friends and companions. At last, he comes to a narrow bridge thrown over the abyss; as he approaches, it grows wider, and he is enabled to pass. He then enters the garden of Eden, peopled by those who are not sufficiently pure to enter the kingdom of God, and lastly he sees the glory of the Lord in all its effulgence. Then he returns to the world, where he lives a better life than he had previously done.

The vision of St. Tundale, and that of the Northumbrian, Drithelm, are very similar to that of St. Patrick, and we shall therefore not attempt to analyze them.* The legend of St. Brendan deserves, however, to be noticed. It is one of the most curious of all the legends of the Middle Ages. St. Brendan had left the island of Erin in search of the land promised to those who should lead a holy life. After having seen the island called the Paradise of Birds, — the abode of those half-fallen angels who neither took part with Satan nor resisted his audacious undertaking, — he discovers hell, whose volcanic summit rises above the ocean. He here sees Judas, who betrayed the Lord, and to whom in his infinite mercy Christ has granted one day of respite from his sufferings. At last, he discovers the terrestrial paradise that he was looking for, and then returns to his country. Dante was unquestionably acquainted with this legend, for among all the poetic effusions of the Middle Ages not one was better known. It was popular as late as the sixteenth century, for at the time of Luther many rich men were

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the ballad of *La Cuera de San Patricio* published at Madrid. There is on this subject a learned essay in English by Mr. Wright.

* See the Vision of St. Tundale, published by Mr. Turnbull, Edinburgh, 1843; and that of Drithelm, in Bede, *Hist. Eccles.*, Lib. V., c. 13.

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ruined by the immense sums of money they expended in order to discover the unknown country of St. Brendan. This apocryphal land also figures in a diplomatic negotiation between Spain and Portugal; and in 1721, we find a ship sailing from Spain in the direction of the Canary Islands, in search of this fabulous island.*

There are but few religious legends to be found in the annals of Spain. The romantic and chivalric ballads so popular in that country excluded all other poetry. The Cid had too much to do on earth to be able to visit the mysteries of another world; and it is worthy of remark, that, instead of transporting him to heaven, as other poets have done with their heroes, Sepulveda, in one of his ballads, represents St. Peter visiting him thirty days before his death, in order to prepare him for his end.

In the cursory view we have taken of the different legends of European nations on the subject of another world, we have now reached the country of Dante, and, as might be supposed, we find traditions which must have exercised a still greater influence on his poem. He was acquainted with the poetic legends of other nations from the books which he read, or from the narratives of travellers who had visited the different countries of Europe. He found those of his native land at every step. During the Middle Ages, Italy may be said to have been itself a legend. If he opened a book which was in every one's hand, the Fioretti di San Francesco, he must have seen some of those touching stories which were related of the holy man; he must have become acquainted with that charming legend of three thieves who came one day to the monastery of Monte Casale. The porter had refused to open the gate to them; St. Francis ordered him to go and look after them, and when he should have found them to ask their pardon, and to offer them bread and wine, at the same time recommending them to reform and to lead in future a more holy life. The porter obeyed, and the thieves were so much touched, that they began to reflect on the sinful life they had hitherto led, and went immediately to ask pardon of St. Francis. He received them, and shortly after they took

* M. Labitte supposes that this legend may have indirectly inspired Columbus, and that in the unknown land of St. Brendan, whilst Dante sought for his invisible world, Columbus looked for the New World.

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orders. Two of them soon died, and their souls went to heaven; the third survived, and, after doing penance for fifteen years, he one night had a vision. He fancied that he was transported to the top of a high mountain, to the brink of a precipice which filled his soul with terror. The angel who led the way threw him into the abyss, and, following him, ordered him to rise and to come with him. They traversed a long valley, filled with sharp-pointed stones, at the end of which a troop of horrible demons seized upon him, and threw him into a blazing furnace. When he had got out of the furnace, he came to a narrow and slippery bridge, under which was rolling a torrent full of scorpions and serpents. In the middle of the bridge, the angel rose in the air and alighted on a mountain. The good thief, on finding himself thus alone, was filled with terror, and, not knowing what to do, he recommended himself to God; he presently began to feel wings growing on his shoulders, and, without waiting for them to have attained their full growth, he sought to fly. Twice he fell, but at the third attempt he succeeded in rejoining his companion. At this moment, St. Francis, who had died a short time previous, appeared to him, and introduced him into a magnificent palace situated on the mountain, where, having shown him all the treasures it contained, he ordered him to return for seven days to earth. The good thief then awoke; seven days after this vision, he died.*

When Dante visited the convent of Benedictine monks at Florence, he must have found in their library the celebrated vision of Alberic, who, having passed through purgatory, finds himself before the dread tribunal where the human race is finally judged. A sinner was awaiting his sentence; his crimes were inscribed in a book by the angel of vengeance. But in the latter days of his life, the sinner had shed one tear of repentance; it had been gathered up by the angel of mercy, who lets it fall on the book, and it effaces all trace of what was written there.†

But it was not only in the legendary and poetic traditions of his country that Dante found those doubts and elevated

* *Fioretti di San Francesco*, cap. 25.

† This legend was written by the monks of Monte Casale, and published for the first time by Mr. Cancellieri, at Rome, in 1818. It reminds one of the beautiful passage of Sterne, where the recording angel washes out the oath of Uncle Toby with a tear.

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speculations respecting the particulars of another life, which agitated the Middle Ages. In one of the sermons of Gregory the Seventh, which Dante was doubtless acquainted with, there is a remarkable passage concerning the sufferings which await the sinner in another world. When, in the little town of Arezzo, Gregory, then only cardinal, preached this sermon, he was not preoccupied with any poetic thought; his aim was only to convince his auditory that neither prince nor baron could, with impunity, touch the possessions of the church. In order to attain his object, he recounted the following fiction in his sermon. A holy man who had descended into hell had there seen a ladder standing in the midst of the flames and fire of everlasting justice. All the men who belonged to the family of a certain German baron, who had usurped the domains of the church of Metz, were condemned to come on this ladder after their death. The latest comer placed himself on the uppermost step of the ladder, and those who had preceded him descended a step, so that one after the other they were plunged into the horrible abyss.

In the chronicle of Malaspina, Dante no doubt read the adventure of the Marquis Hugues of Brandenburg, who, having followed the Emperor Otto the Third to Italy, got lost, by the visitation of God, in a forest, in the neighbourhood of Florence, and there discovered a forge, in which several men seemed to be at work. But he soon saw that the workmen were quite black, and that, instead of iron, they were beating human beings on the anvil. He was told that these were condemned souls, and that his would be treated in the same manner, if he did not repent. On hearing this, the Marquis recommended himself to the Holy Virgin, and after his return to Germany, he sold all his property in order to found seven new monasteries.*

The Dialogues of St. Gregory the Great, however, was the classical book of Italian legendary literature; but it would detain us too long to analyze all the legends in it, and others which were in circulation in Italy. Those that we have mentioned suffice to show the spirit of the religious poetry of that country. They are full of that energy so natural to Italian poetry of all ages, but at the same time a spirit of mildness pervades them, which is not to be found in the

* Ricordano Malaspina, *Istoria*, c. 48.

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legends of Germany or of France. The higher degree of civilization of Italy, and the vast authority which the Catholic faith had in that land, naturally imparted more of the mild and humble spirit of the gospel to its poetry. The visions of paradise are more numerous than in the more barbarous countries of the North, and it may safely be said that such legends as that of Alberic could have been found in no other country than Italy.

We have now seen how much the works of the ancients and those of the Middle Ages contributed towards the formation of the Divina Commedia. But there remains yet another source from which Dante may have drawn much of his inspiration. During those ages when the Roman Catholic faith prevailed universally, the mysteries of a future state were not only celebrated by poets and men of letters; they were sculptured by the great artists of the time. The cathedrals which then rose up, as if by magic, in all parts of Europe, were filled with images of another world. It is impossible that Dante should have entered any of the churches of Pisa or Rome without being powerfully impressed by all that surrounded him. On the doors of the church of Santa Maria di Orvieto, he must have seen the bas-reliefs sculptured by Nicholas of Pisa, aided by some German workmen, in which the artist had represented the last judgment, the joys of paradise, and the tortures of hell. It was very common thus to represent on the exterior of great religious monuments the visions of a future state; it seemed as if the artist wished the passer-by to be struck by the spectacle of the sufferings which awaited him if he erred from the right path in this world, and thus to induce him to enter the church, there to prostrate himself before the altar, and humbly to acknowledge his frailty. If he actually entered, another spectacle immediately caught his eye; consolation seemed to surround him on all sides. On the stained glass of the windows, he discovered the holy virgins who had suffered martyrdom; and above the organ he saw the rose, which generally represented the nine choruses of angels surrounding the throne of God.*

* It was, no doubt, in visiting some church that Dante conceived the idea of representing heaven in the form of a rose, on the leaves of which were seated the blessed.

"In forma dunque di candida rosa
Mi si mostrava la milizia santa,
Che nel suo sangue Cristo fece sposa."

Paradiso, Canto XXXI.

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But the imaginative people of those times would not have been satisfied to behold these supernatural images merely carved in stone or marble. They wished to see them animated, and a soul breathed into them. Hence those Mysteries in which the legends of the wise and foolish virgins, or the history of the Virgin, were performed. A Mystery representing the infernal regions was acted at Florence in 1304, at the foot of the bridge *alla Carraia*. Demons were seen persecuting the condemned. The number of persons assembled on the bridge caused it to give way, and a great many were drowned. "Thus," says Villani, "what was announced as a mere amusement became a reality, and many persons actually went to visit the invisible world." *

The subject that Dante chose was, as we have seen, far from being original. Like all men of genius, he understood, that, to be illustrious, it is not necessary to work with materials which have never before been used, but that the only subjects worthy the meditations and the labors of a great mind are those which have at all times agitated the human heart, and filled it with the strongest emotions. The materials of the Divina Commedia were everywhere to be found. Dante was surrounded by images which awakened and kept alive in him the habit of meditating on these awful subjects. The prophecies and visions of futurity were scattered throughout Europe; they only required that a master mind should appear, capable of embodying them in one great poem. Dante appeared; from his very youth he had deeply meditated the problem of human destiny, and in the life of an exile, where he had learnt "how salt is the bread of others, and how hard the road is going up and down the stairs of others," he acquired that strength of character and power of thought which adversity alone can give, and without which even the man of genius cannot bring forth all that his intelligence conceives. Nothing was wanting but to decide upon the moment when he should commence his great undertaking. This moment was at hand.

On the 21st of February, 1300, Boniface the Eighth pub-

* Villani, *Storia*. Dante was already banished from his native land when this Mystery was performed. It is nevertheless probable, that this tragical event may have had some influence on his ardent imagination, and some persons have even gone so far as to suppose that this Mystery first gave rise to his immortal poem.

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lished a bull, granting plenary indulgence to all those who should visit the tombs of the blessed apostles St. Peter and St. Paul during a fortnight. The capital of the Christian world was thronged with strangers from all parts of Europe. Not less than two millions of persons are said to have visited Rome during this period. Among the strangers who then went to that city were two Florentines, both of whom were forcibly struck by this extraordinary spectacle. One of them was Giovanni Villani, who there first conceived the plan of his great historical work;* the other was Dante,† who, amazed and confounded at the sight of this vast multitude crowding round the tombs of the two great apostles, to seek for the pardon of their sins, then resolved to put in execution the plan he had so long meditated. He felt how much he required the pardon of his own faults, for he too "had lost the straight path." He resolved to repent, and to make known his repentance to the world; he determined to write the Divina Commedia. Thus, having for years studied the works of the ancients and the poetic legends of his own times, having long meditated upon the mysteries of eternal life, a single event sufficed to induce him to commence his immortal task. The death of Beatrice had first given him the idea of describing the terrors and felicities of another world; the Jubilee of 1300 filled his soul with that ardent faith and spirit of penitence so necessary for the execution of this design. Thus it is with the man of genius; events which to ordinary minds bear no peculiar stamp impress his imagination; and things, which seem in general to be of no importance, receive from him a life which they did not before possess. Michel Angelo could shape the rude stone into a Venus or an Apollo; Dante could compose the Divina Commedia out of the discordant materials which he collected, and make the world forget the sources from which he had gathered them, till the curious researches of a later generation should again rescue them from oblivion.

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* *Storia Fiorentina.*

† There can be no doubt that Dante was at Rome at this time. We know that he was several times intrusted with diplomatic missions to the papal court, and many passages of his poem prove that he was an eyewitness of the imposing spectacle of the Jubilee.

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ART. IV. — *The Life and Letters of Thomas à Becket, now first gathered from the Contemporary Historians.* By the REV. J. A. GILES, D. C. L., late Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. London: Whittaker & Co. 1846. 2 vols. 8vo.

THERE are three great names in the history of the twelfth century, — Abelard, St. Bernard, and Thomas à Becket. Two of these were entered in the same year on the Calendar of Saints. But this is almost the only coincidence between their lives or characters. The ascetic enthusiast, Bernard, had little in common with the splendid dignitary of the English court and church. Both were, indeed, great sufferers; but the heroic "passion" of the English saint has eclipsed the daily martyrdom of the recluse in the "valley of wormwood."

Thomas à Becket was a man of no vulgar qualities. The remarkable combination of an iron will with the most supple versatility, of towering arrogance with companionable grace, of courtly diplomacy with rugged violence, required no less than the friendship and the hatred of a king to afford it full scope. Exile, martyrdom, and canonization enlarged the circle of his influence, and domesticated his name in every cottage of England. Translation and jubilee, miracle and pilgrimage,* kept fresh the godly savor of his memory; and though the dearest saint of the English people could not preserve his too precious shrine nor his canonized bones from England's most brutal despot, the furrowed floor of his cathedral yet records the devotion of kneeling thousands, and his tenure of renown cannot quite expire, till the Canterbury Tales shall cease to be read.

A character of this stamp, with history and tradition,

* In the year 1220, the famous Stephen Langton, Archbishop of Canterbury, removed the body of Becket and placed it in a splendid shrine. This was called the "Translation of the Martyr." Not only did the 7th of July, the day on which it took place, become a holyday, but every fiftieth year a jubilee was held for fifteen days together, and indulgence was granted to all the pilgrims to the shrine. From the record of the sixth jubilee it appears, that about one hundred thousand strangers came to visit the tomb. The ornaments of the shrine were of immense value; "gold," according to Erasmus, "being the least precious thing." The cupidity of Henry the Eighth did not overlook this prize; in 1538, it was plundered by his agent, Cromwell, and the martyr's bones were burnt.

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legend and anecdote, clustering about it, was eminently fitted to shine in the Middle Ages. In periods of transition, while institutions are yet in infancy or in embryo, and the jarring elements of society have not merged their independent action in general harmony, the main subjects of history are necessarily the words and deeds of men. Abstract ideas and systems have not yet come to birth. History itself is little more than a series of episodes and scenes, suggestive, indeed, of much reflection, but chiefly personal in their interest and picturesque in their dress, and hardly capable of being marshalled into the philosophical arrangements of later times. Principles and powers being thus incarnated and personified, the importance of individuals becomes very great; and there is danger, — a danger, indeed, which more or less attends all history, — that they will be invested with the dignity of the cause or order which they represent. And yet, he who stands for an age must be, if not a great, at least a considerable, man. Becket would have been a remarkable personage at any time; but we doubt whether he could have played in the sixteenth or eighteenth century so distinguished a part as he did in the twelfth. A personal quarrel between a prelate and a king, on vital points of ecclesiastical discipline and civil right, would now be centuries out of time. The struggle would be between the institutions of church and state. History would array the two interests or parties against each other, and relate the vicissitudes, and note the issue, of the conflict. Of the individuals engaged in the controversy it would make small account. It is this tendency of modern history to become the history of civilization, which makes biography and romance so necessary as its complement. We want something to awaken and keep alive our sympathy with the great actors on the great stage of affairs. We hurry from the torrid zone of arid abstractions, and plunge into the more temperate native air of humanity. The history of the Middle Ages, on the contrary, is itself in great part biography, and many of its materials have the air of romance. The Merovingian Times, of Thierry, for instance, one reads like a novel; and but for the author's careful citation of his authorities, we should be sometimes tempted to suspect him of drawing upon his imagination. Still, the essential distinction between history and biography does not wholly disappear in the case of such men as Becket, and the other leading persons of

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those distant days. History, though it opens, does not exhaust, their biography. And where, as in Becket's case, we have copious personal notices, there is something to be gleaned after the best reapers.

The character of the great chancellor and archbishop has, of course, been often brought up for judgment. But the most discordant verdicts have been returned. Not long after his death, the question was discussed in the schools of Paris, "Whether Thomas à Becket was saved or damned." The controversy has been kept up, not only by ecclesiastical, but by civil, historians. Lord Lyttleton, for example, can hardly pardon the intruder, whose shadow so often strikes across the path of his royal hero. Dr. Lingard feels a natural sympathy for a suffering brother. Thierry rejoices in the tilt between men whom he chooses to regard as the champions of two hostile races. Michelet wastes no love on the Norman Henry, and leans with a hospitable French politeness to the side of the guest of King Louis. But Becket has been strangely neglected by biographers, though not, surely, for the want of adequate materials. Above a score of narratives of his life and passion appeared shortly after his death, several of which were composed by his friends and dependents. Some of these are still extant, in manuscript or in print. There are, besides, three valuable collections of letters, written by Becket himself, by his friend John of Salisbury, the first scholar of his age, and by his steady foe, Gilbert Foliot, Bishop of London, a man of no contemptible powers.

Becket has suffered somewhat from the company he has kept. The Lives of the Saints were in good repute, so long as the saints themselves were in vogue. The gift of working miracles being inherent in their bones, a new edition of wonders became from time to time necessary, to keep up with the age. But when beatified dust became cheap, and calendared names a byword and a reproach, this sort of reading went out of fashion. The name of saint would not go half so far to recommend a book as that of sinner. But all saints are not alike, any more than all sinners. The life of a great and good man is instructive and interesting, though he be a saint. We much need a few good biographies of those men who owed their place in the calendar not merely to Roman policy, but to their great gifts and shining virtues. To plod through

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the year, as Alban Butler has done, in order to impound every stray saint, would be a most thankless task; but it would be difficult to name a more admirable subject than the life of St. Bernard, or of St. Dominic.

The saint, however, was the least part of Becket. Miracles and virtues were the normal requisites for canonization; and a rigorous inquiry was instituted on both points, as to the claim of a candidate for the highest honor the church could bestow. Martyrdom, indeed, if suffered solely for the cause of Christ, afforded a sufficient presumption of virtue. "The cause of Christ" was a phrase which, in the hands of plenipotentiary interpreters, was likely to be conveniently malleable. There was a postern-gate to the calendar, which was opened by a golden key. We do not mean to deny the policy of the elevation of Thomas à Becket, but there is room to doubt if, without the convenient title of martyrdom, his virtues would have earned it for him. Nor would we insinuate, that in his case the dignity of saint was bought; for the court of Rome needed no great bribe to sharpen its clear perception of the vast advantages to be gained from the measure.

But the present generation cares little about Becket's claim to be considered as a saint; the interest we now take in his life and character arises chiefly from their Protean variety. He figures in every shape. From the accountant, we follow him through the successive stages of scholar, diplomatist, divine, judge, statesman, courtier, warrior, hierarch, exile, and martyr, up to the posthumous eminence of saint. How so promising a case as this has escaped the hero-mongers, we have often wondered; the more, as his career was not without its dubious passages. To a class of writers, who find in every divergence of practice from profession only fresh evidence of a higher law of consistency, of which these aberrations are the effect, there are tempting opportunities in Becket's life. We cannot call him a bad man. He was certainly no hypocrite in the worst sense, perhaps in any sense; and yet, without the aid of a comfortable theory, it is troublesome to get over one or two of his actions. We are sure, at all events, that it must be easier to bring him out of the fire unsinged, than to whitewash the soul of Mirabeau, or to swallow the cant of Cromwell. To make him a hero, you will need but a drop of that elixir which has virtue enough to prove the scribes and Pharisees no hypocrites, and

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to convict the father of lies himself of hatred to his own offspring.

The work of Dr. Giles, which stands at the head of our article, professes to be "gathered from the contemporary historians." It accordingly bears the character of a compilation or collection, and does not pretend to be a finished work of art. It is cumulative, rather than constructive, in its execution. The author has not aimed at success in that most difficult part of a biographer's task, which is wholly posterior to the collection of materials; we mean, what the French call the *rédaction*. To combine and group one's materials so skilfully as to present a full portrait of a great man of former times, and to define his comparative brightness among the other luminaries of his age, is one of the rarest, as it is one of the highest, of literary achievements. Dr. Giles is fully aware of the "patchwork nature" of his work, and humbly disclaims more than the name of a faithful compiler or epitomist. His modesty, we think, need not have asked so little. Yet when he hopes that he has succeeded in giving us "a portrait of the great man whose life is the subject of the narrative," we should rather say, that he has done a great deal to smooth the way for a more ambitious attempt by another. An inventory of mouth, nose, and eyes is no portrait; nor is even such a description of a thief as would betray him to a sharp police-man a portrait. We find in Dr. Giles's work enough to recognize Becket by; but much more is wanting to present him in all his lineaments to the imagination. We have certainly no wish to detract from our author's real merit. He has shown great diligence in searching out, among the English and Continental collections, all manuscripts and notices of manuscripts relating to his subject. He has taken great pains to translate from the Latin the narratives and letters which compose the bulk of his book, and, to the best of our judgment, with general correctness; though not always with perfect accuracy or the utmost simplicity, and with an occasional fastidiousness quite fragrant of the delicacy of a boarding-school. Though we do not wish to contest his profession of an entire love of truth, his book betrays his cloth, and an unconscious leaning to the side of the churchman, martyr, and saint is quite apparent. His remarks, too, though often judicious and instructive, are sometimes tinctured with that professional instinct to "im-

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prove" an event, which is called "preaching." Yet, on the whole, the work is well arranged, and is a valuable contribution to historical and biographical literature. We hope that some one will take these scattered rays and collect them into a focus. The epistolary collections above named, which Dr. Giles is about to republish, and to which we hope he will add the letters of Peter of Blois, will be of great assistance to the future biographer of Becket. Our purpose, at present, in a very cursory review of the leading incidents in the life of this extraordinary man, is chiefly to indicate the richness of a mine which has been less explored by the biographer and the dramatist than it merits.

The life of Thomas à Becket may be divided into three parts, — the first period ending with his elevation to the chancellorship, — the second, with his election to the primacy, — and the last, with his death; though the biography of every saint has also a sort of *post mortem* chapter, to record his miracles, his honors, and his receipts. His parents, Gilbert and Matilda by name, have been raised to a distinction which the worthy pair could never have dreamed of. But they were needed to shore up a theory. There was some ground for supposing Gilbert to be a Saxon, and Matilda a Saracen or Syrian. Such data needed only the aid of a fertile brain, to be made to bear much fruit. From his father's race, it seems, Thomas à Becket inherited a necessary hostility to the Norman Henry, and from his Saracen mother, an impetuous temper. His Saxon birth, it is said, made him the man of the people; his infidel origin made him odious in the eyes of supplanted ecclesiastics, who were as tenacious of Christian as of Norman blood. Granting for a moment the hybrid origin of our hero, it will account but poorly for his quarrel with his master, who, though untainted by Eastern parentage, had more of other blood than of Norman in the mixed current that flowed in his veins. As to Oriental impetuosity, the anger of Henry was a tempest; and if violence comes from the maternal side, his mother was half Norman and half Saxon.

But, after all, Becket's Saxon descent is questionable. There is some positive evidence to the contrary. Fitzstephen, his friend and biographer, expressly calls his father Gilbert "a Norman by origin" (*ortu Normannus*); and another of Dr. Giles's authorities reckons Gilbert and his wife (whom, however, he calls Rose) among the emigrants

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from Rouen to London. The termination in *et* is indicative of French nativity ; and though Thierry regards the name of Becket as only Beck with an affix, the town of Bec in Normandy is perhaps as good evidence of foreign extraction.* The best evidence for Becket's Saxon blood is found in a letter, quoted by Lyttleton, in which he says that his father and ancestors had been citizens of London. But emigration from Normandy to England had begun at least as far back as the time of Edward the Confessor. In fact, there was even then a rage at court for Norman words and fashions. Gilbert must have been a man of some consideration, if, as we are informed, he was sheriff (*vicecomes*) of London.

The history of Matilda, our saint's mother, is one of the prettiest legends which have come down to us from the Middle Ages. According to the story, she was the daughter of a Saracen or Turkish chief, named Amurath. She fell

* The first few lines of Thierry's ninth book, in which he introduces Becket, are an ingenious piece of mosaic.

"Among the throng of Englishmen who, for want of the means of subsistence, attached themselves to the rich Normans, in the capacity of esquires and attendants (*gens de service*), was, in the time of King Henry the First, a man of London, called by the historians Gilbert Becket. It appears that his true name was Beck, and that the Normans, among whom he lived, added to it a familiar diminutive and made it Becket, as the Saxons in the first years of the twelfth century called it Beckie. Gilbert Beckie or Becket followed his lord of foreign race to the crusade, and went to seek his fortune in the kingdom of Jerusalem."

No authority is adduced to prove that Gilbert was ever a dependent on a Norman lord. On the contrary, nearly all the testimony in the case goes to show that he enjoyed an easy competence. Brompton is cited in attestation of his Saxon birth. His words are, — "*Anglicus et Londoniarum incola civitatis.*" One would infer, that this was the chronicler's assertion ; whereas it is Gilbert's supposed answer to a supposed question put to him by a Saracen maiden, into whose father's hands he is supposed to have fallen. But if the words indicate the chronicler's opinion, the adjective *Anglicus* is an answer to an inquiry about Gilbert's country, and proves nothing as to his race. The other authority, the Vita Quadripartita, we have not been able to consult. The passage, however, agrees with Brompton, as Dr. Giles quotes the same words from the Quadripartite Compilation. The conjecture about the diminutive is supported by two lines from two old ballads, in one of which "Young Beckie," and in the other "Young Beichan," are named. One of these ballads is downright Scotch, and the other is sprinkled with Scotch words. We are bound to infer, therefore, according to Thierry's reasoning, that "Annie" proves the Saxon origin of Ann, and "Susie," which actually occurs in one of the ballads, a similar fact as to Susan, though both are Scripture names. The "lord of foreign race" seems to be a sheer invention. The legend which relates the journey of Gilbert to the Holy Land, so far from attaching him to the person of a superior, declares that he took a serving-man named Richard with him.

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in love with Gilbert Becket, who, on his way to the Holy Sepulchre, had been captured by her father and reduced to slavery. The slave, however, having gained the favor of the parent, unknowingly stole away also the heart of the child. The heart-sick maiden, unlike patience on a monument, told her love, and offered to become a Christian, if he would pledge himself to take her to wife. He seems to have been more anxious himself to join the company of believers than to have her do so ; for, on the first opportunity, he made his escape by night to Christian territory, without taking leave of Amurath or his daughter. The candid damsel followed. Finding in the land of the Christians a ship about to transport some merchants, who knew her language, to England, she embarked with them, and on her arrival set out at once for the metropolis, whither she found her way by repeating her only English word, "London, London." After straying awhile about the streets, the laughing-stock of the crowd, she was recognized by Gilbert's serving-man, Richard, who had accompanied his master to the Holy Land. The judicious Gilbert, not deeming it wise to take her to his own house, placed her with a widow, who lived hard by, and went to take ghostly counsel of six bishops, who happened to be in session at St. Paul's. They saw the hand of God in this thing, and advised him to marry the girl, if she would be baptized. To this she assented, still insisting on matrimony as the *quid pro quo*. The rite was performed, and the pair were married. The next morning, our whimsical husband was seized with a violent desire to revisit Palestine. But he was unwilling to leave his young wife alone in a land of strangers. His uneasiness aroused her curiosity, and she soon drew from him the secret. Like a true heroine, as she was, she besought him to obey his conscience. Leaving Richard behind, he set out for the Holy Land, where he made a short stay of three years and a half. When he returned, he found in his house a beautiful boy, who called him father, and himself Thomas Becket. So endeth the tale of the loves of Gilbert and Matilda.

Of this pleasant bit of romance, Dr. Giles seriously remarks, — "There seems no reason to doubt the facts which it relates." We think, on the contrary, that it has more than one internal mark of improbability. What Fitzstephen says, and omits to say, is strong evidence against it. He simply

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reports, that "Becket's father and mother were both citizens of the middle class." *

It was impossible, of course, that so illustrious a saint should come into the world without some precious scraps of ante-natal history. His mother's dreams and visions are recorded with laughable minuteness. The sagacious midwife, when she lifted in her arms the new-born babe, exclaimed, — "I have raised from the ground a future archbishop." But she seems to have kept the secret very well. His mother is said to have brought him up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. She was wont, it is related, to use

* According to Thierry, who cites Brompton, the girl found her way to Becket's house by crying, "Gilbert, Gilbert"; no very likely means, in a city of forty or fifty thousand inhabitants, of finding the dwelling of an individual. In Dr. Giles's account, this part of the anecdote does not appear, and we cannot find it in Twysden's edition of Brompton. The ballads to which we alluded in a former note afford but slight presumption of the truth of the legend on which they are founded. One of them places the scene of Becket's adventure in France, where he falls in love with the king's daughter, "Burd Isbel" by name. He is thrown into prison, but is released by the princess, who had stolen the key. She found the captive in sad plight, —

"For the mice but and the bald rattons
Had eaten his yellow hair."

But she soon set him to rights; for

"She's gotten him a shaver for his beard,
A comber till his hair;
Five hundred pound in his pocket,
To spend, and nae to spare."

The story ends, as in duty bound, with Isbel's going to seek Beckie, and marrying him. The other ballad is more to the purpose, though sufficiently grotesque. The description of the heroine begins thus: —

"The Moor he had but ae daughter,
Her name was called Susie Pye."

Her love is dashed with a mercenary touch: —

"'O have ye any lands,' she said,
'Or castles in your own countrie,
That ye could give to a lady fair,
From prison strong to set you free?'"

Susie Pye, after liberating her lover, and waiting as long as she could, "set her foot on good shipboard," and arrived in London just as Gilbert had taken another bride. But the news of her arrival changed all that. With surprisingly agile affection, he ran down to meet her: — "Of fifteen steps he made but three." The "forenoon bride" was sent home again, and, after kissing Susie's "red rosy lips" and calling her "jewel," —

"He's ta'en her by the milk-white hand,
And led her to yon fountain-stane;
He's changed her name from Susie Pye,
And he's called her his bonny love, Lady Jane."

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him in a very whimsical way, as the measure of her charity to the poor. She would occasionally weigh "the future archbishop," putting into the opposite scale bread, meat, and clothing enough to balance the boy, all of which were given to the poor. The recipients of this eccentric bounty might, with peculiar fitness, address him in the Oriental form of salutation, — "May your shadow never be less!" He spent the years, we are told, of his infancy, childhood, and youth, in the frugality of his father's house, and in frequenting the schools of the city. But it appears that "he was destined from his infancy to the spiritual warfare, and his parents took measures accordingly to give him a liberal education." He was committed to the charge of Prior Robert, to be educated in the religious house of the canons of Merton. An attractive and probably flattering portrait of the youth represents him as "modest and agreeable in speech, tall and elegant in person, easily led by good example, prudent beyond his years, combining the personal beauty of youth with the gravity of a more advanced age." Of his progress in learning we hear little. He seems, however, at a very early period, to have acquired that taste for hawking which he turned to good account in his subsequent career as a courtier. On one occasion, he came near losing his life in attempting to save a drowning falcon, — an opportunity sure to be improved by his biographers for interpolating a miracle.

But the homely instruction of a monastic school was not thought enough for so promising a youth, and when he had grown nearly to man's estate, he was sent to Paris. Here he had every facility for laying the foundation of those courtly accomplishments which were to grace the high station he was destined to occupy. Among these, doubtless, was the use of "French of Paris," the choicest dialect of a Norman court. The schools of Paris were at this time in high repute. The name of Abelard was not forgotten there, and crowds of scholars from every part of Europe flocked to hear the lectures of his pupils and successors. We are not told whether Becket exhausted all the learning of the *trivium* and *quadrivium*. But we may conjecture that the young aspirant found much to study in the manners of the diverse races which came under his notice in that great metropolis. He returned to England when he had nearly attained his majority. The times were stormy; and for a while he was

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content with the office of clerk to the sheriffs of London. He may have acquired in this employment much of that knowledge of business for which he was afterward so eminent. We next find him domesticated with one Osbern, a rich relative of his, in the character of manager of his finances and companion of his sports. His time was divided between this gentleman's country residence, where he had every opportunity to follow his favorite pursuits of hunting and hawking, and his father's house. His studies seem to have been thrown overboard.

But he was at length fortunate enough to attract the notice of two clerical guests at his father's house, who insisted on introducing him at the court of Theobald, Archbishop of Canterbury. Here Thomas at last found himself in a congenial atmosphere. This court formed the head-quarters of the learned men of the day, most of whom were of the ecclesiastical order. Becket, feeling his inferiority to many of the scholars about him, devoted himself with great assiduity to his studies, and especially to the canon and civil law, the most useful sciences to a candidate for secular or ecclesiastical preferment. The court of Canterbury rivalled in splendor, and surpassed in refinement, that of the monarch. The young Londoner was here quite at home. He seems to have been endowed by nature with a graceful and winning address, which his experience abroad had probably perfected. This happy gift, set off as it was by untiring diligence and stanch fidelity, soon attracted the notice and won the favor of the primate. The only obstacle to the progress of Becket was the enmity of Roger Dupont, who held a high place in Theobald's esteem. This hostility, the cause of which does not clearly appear, twice caused his disgrace. He had, however, secured a friend in Archdeacon Walter, Theobald's brother; and by his intercession recovered his position. Desirous of perfecting himself in his studies, he now obtained leave of his patron to travel, and studied civil law for a year at Bologna, its fountain-head, and at Auxerre in Burgundy. He had already received several preferments from the archbishop. A mission to Rome having become necessary, on an affair of great importance and delicacy, Theobald, in whose favor Becket was now firmly established, and who had discerned his rare talents for diplomacy, determined to intrust him with the business. He discharged this commission with uncommon skill and success; and

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by the proficiency which he showed at this time, and on other occasions, in the arts of negotiation, gained the good-will of the pontiff and his court.* His old enemy, Roger, having been promoted to the see of York, the primate conferred on Becket, now about thirty-three years old, the archdeaconry of Canterbury, an office of considerable income, and next in dignity to the bishoprics and abbacies. The list of benefices already enjoyed by him was increased by new preferments, which the ambitious ecclesiastic seems to have accepted without scruple.

But now a higher dignity awaited him. The death of Stephen, in the year 1154, was followed by the undisputed accession of Henry the Second. The state of England at this time was lamentable in the extreme. A long civil war had desolated the country, and almost brutalized its inhabitants. Bands of foreign mercenaries had deprived many of the native English of their estates, and turned towns and villages into encampments. Turbulent barons, strong in the castles which bristled over the land, led a predatory and lawless life. The spirit of order had been almost extinguished by twenty years of riot and rapine.† Nobles and prelates, during the contest for the throne, had become familiar with perjury and rebellion. The only hope of the exhausted, bleeding people was in their young prince, who had already given promise of a glorious future. By his marriage with Eleonore of Guienne, the repudiated queen of Louis the Seventh of France, he had acquired her large domains, and by an act of perjury he had deprived his younger brother of his rich patrimony. From Flanders to the Pyrenees, over more than two thirds of France, his sway was firmly established. Well might the French king tremble, when he received the homage of this dangerous vassal for these immense fiefs. The people had begun to sigh for a strong government, and they had reason to expect it from the young prince.

Every thing, however, depended on Henry's choice of ministers. The clergy were deeply interested in the matter,

* Dr. Giles cites Fitzstephen as his authority, but omits to translate *aliquotiens*. The original is, — "*Mittebat cum aliquotiens Romam pro negotiis ecclesiæ Anglorum.*" The imperfect, too, is significant, and leads one to infer that he was more than once despatched upon such an embassy.

† Dr. Giles calls it a *ten* years' war. But he appears to rely on Fitzstephen for the description, who uses the word *vicennalis*. Stephen usurped the throne in 1135.

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for they had much to fear from the vigorous and vehement spirit of the king, if not controlled by suitable advisers. Accordingly, Archbishop Theobald, and Henry, Bishop of Winchester, the king-maker of his day, a busy and timeserving, but very able, prelate, with the aid of Arnulf, Bishop of Lisieux, a dexterous manager, formed the project of elevating Thomas à Becket to the place of chancellor, hoping that his agreeable manners and distinguished parts would enable him to curb, if not to govern, a monarch so well fitted to relish the one and appreciate the other. Becket seems to have been introduced at court very soon after the coronation, and though the custody of the great seal was not immediately committed to him, it is probable, and in fact his contemporaries assure us, that the speedy reformation which was effected in the state of the country was in no small measure owing to his counsels. The mercenaries were compelled to disgorge their prey, and quit the soil of England.* The baronial castles were dismantled, and the crown regained its supremacy. Robbery and beggary were succeeded by honest and gainful industry, and, in the words of Fitzstephen, the realm of England was renewed like an opening spring.† The inauguration of Becket as chancellor took place in the year 1155, when he was about thirty-eight years old, and the king about twenty-two. The chancellorship was in those days always held by an ecclesiastic, and was regarded as a stepping-stone to a bishopric or archbishopric. Becket seems at once to have gained an almost absolute influence over the young monarch, which fully justified the expectations of his friends. He was now in his prime.

"His countenance was mild and beautiful; he was full of stature" (six feet two inches in height, according to another account); "with a nose elevated and slightly aquiline; in his senses and physical perceptions he was most acute; his language was refined and eloquent, his intellect subtle, and his mind cast in a noble mould. His conduct, amiable towards all men, ex-

* Fitzstephen says,—"*Willielmus de Ipra, violentus incubator Cantiæ, cum lacrymis emigravit*"; that is, "William of Ypres, the violent Kent squatter, left the country with tears."

† Fitzstephen's words are,—"*Regnum Angliæ, tanquam ver novum, renovatur*"; which Dr. Giles renders, "England seemed to enjoy a *second* spring." He must have forgotten the words with which Virgil opens the subject of his first Georgic,—

"Vere novo, gelidus canis quum montibus humor
Liquitur," etc.

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hibited singular sympathy towards the poor and oppressed, whilst to the proud he was hostile and unbending. He was of a lively and witty disposition, cautious alike of being deceived or of deceiving others."

"He was humble," we are told again, "to the humble, but to the proud he was stern and haughty"; and Virgil's line is applied to him, —

"Parcere subjectis et debellare superbos."

He was very popular among all classes, except, perhaps, the nobles, who were nevertheless fain to play the parasite to their master's master, and were eager to procure places for their sons in his household. He lived in a style of magnificence which threw the pomp of royalty into the shade; and the king is said to have sometimes complained to him that he had emptied his court.

"The house and table of the chancellor were common to all of every rank who came to the king's court and needed hospitality; whether they were honorable men in reality, or at least appeared to be such. He never dined without the company of earls and barons, whom he had invited.

"He ordered his hall to be strewed every day with fresh straw and hay in winter, and with fresh rushes or green branches in summer, that the numerous knights, for whom the benches were insufficient, might find the area clean and neat for their reception, and that their valuable clothes and beautiful shirts might not contract injury from its being dirty. His board shone with vessels of gold and silver, and abounded with rich dishes and precious liquors, so that whatever objects of consumption, either for eating or drinking, were recommended by their rarity, no price was great enough to deter his agents from purchasing them."

The monarch seems, however, to have so thoroughly identified himself with his favorite, that he looked upon his princely ostentation and brilliant retinue as an offshoot of his own splendor.

An intimacy had indeed sprung up between the king and his chancellor, almost without parallel in the frigid experience of courts. Becket was not only Henry's prime-minister, but his companion and confidant. "Never were two men more friendly, and of one mind, since Christian times began." They played together, hunted together, joked together, and dined together. Becket was an old adept at hawking, and knew something about hounds. At chess, too,

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he was no mean hand. Their jokes were sometimes of a practical kind. On one of their rides, the king insisted on stripping the shoulders of his chancellor of a new cape of scarlet and gray, to give it to a ragged pauper whom they had met in the road. After a stout struggle, the courtier, as in duty bound, gave up the cape, for which, we learn, "the poor man thanked God, and was much pleased." The servant whom the mighty sovereign of so many realms delighted to honor became famous abroad. The scions of foreign nobility graced his house; and once, when he lay sick at Rouen, the king of France accompanied his cousin of England on a visit to him. He became the mediator through whom unfortunate persons, who had incurred the wrath of their fiery young master, sought for pardon and restoration. His friends basked with him in the sunshine; his old teacher, Prior Robert, became his confessor, and Merton had solid reason to boast of the gratitude of her distinguished son. He aspired to the fame of a Mæcenas; and at his suggestion the king recalled from France many English monks and scholars, and honored them with lucrative appointments.

We have already alluded to Becket's success in one or more diplomatic missions to the Papal court. A brilliant occasion now arose for an exercise of his talents in this way. A match had been projected between Prince Henry of England and the Princess Margaret of France. The little puppets who were to make believe matrimony had, of course, the least part in the business. It was all kindly arranged between their disinterested parents. Overtures having been made to the French king, the two sovereigns had an interview on the borders of Normandy. But a question of dowry was involved in the case; and it became necessary, in the course of the negotiation, to despatch an envoy to Paris. Becket's high place in Henry's favor, as well as his eminent diplomatic qualifications, pointed him out as the most fitting person for this charge. He accordingly received the appointment, and executed the embassy in a style of magnificence to which we can hardly find a parallel in the annals of the most splendid courts. His more than royal progress through the intermediate towns and villages struck the beholders with amazement.

"In his entry into the French villages and castles, first went the footmen (*garciones pedites*), about two hundred and fifty in

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number, going six or ten together, and sometimes more, singing some song or other, after the fashion of their country. At some interval followed the dogs in couples, and harriers fastened by thongs, with their keepers and attendants. At a little distance followed the sumpter-horses, with their grooms riding on them, with their knees placed on the haunches of the horses. Some of the French came out of their houses at the noise, as they passed, and asked who it was, whose family was it that was passing. They received for reply, that it was the chancellor of the king of England, going on an embassy to their lord, the king of France. The French said,—'What a remarkable man the king of England must be, if such a great man as this is his chancellor!' After these came the squires, carrying the shields of the knights, and leading their chargers; then came other squires, then young men, then the falconers, with the birds on their wrists, and after them the butlers, the masters, and attendants of the chancellor's house, then the knights and clerks, all riding two and two together; lastly came the chancellor, and about him some of his particular friends."

On his arrival at the French capital, he was received with all the elegance of Parisian hospitality; but he was not to be outdone in Gallic arts even on Gallic ground. He eluded a royal proclamation, forbidding the sale of any article of provisions to the English legation, by sending agents in disguise to forestall the neighbouring markets, and thus collecting a three days' supply for a thousand men. A hundred shillings, the price paid for a single dish of eels, was commemorated by a proverb in England. With politic profusion, just before his departure, he distributed among the principal men of Paris, not even forgetting the doctors of the schools, the vast store of plate, costly clothing, and other valuables, which he had brought with him.

This dazzling display, and the still more dazzling munificence of his gifts, produced their due effect; and when united with the fascination of the ambassador's manners and his persuasive tongue, they enabled him to complete successfully the difficult and delicate territorial arrangements, growing out of the new connection between the royal families.

But the tie so recently formed was not strong enough to bear the strain of clashing interests and rival claims.* In

* Dr. Giles seems to place the embassy to Paris after the war in Aquitaine. But the true chronology, we believe, is against him.

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1159, Henry, in right of his wife, laid claim to the earldom of Toulouse, and besieged its capital. This war opened a new career to the versatile and accomplished Becket. He was already illustrious in all the arts of peace, and was not unwilling to show the haughty barons of England and France that he could equal them at their own weapons. He therefore made his appearance at the siege, with a train of seven hundred knights of his own household. It happened that the French king, who had espoused the cause of his brother-in-law, the Earl of Aquitaine, in whose territory Toulouse was situated, imprudently threw himself, with a small body of men, into the city. Henry was strongly urged by the chancellor to press the siege vigorously, and secure the person of Louis. But the monarch seems to have been either more chivalrous or more prudent than his counsellor. He refused to do such violence to his liege lord, fearing, perhaps, the effect of so pernicious an example on his own numerous feudatories. The sequel of the chancellor's history affords a strange commentary on this affair; for the favor of the French king, in Becket's hour of need, was his only shelter from the vengeance of his offended master. Henry, returning to England, left the prosecution of the war to the Earl of Essex and the chancellor. This new-fledged warrior, besides other successes, took three castles before deemed impregnable. At a subsequent period of the war, he maintained, in addition to his household knights, twelve hundred others, and four thousand men besides, at an enormous expense. His troops, with their lord at their head, gained high honor; and the chancellor himself, "though a clerk," in a personal encounter, charged and unhorsed a valiant French knight.

With all this brilliant success, the young leader, we may suppose, was not so much engrossed with his new profession, as to be indifferent to a compliment which was paid him about this time by the greatest scholar of his day. John of Salisbury dedicated to him, in a poetical inscription which yet remains, his elaborate work, entitled, "Polycraticus, sive de Nugis Curialium." We shall hear more of this personage anon.

Becket's reputation did not come out of these wars unscathed. The somewhat unseemly union of the archdeacon and the soldier was not overlooked. But his chief offence consisted in advising, or not opposing, the imposition of a

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scutage on the nobles and clergy, to defray the expenses of the war. This impost was a commutation of the old military service, and on the whole, perhaps, a wise measure. The clergy, however, murmured at it, as an encroachment upon their rights ; and Foliot, Bishop of London, no friendly censor to be sure, accuses the minister of having plunged the sword of state into the bosom of the church. The charge would be hardly worthy of notice, if Becket had not soon after shown himself so high-toned an asserter of church prerogatives.

The reader of history is naturally led to ask, What were the private life and character of this ostentatious minister ? He must have been exposed to temptations of various kinds. His royal companion was a true branch of the Conqueror's stock, whose violent passions, whether of love or hatred, were not always content with lawful means of gratification. We are told that the king was continually laying snares for his favorite's virtue ; but that the chastity of the latter was above impeachment. He is said, also, to have been temperate in the midst of luxurious hospitality. We may believe all this, especially as the multiplicity of his occupations and cares must have left him little time for the vices of a court. That he connived at many of the king's acts, or at least passed them over in silence, is likely enough. The ministers of kings are seldom expected to be their monitors. He is said, indeed, to have received many presents from a lady who held a more flattering than honorable place in the affections of her sovereign. This, too, proves only the desire of a frail woman to obviate the possible opposition of a man powerful enough to loosen her frail tenure of her lover's preference. He seems to have practised those mortifications on which the ancient church laid such emphasis. He used to bare his back to the scourge, and he kept the last days of Lent with an exemplary degree of austerity.

But whence did he derive the means to support his gigantic splendor ? The answer is, that the archdeaconry and the various livings which he held, together with the emoluments of the chancellorship, and the government of the Tower of London, besides his manors and other possessions, must have yielded him a large income. It is impossible to measure the extent of the royal bounty to so honored a servant. If the king's treasury did contribute its share to keep up the princely pomp of the chancellor, there is no proof of embezzle-

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ment or peculation on his part, unless we so consider the charges afterwards brought against him by the king. Of vain and wasteful profusion he cannot be acquitted. A true Christian would have despised the treasures which must have been wrung, first or last, from the temporal or spiritual sufferings of the poor. But Becket, thus far, was a very imperfect pattern of a good Christian. He was emphatically a worldly and ambitious man; and it may fairly be doubted, if any mortal in Europe, when he returned from his French campaign, could have dreamed that the name of Thomas à Becket would so soon be added to the Roman calendar.*

Before he retired from that stage on which he had played so leading a part, he received another mark of his master's confidence. Henry, while absent on the Continent, employed him to procure from the English barons an oath of allegiance to his son, Prince Henry. Becket, as governor and guardian of the prince, an office with which he had recently been honored, was a very proper person to undertake this commission; and he executed it with his usual dexterity and success.

We have now reached the close of the second period of Becket's life. We have dwelt at such length on the earlier part of his career, because this is the least known. The remaining period, though by far the most eventful, we must despatch in a more cursory manner. This is the more easily done, as this portion occupies a prominent place in every history of the twelfth century. While the master and his servant were of one accord, the former, as representative of his realm, absorbed the latter. But when a change of circumstances had set them at odds, each began to play his own part; and the greater man claims the greater share of history. Though we are now on ground often trodden, it may not be uninteresting to take a hasty review of the peri-

* It will not do, of course, to try a character of the twelfth century by the standards of the nineteenth. Hawking and hunting archdeacons were no prodigy, if we may judge by a bull of Alexander the Third, issued in 1182, the object of which was to exempt the clergy of Berkshire from furnishing their archdeacon with a present of hawks and hounds. But the scandal of these indulgences was not altogether overlooked. Peter of Blois, in two of his letters, berates a bishop and an archdeacon for their love of hunting. Military clergymen and prelates, though in much worse odor, were not without precedent. Becket himself, however, at a later period, looked back on his gay chancellorship with shame and contrition.

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od which remains, paying less regard to the absolute and intrinsic importance of events than to the illustration they afford of individual character.

In April, 1161, the life of the venerable Archbishop Theobald was brought to a close. In anticipation of his expected death, public conjecture had doubtless fixed on his successor. The passage from the chancellorship to prelacy was a beaten road. But if we are to believe one or two anecdotes which have been preserved, Becket himself, foreseeing an unavoidable collision with the king, was not ambitious of the distinction. So easily forged tributes to his sagacity and moderation are a little suspicious. Be that as it may, King Henry had fixed upon his worldly courtier to be the head of the Anglican church. After the lapse of a year, he sent Becket from Normandy into England to prepare the way for his own election. But difficulties intervened. The bishops and monks were, it is supposed, as on other occasions, at issue upon their respective rights. Some opposition, too, was made to the king's wishes, led, probably, by Gilbert Foliot, then Bishop of Hereford. Royal influence, and perhaps menaces, finally prevailed ; Foliot withdrew his objections, and Becket was solemnly chosen. Prince Henry, now nine years old, who had recently been acknowledged as the future successor of the king, was present at the ceremony, and, in connection with the great justiciary of the realm, at the request of Henry of Winchester, delivered over the primate elect to the church, free from all suit and accusation on any past matter whatsoever. On Whitsunday of the year 1162, Archdeacon Thomas à Becket received priest's orders ; and on the following Sunday, he was consecrated archbishop by Henry of Winchester, amid a brilliant concourse of nobles and prelates, and with the acclamations of an immense multitude of the common people. Messengers, among whom was the archbishop's intimate friend, John of Salisbury, were despatched to Pope Alexander, then in France, to demand of him the *pallium*, or pall, which was regarded as the "mystic badge" of the office. The Papal court very readily granted the request; the pall was deposited on the high altar of the church of Canterbury, where it was assumed by Becket, who took at the same time the solemn oath usual on such occasions. He was now in

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the forty-fourth year of his age; his royal master had not yet reached the age of thirty.

Much has been said of the sudden and total revolution that took place in the archbishop's way of life. Thierry tells us, that "he cast off his rich garments, unfurnished his sumptuous mansion, broke with his noble guests, and made friendship with the poor, with beggars, and with the Saxons. It was for these only that his feasting-hall was open and his money lavished." But there seems to be more of fancy than fact in this description. We are told, indeed, that he wore sackcloth, and even put on a garment covered with vermin; that in his cell he washed the feet of thirteen beggars daily; that his diet was most abstemious, and the like. But we find little proof that he cast off his noble guests, or courted the Saxon race. Indeed, Dr. Giles, who quotes Mr. Froude at length on this point, takes great pains to show that the splendor of the archiepiscopal palace did not suffer in his hands; that his too great devotion to legal rather than spiritual studies drew on him the censure of John of Salisbury; and that the change in his life was not greater than the transition from civil to ecclesiastical eminence required. In the anxiety of some persons to acquit the prelate of hypocrisy, they are obliged to question his sanctity. And, in fact, it is difficult to believe that a man who afterwards fought so stoutly for the rights of the church would have shorn her highest office of that splendid hospitality which, in the eyes even of the Saxon multitude, was not without its effect. That he at once cast off the levities of a courtier, and the gayeties of the boon companion of a young and merry king, is not unlikely; and history is full of instances to show that the violence of the plunge into asceticism is in proportion to the previous worldliness of the character. A man begins to see the error of his ways; but his heart, long steeped in irreligion and ungodliness, cannot keep pace with his desire to amend. Impatient of the slow process of conversion, he rushes into external acts of penance and mortification, hoping to impose on his uneasy conscience by the exhibition of the fruits of that righteousness to which he has not yet attained. But "nemo repente venit *sanctissimus*," any more than "*turpissimus*," as Becket's history is sufficient to show.

Almost the first act of the new archbishop was to resign the great seal, — a proceeding which evidently surprised and of-

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fended the king. Henry, as it seems, had intended that Becket should hold both offices. Are we to suppose that the king had been deceived by him? The see of Canterbury had been vacant for a year. It is difficult to suppose, that the succession was not a frequent subject of conference and discussion between the king and his chancellor. And when it appeared that Becket was the monarch's candidate, we must suspect that he had been guilty of falsehood or disingenuous silence, if the king remained ignorant of his purpose to resign his civil dignity. Henry, who well knew the conflicting claims of church and state, and knew equally well that Becket as a foe would be most formidable, would hardly have raised him to an almost regal elevation without some assurance of his own safety. This king was not a blind adorer of favorites. He did not, we may be sure, insist on Becket's appointment, till he had satisfied himself of his future course. We cannot help thinking it more likely that Becket deceived the king, than that the king, in the most important act of his reign, took no heed to his steps. It does not help the case to say, that the resignation was an afterthought; if so, the new dignity was the proper one to be relinquished.

Henry was determined to have a Roland for an Oliver, and demanded of Becket the resignation of his archdeaconry. After a long delay, the archbishop made this concession, which would have come with a better grace at an earlier period. The new position of Becket, almost an independent one, was well fitted to bring out in high relief the bold and imperious features of his character. From this time, he seems to have discarded the prudence which he must have possessed as a statesman and diplomatist. One of his first measures was an attempt to resume certain grants of church lands made by his predecessors, on the ground that these were in violation of the essential inalienability of church property. On this plea, he required the powerful Earl of Clare to do him homage for a certain domain. The legality of the claim we need not consider; its imprudence was unquestionable. Knights and barons could ill brook the interference of an upstart priest; and the affronted earl had an avenue to the king's ear in a beautiful sister, whose charms had touched his susceptible heart. But the cloud as yet was no bigger than a man's hand. The sun shone bright over head; and when the archbishop met the king at Southampton, on his return to

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his English dominions, the two friends, forgetful of every cause of doubt or coldness, rushed into each other's arms. During the several days which they passed together, the concord between them was so great, that the archbishop's enemies did not dare to wag a tongue against him.

Alexander, who was recognized as Pope by the kings of England and France, about this time called a general council at Tours. Becket, of course, as primate of England, would not fail to attend. Before his departure, he resigned his young charge, Prince Henry, into his father's hands. After spending a few days with the king, at Rumnel, in Kent, he passed over into Flanders. Not only in the dominions of Henry, but in those of foreign powers, he was received with unbounded demonstrations of courtesy and respect. Princes, nobles, and peasants flocked to meet him, and his journey resembled a triumphal progress. On his approach to Tours, the Pope's court was nearly deserted; the cardinals left the city to welcome him; and when he was presented, the audience-chamber was so thronged, that the pontiff was obliged to retire to another apartment. The archbishop was regarded as the chief member of the council, and procured the ratification of many privileges belonging to his church.

The storm was now gathering, which was soon to burst on the primate's head. If the king and the archbishop were to come into collision with each other, it was clear enough that their intractable temper and almost equally independent position would lead to irreconcilable enmity. The history of the decline and fall of friendship is always a miserable, too often a pitiful, one. In this case, the occasions of the rupture were petty enough at the outset. The first blow which the king received was in a tender part. Becket resisted an attempt to divert certain perquisites from the sheriffs to the royal treasury. The violence of both parties augured ill for the continuance of peace between them. The king swore, as usual, "by God's eyes," and the head of the English church stooped to echo the oath. Henry consented to waive the point. Becket's next offence was the excommunication of a tenant-in-chief of the crown, without previous notice to the king. The latter demanded the absolution of his vassal; Becket delayed, the king grew angry, and the archbishop at length yielded, but with so ill a grace that he got no thanks for it. The primate had the further boldness to press the

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king to fill up two vacant bishoprics, the revenues of which had, during the vacancy, accrued to the exchequer. Henry complied, but did not forget or forgive the insolence of such a demand. But the immediate occasion of their famous quarrel was a question of jurisdiction.

No government is well administered, and least of all a monarchy, in which a conflict of jurisdictions is tolerated. The history of feudal anarchy is a perpetual commentary on this proposition, and the long struggle between the throne and the altar is a bitter demonstration of its truth. In England, the feudal distemper appeared in a mild type, and a race of strong-headed and stout-hearted kings saved the realm from dismemberment. But the arrogance of the clergy was less easily repressed. Before William the Conqueror, the bishop had been content to sit with the sheriff or alderman in the county court, to try such secular and spiritual causes as might be offered. But the clergy, to whom William felt much indebted for his success in the Conquest, persuaded him to divide this joint jurisdiction, and leave the clerks to be tried by their own order. A privilege of this sort was not suffered to rust by disuse. The lawyers of that day were mostly clerks, bred of course not to the common, but to the canon and civil, law. "*Nullus clericus*," says Matthew Paris, under the reign of William Rufus, "*nisi causidicus.*" The ecclesiastical court absorbed a large class of causes which had but a very remote affinity to spiritual concerns, and the person of a clerk was sacred from the touch of a lay officer. The meanest priest, guilty, perhaps, of atrocious crimes, was passed over to the bishop, and, though liable to be degraded, imprisoned, and even branded, was exempt from the fearful penalties of mutilation and death to which the lay offender was exposed. So late as the reign of Henry the Eighth, Pope Leo the Tenth found it necessary to issue a bull, prohibiting the taking of orders merely to elude the secular arm. The sovereign would naturally behold with jealousy this serious encroachment of a power which seemed to cut off a branch of his prerogative. Common sense demanded why, of two murderers, the layman should be taken, and the clerk left. The bishop, however, had a word to say for himself; waiving for a moment the divine right of exemption from temporal jurisdiction, he could urge, with some show of reason, that the canon law was more perfect than the com-

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mon law, that the king's way of dealing out justice was wild and barbarous, and that the ecclesiastical court was a house of refuge from wolfish judges and savage torturers. Early in his reign, Henry the Second had had a dispute with Archbishop Theobald, about a delinquent clerk, whose case he claimed for his own court. But his attention being drawn to continental affairs, the matter was dropped. In Becket's time, however, when other cases occurred, the king resolved to press his demands. Becket refused to recede from the rights and dignities of the church, and on this issue they met.

The parties in this contest were not so unequally matched as might at first appear. Henry Plantagenet could easily have crushed Thomas à Becket, if that had been all. But Becket was the champion of the rights or claims of the church. At this time, the church was the only compact and well organized body in Christendom. With its veins and fibres stretching among and under the other institutions of society, it could thrill all Europe with a single impulse. It had more than once armed the Western world against the Eastern. It had reduced the heir of Charlemagne's imperial crown to the condition of a naked and shivering penitent, while none of the vultures or eagles of Europe moved the wing or peeped. It held the balance of power between rival potentates, and juggled them off against each other. It had all the learning of Europe on its side, when learning was a miracle in the eyes of ignorant generations. It had a common voice in that Roman language which it had inherited. It had built on the code of Justinian another system of law of universal application. Its servants and agents had the ear of kings, who were forced by self-interest to employ them in the weightiest affairs. Its adroit husbandry of the terrors of death and the treasures of retribution gave it an authority over the consciences of the great, which often thwarted the boldest usurpations and palsied the stoutest will. The dying church-robber laid his ill-gotten wealth at its feet, and begged it to mutter a few masses for his miserable soul. The cormorant baron feared to sack those sanctuaries whose hospitable walls might one day receive his sin-worn body and be to him the gate of heaven. The wealth of the church was prodigious; and if the king put forth his hand to take a crumb from the heap, it raised the cry of sacrilege and profanity. While emperors were starving for want of money, it

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scraped together Peter's pence from every nook in Christendom. If a presumptuous ruler ventured to try conclusions with it, he found his court scattered, like a fairy revel, by the thunders of excommunication. If he persisted, his kingdom was laid under an interdict. The sound of the church-going bell ceased; the mourner was forbidden to lay his kinsman in holy ground; the body of the Lord was no longer broken for the people; and the betrothed dared not complete a contract which no man of God stood nigh to bless. Popular superstition was loyalty to the church. That other loyalty, the reverence for law, which is the cement of modern societies, was hardly known; for law as yet could barely go alone. Opinion was the great lever of the church, a lever strong enough even then to heave the throne.

Such was the strength of the church; but she had also her weakness. The "least erected spirit" had crawled into the consistory. John of Salisbury complains to his patron, that "Rome was never proof against bribes." The anomalous character, also, of the Papal government impaired the majesty of the Papal office. The successor of St. Peter might be turned adrift by a vile Roman mob. The twelfth century, too, was the harvest time of antipopes. No less than eight appeared in that period. To supplant a rival, pontiffs stooped to buy the favor of powerful princes by positive concessions or permissive silence. It would not do for Alexander to provoke too far the anger of Henry of England, while his own chair was tottering under the rude arm of Barbarossa. The head of the church, too, was jealous of the bishops. He feared to strengthen their hands overmuch, lest they should wax fat and kick. He was not reluctant to keep in motion an under-current of jealousy and insubordination, to remind them of their dependence on Rome. The sovereign, by virtue of his station, could forbid ecclesiastics to leave his kingdom, and blockade the ports, alike to keep in the runaways and keep out all messengers from the Pope. By dividing the spiritual house against itself, he also gained time, and occasionally his point.

Such was the machinery which both parties could bring to bear. One other circumstance, which increased the power of Becket, must not be overlooked. King Louis was the natural and predestinated foe of Henry. Patched-up truces and peace-making marriages did not rid the French soil of

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the overgrown dominion of the Plantagenet; nor had the French king forgotten with what indecent haste his former queen had posted to his rival's bed, and taken with her the sunny realm of southern France. He was a faithful servant of the church, and came, it is said, very near being canonized. His high-spirited wife used to call him a monk. His sympathies, then, by a double tie, would be with Becket.

Henry, baffled in his first efforts, resolved to plant a thorn in Becket's side. The newly elected abbot of St. Augustine's proved refractory; the king supported him, and the archbishop could not prevail on the Pope to interfere. This, however, was a mere flourish to what was to come. Having assembled a council of prelates and barons at Westminster, in October, 1163, the king made a formal demand, that convicted clerks should be degraded and delivered to the king's officers to receive such further punishment as the case might require. The bishops were at first disposed to yield; but were at length shamed into resistance by the archbishop's remonstrances. Being asked by the king, if they would observe his royal customs, or, as another account has it, the customs of his ancestors, they replied, Becket taking the lead, — "We will, in all things, *saving always our own order.*" The king broke out into a furious passion, and left the council. The bishops, frightened at what they had done, kept aloof from the primate, and would give him no comfort. But he remained firm, saying, — "If an angel come from heaven and counsel me to this act, let him be anathema." The next morning, the king sent to him to demand the surrender of the castle and honors which he had held while chancellor, and had not yet given up. In this strait, he wrote to the Pope a plaintive letter, to beseech his interposition. It arrived at an unfortunate moment. Alexander had just heard bad news from Italy and Germany, and dared not lift a finger in Becket's behalf. He was very liberal, however, of barren praise, and had daily prayers offered up for him at three monasteries.

From another quarter Becket received more encouraging assurances. The rupture between him and the king had been watched with great interest in France; and King Louis pledged himself, if ever Becket should visit his dominions, to receive him as a brother-sovereign. Count Philip of Flanders also offered to furnish ships to transport him to

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the Continent. Meanwhile, an ominous movement had been made at home. Arnulf of Lisieux had given the king the insidious advice to detach some of the bishops from Becket's party. The counsel was followed, and three bishops, two of whom were already engaged in a controversy with the primate about their respective rights, came into the king's measures. The archbishop was now beset on all sides, not only by the king's emissaries, but by letters from the Pope, who sent a special agent to persuade him to compliance. At length he gave way, after receiving repeated assurances of the honest intentions of the king. He had an audience of his sovereign at Windsor, and promised to assent to his royal constitutions and dignities, without the objectionable reservation. The king took it kindly, but required a public renewal of this promise.

A council was accordingly held at Clarendon castle, in January, 1164, and continued three days. Henry had determined to make clean work. Nearly two days were devoted to "an examination and revision of part of the customs, liberties, and dignities of the ancestors of King Henry the Second." An instrument was drawn up containing the sixteen articles known in history as the "Constitutions of Clarendon." It was a direct attack on the privileges, dignities, and rights of the church. Being declaratory in its character, it could only recite and ratify old usages, which are in fact the substance of the common law. The church, too, had its old usages, which had been practised with more uniformity and steadiness than those for which the king contended. When, therefore, on the third day, the archbishop was desired by the king to set his seal to these articles, he declared, by God Almighty, that no seal of his should ever be set to such constitutions as those. A scene of great confusion seems to have followed. The barons stormed, and Becket's friends expostulated; at length he yielded. Whether he signed the articles is doubtful. That he swore to obey them is probable; that he assented to them is certain. Foliot accuses him of saying aloud to the bishops, that it was God's will that he should perjure himself. At all events, the constitutions were passed, and became the law of the land.*

* We agree with Jeremy Collier (*Eccles. Hist.*, I., 374) in his opinion. Dr. Giles (Vol. I., 230) takes a different view. He says, — "The consent to these ordinances, which had been extracted from the archbishop, was ex-

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The archbishop rode off from Clarendon with his clerks, in a state of extreme dejection, deploring with sighs and tears his own hard fate and that of the church.

This is one of the dark passages in Becket's life. He is not to be blamed for refusing at first to agree to the new ordinances, for there is every reason to suppose that the king exacted more than the archbishop could have anticipated. The odious articles went far beyond the mere question of criminal jurisdiction. They stripped the ecclesiastical court of its control over other matters of moment. They forbade the clergy to appeal to the Pope, or to leave the realm without the king's consent. Becket could not be expected to concede tamely what the stiff old Anselm, and even the mild Theobald, had vehemently denounced and resisted. But it is difficult to excuse his final hypocritical assent to the constitutions. He meant to break his word. His subsequent proceedings betray no regret for the breach of faith, but only for the previous assent. He lost no time in apprising the Pope of what had been done, put himself under penance, and for forty days suspended his ministrations at the altar. At length, having received absolution from the pontiff, he demanded an audience of the king, which was refused. He next made two attempts to cross over into France, which were defeated by contrary winds. This violation of the new constitutions of course exasperated the king. Nevertheless, an interview took place between them

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torted, was verbal, and consequently incomplete. As the head of the English church, he represented the English people, the third estate in the constitution. The king and nobles were agreed, but the consent of the church, which was superior to both, was wanting, or was gained by threats, and, as we have seen, had not been ratified either by the seal of the archbishop, or by the confirmation of the sovereign pontiff." We wish that Dr. Giles had informed us where he learned that the English church represented the English people or the third estate. What did it represent after the people had a house of commons, and the spiritual magnates sat in the house of lords? Some of those bishops of Norman blood, who were so proud of their race, would have deemed it a jest, and a sorry one, to call them the representatives of the third estate. If the head of the English church was, as Dr. Giles seems to think, a coördinate sovereign of the realm, it was high time to dethrone him. The distinction between a verbal and a written assent is mere quibbling. We own that the menaces addressed to the bishops formed a strong point; but whether they were stringent enough to invalidate their oaths is very doubtful. Foliot, in one of his letters, censures Becket for giving way. Becket himself justified his course by the unlawfulness of the promise; not, we believe, on the plea of compulsion.

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at Woodstock. Henry remarked to Becket, — "So, my lord, you wish to leave my kingdom. I suppose it is not large enough to hold both you and me." They parted without anger, and without compromise.

Meanwhile, the king had petitioned the Pope to enjoin the obedience of the English prelates to the constitutions. He refused; but, not to break with the king, granted a legatine commission to the Archbishop of York, one of Becket's enemies. In the spring of 1164, the death of the Antipope Octavian took place; an event not likely to further Henry's plans. The summer was passed in negotiation between the king, the Pope, and the archbishop. But Henry, weary of this long-drawn delay, and bent on crushing the refractory primate, assembled a council at Northampton, in October. At this council Becket was arraigned on a most contemptible charge of treason, and condemned to suffer confiscation of all his goods. Old Henry of Winchester, sorely against his will, was forced to pronounce this harsh sentence. His persecutor, not content with this, next called him to answer for the proceeds of the church offices which had been vacant while he was chancellor. In vain did he plead the solemn release which he had received on the day of his consecration. The tide had set strongly against him. The barons, regarding him as a fallen man, withdrew their wonted courtesies. Not a few of the bishops had grown lukewarm, and some pressed him to resign his office. For four days, without flinching, he faced the malice of false friends and cruel foes. A violent disorder, brought on probably by anxiety and fatigue, confined him for a day to his bed. The next morning, having somewhat recovered his strength, and taking with him a portion of the consecrated wafer as a talisman, he entered the castle-hall, bearing his official cross, and with the words, "My cross is the sign of peace; the king's sword is an instrument of war," took his seat. The king's justiciary came to pass judgment upon him. But the archbishop, rising hastily, refused to hear the judgment, and having placed himself and his church under the protection of the apostolic see, and summoned the bishops before that tribunal, turned, amidst the scoffs of the crowd, to leave the hall. We hardly know a finer scene for the painter or dramatist, than when he turned upon the king's natural brother, who had called him traitor, with the exclamation, — "If it were not for

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my sacred office, my sword should answer that foul speech." Leaving the town, he passed to the monastery where he lodged, attended by a "glorious procession," as he styled it, of the poor, whom he invited to sup with him. After supper, he conferred with the few knights and clerks who had not abandoned him, on his future measures. One of them was despatched to Canterbury, to collect as much money as possible. In company with three others, Becket took horse, in the midst of a dark and rainy night, and rode fifty miles before dawn. Passing in disguise from place to place, after eight days, he reached the coast of Kent; and at length, on the 2d of November, the twentieth day after his departure from Northampton, he crossed over in an open boat, in tempestuous weather, to the coast of Flanders. He was not yet out of danger. The lord of the district in which he had landed had an old grudge against him, and would gladly have arrested him. Becket, also, had nearly betrayed himself to a party of young men, by a too sportsman-like interest in a falcon which one of them bore on his wrist. He was saved by the ready tact of one of his companions. At Gravelines, again, his "great stature, high forehead, fine hands, and noble bearing, and the easy liberality with which he gave the most delicate bits of his supper to the children," excited the suspicions of his landlord. But the publican, though he had taken counsel of his better half, kept the secret like a good Christian, and contented himself with thanking the saints for the honor of entertaining such a man. Becket lost no time in pushing on towards the French king's dominions, where he had reason to expect a favorable reception.

In the mean time, the king had sent envoys to the king of France and the Pope. When Henry's letter was produced, in which he stigmatized "the late Archbishop of Canterbury" as a traitor and a fugitive, King Louis declared, with some warmth, that, if he knew where he was to be found, he and his whole court would go out to meet him. Becket, on his part, having arrived at Soissons, in France, sent forward two of his company to watch the movements of Henry's emissaries. They were received by Louis with great cordiality. On the next morning, he solemnly granted protection to the archbishop, proclaiming at the same time, that it was one of the *royal dignities* of France to protect fugitives. The agents of both parties soon reached Sens, in Champagne, where the

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Papal court was then held. The king's messengers had but a cold audience of the Pope and cardinals. Foliot, of London, was thrown into confusion by a sharp rebuke from the pontiff. Hilary, of Chichester, broke down in his Latin, and was laughed at. The plain English of the Earl of Arundel did not help their cause. The Pope refused to act till the archbishop had been heard in his own behalf.

Louis, being informed of Becket's arrival at Soissons, went thither to welcome him, and proceeded immediately to his hotel. The interview between these illustrious personages was an extremely cordial one. The king, having heard Becket's narrative of the recent events, gave orders that he should be liberally supplied with funds from the royal treasury; an offer which for the present he declined. He accepted more readily a noble escort of three hundred horsemen, at whose head he set out for Sens, and had the satisfaction of affording the English envoys, who passed them on the opposite bank of a river on their way home, an opportunity to witness the state, with which that "traitor and fugitive, the late Archbishop of Canterbury," travelled to the Papal court. Becket was received at Sens with great honor, and seated at the Pope's right hand. At his first audience, he presented a roll containing the Clarendon Constitutions, that the court might see what laws the church was called upon to receive. This was a dexterous stroke, and took effect. The Pope, indeed, rebuked the archbishop for his too easy compliance, but was willing to take his sufferings as an ample atonement. On the next day, Becket, after an affecting speech which moved his hearers to tears, took off his ring and placed it in the Pope's hand, in token of his resignation of an office to which he had been uncanonically elected by the influence of the crown. Certain of the cardinals were willing, for the sake of peace, to take him at his word. But the Pope would hear of no such thing, and immediately reappointed him. Becket knew his man, or he would never have ventured on a step for which Henry would have fallen down and worshipped him.

Becket's long exile of six years had now commenced. At the suggestion of the Pope, he established himself at the Cistercian monastery of Pontigny, where he at first endeavoured to conform to the strict rules of that severe order. But the mantle of Saint Bernard was too narrow for the shoul-

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ders of the splendid metropolitan. The violent attempts of the novice to mortify the flesh brought on a serious malady, which drove him back to a more rational and comfortable regimen.

A temper so irascible as Henry's did not brook patiently the utter failure of the embassy to the Papal court. His measures were prompt and thorough. Not content with confiscating the archbishop's property, and placing the church of Canterbury in the custody of Randolf de Broc, Becket's ferocious enemy, he banished from his dominions the relations, clerks, and domestics of the primate, adding the barbarous exaction of an oath, that they would immediately show themselves to their exiled lord. By this brutal edict, four hundred helpless and unoffending beings, men, women, and children, were thrown, with every aggravation of misery, on an unknown coast. Those who survived the perils of want, weariness, infancy, and age were hospitably received after their hard journey by the French king and the Empress Matilda, who did not approve of the extreme measures of her arbitrary son. But these indirect attacks, though they might annoy and grieve "the traitor," as Henry called him, did not unhouse him.

At length, after Becket had passed two years in his secluded abode, the vigilant malice of his enemy devised a means of effecting his removal. In September, 1166, the general chapter of the Cistercians received a significant hint, that, if they cared for the houses or lands which they held in the territories of the king of England, they would find it well to speed the departure of their guest. A second significant hint apprised Becket of the fact that he had worn out his welcome. "The Lord," said he, "who feeds the birds of the air, and clothes the lilies, will provide for me and my fellow-exiles." One of his clerks was despatched to the king of France to acquaint him with the news. Louis immediately offered the archbishop the choice of any place in his dominions for his residence, and a liberal pension from the royal treasury. He selected the monastery of St. Columba, within a short distance of the city of Sens, and there continued to reside until his departure for England.

We need not enter into a detailed account of the events which occurred during Becket's exile. It would only be a monotonous chronicle of plots and counterplots, menaces and

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excuses, persecutions and negotiations. Becket had to do with three courts, — that of King Henry, of King Louis, and of Pope Alexander. Several of his suffragans, led by the Bishop of London, and backed by the Archbishop of York, abetted the king and his measures. Not daring, however, to engage in open hostility with the apostolic see, they were forced, whenever the entreaties of Becket extorted the Pope's permission to proceed against them, either to succumb for a while, or to neutralize the archbishop's acts by a counter appeal to the court of Rome. Henry himself was afraid to come to a formal rupture with the Pope, who might, by a well-timed sentence of excommunication, unchain upon him at once the enemies from whom he had most to fear. But he kept a sharp eye on the signs of the times ; and by judiciously playing upon the Pope's dread of a pretender to his chair, and occasionally palsying the spiritual arm by an operation on the temporal palm, succeeded in holding his enemy at bay, though he could not prevail upon the pontiff to depose or desert him. King Louis continued to the last, with but one brief exception, the fast friend and generous protector of the fugitive. His generosity, it must be confessed, cost him little, followed at the heels, as it ever was, by that faithful monitor, policy. During the entire period of Becket's exile, it was almost invariably the interest of Louis to foment a quarrel which weakened the hands of his great rival. It was equally his interest to preserve the reputation which he had acquired of being the devoted servant of the church.

It will readily be conceived that Becket, with all these parties to manage, was not idle. The Pope was to be spurred, the bishops to be badgered, the king to be lectured. The voluminous correspondence, of which so large a portion is extracted in the work before us, affords full proof of his indefatigable activity. Though these letters turn for the most part upon the great controversy which had already engaged the attention of Europe, they are full of anecdotes and characteristic traits which are highly interesting. We cannot help extracting the following testimony, seven centuries old, to the attractions and perils of the capital of France.

"THE ABBOT OF ST. REMY TO JOHN OF SALISBURY.

"Truly, my dear fellow, you have fixed upon a most agreeable place of exile: all kinds of pleasures, however vain, abound

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in Paris; rich entertainments and choice wines, such as you cannot get at home, and the most charming society. But all this is nothing new: did you ever know a man who did not like Paris? it is a most delightful place, a perfect garden of pleasure. However, many a true word is spoken in jest. O Paris, what a place art thou to beguile and fascinate! what snares hast thou to catch people with! what enticements dost thou hold out to draw men into temptation! what shafts dost thou launch forth to pierce the hearts of the foolish! And my own John thinks so, too, and so he has made Paris the place of his exile! I hope he may find it insufferable in good earnest, and get back home again, as soon as possible, to his own country!" — Vol. I., p. 202.

We must also quote another passage, on account of its striking eloquence. The refractory bishops, in 1169, were getting up an appeal to Rome as a counterblast to some of Becket's measures. When Henry of Winchester was cited to Northampton to join in the deliberations of his colleagues, he replied: —

"The law of God prescribes, that, when a man is summoned before a superior judge, he cannot appeal to an inferior. For this reason it is, that I, who am sinking under disease and old age, and have received a summons from the Almighty, am incapacitated from preferring an appeal to an earthly tribunal." — Vol. II., p. 190.

It is impossible to follow Becket through his years of exile, without admiring his inflexible constancy. It must be allowed that it sometimes degenerated into obstinacy; and it is difficult to excuse the pertinacity with which, after all material obstacles had been removed, he broke off a negotiation for peace, because the king would not give him the kiss of friendship. The fluctuating policy of the court of Rome was a sore trial to such a spirit. The Pope and his legates must have wondered at some of his salutations: — "Health, and firmness of mind to resist the cruelty of princes." "Health, and courage to resist the insolence of princes." Though his hopes sometimes gave way, his resolution was not shaken. In the same letter which bears the gloomy superscription, — "To the half of my soul, health, as to myself; yea, more; for to myself there is no health," — he speaks thus of the compromising legates: — "They may strain till they burst themselves, but they shall never, by Christ's grace, make me deviate from the path of justice, or from the great cause of

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liberating the church." And when, at last, he had grown utterly weary of the time-serving delays which had frittered away the best years of his life, he did not sink under the sickness of hope deferred, but gathered up his broken fortunes, and went home to die, Archbishop of Canterbury once more. There was, indeed, an inborn and essential dignity about this man, which, though it was sometimes crossed and marred by the outbreaks of an impetuous temper, nothing could destroy. Hear how he answers the taunts of Foliot: — "You say that the king raised me to honor from a mean estate. I am, indeed, not sprung from royal ancestors; but I would rather be the man to whom nobility of mind gives the advantages of birth, than one in whom a noble ancestry degenerates."

He was often forced to expostulate, but his expostulations were manly; and when he gave vent to his grief, the woes of the church lent a majesty to his own. It cannot be denied that his stern and even violent purposes sometimes required the curbing hand of the Pope, and drew forth the warnings of his best friends. His warmest advocate must regret his frequent want of gentleness and humility. But it must be remembered, that the provocation he had received was great, that he had been unused to contradiction, and that he had identified the cause of the church with his own. The cause of Christ would undoubtedly have lost nothing by a more Christlike way of defending it; but an ardent man is especially apt, in a religious controversy, to take his own temper for granted, and deem himself authorized to fight with such weapons as nature has given him. The sense of injury, the study of revenge, the love of victory, the emulation of his predecessors, had undoubtedly leavened his zeal for the church; but that he felt himself to be the champion of her liberties must, we think, be conceded. We cannot subject such characters to a chemical analysis, and assign to each element its specific proportion. The ingredients of the compound are perpetually varying in their proportions, and what is hypocrisy to-day may be fanaticism to-morrow. One thing, however, is certain; — natures of the highest order never perplex the mind in this way; the transparent simplicity of virtue will always justify itself. In a word, Becket's character was marked by many of the traits of that of Gregory the Seventh, and must be judged by similar rules.

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We return to the narrative. During the first five years of Becket's exile, every attempt at a reconciliation had proved abortive. So long as each party retained his distrust of the other, the best devised scheme of peace proved of course utterly fruitless. While Henry promised, with a reservation of the honor of his kingdom, and Becket, with that of his God or his own order, it was evident that a solid cement of amity was yet wanting. Early in 1170, however, matters approached a crisis. The king had determined to associate his son Henry with himself in the sovereignty of his dominions. Preparations were accordingly made for the coronation of the young prince. But it was an ancient prerogative of the Archbishop of Canterbury to crown the English kings. The present incumbent was as little likely to yield this privilege to another, as the king was to allow him to exercise it. On this occasion, the Pope was true to his servant. The Archbishop of York and the other bishops received a mandate from the apostolic see, forbidding them to assist at the ceremony of coronation. But in spite of this, the deed was done; and no reparation for the wounded honor of the church remained, but to let loose upon the head of the impenitent aggressor the terrors of an interdict. Even Henry's bold spirit quailed at this dreaded name. It would be an invitation to the French king to fall upon his continental territories, and to his English subjects to cast him off as the rejected of the Lord. He could no longer hope for the countenance of ecclesiastics who still professed obedience to the head of the Church. In order to avert the threatened blow, he promised once more to make peace with the archbishop. An interview took place at Freitval, on the confines of the duchy of Maine, at which, by the help of a little prudent silence on the one hand, and some concessions on the other, a degree of progress seemed to be made towards a genuine peace.

Becket now made preparations for his return to England; not forgetting to send over a store of good French wines for his Canterbury cellars. But his usual untoward luck followed him. By the king's half-faced fellowship, and the malice of his persecutors in England, various impediments were thrown in his way. The agents whom he had sent over warned him not to return to England till he was on better terms with the king. Becket knew what risk he ran in making the attempt.

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He wrote to the Pope,—"We believe we shall return to England, but whether for peace or suffering we know not." He complained to Henry of the infamous conduct of Randolf de Broc, who had threatened to take away his life before he had eaten a whole loaf in England; but he declared his resolution to serve his church at the peril of his life. Before setting sail, he had two more interviews with the king, who commissioned the Dean of Salisbury to escort him over to England. They parted for the last time as friends; but Becket's confidence in the king must have been very imperfect, or he could not have compared a remark made by him to "what the Devil said to Jesus Christ." He could not refrain from sending over the Pope's letters of excommunication and suspension against the refractory bishops, a measure which was sure to exasperate his enemies and again alienate the king.

In spite of the warnings which reached him from England, he set sail from Flanders early in December. "Look, my lord," said one of his clerks, "there is England." "You are very eager to go," he replied; "but before we have been there forty days, you will wish yourselves anywhere else." The party landed at Sandwich, in Becket's own see. The cross of Canterbury on the prow of the vessel soon drew the people of the town to the water's edge to welcome the returning exile. On the next day, he continued his journey to Canterbury, and every parish poured out its delighted multitude to meet him. The people threw down their garments in the way, the church-bells were rung, and the air resounded with songs of joy. The glad tidings spread like wildfire; and when he reached his own city, the exuberant gratulations of his flock could not be kept within bounds. The long-bereaved cathedral was decked out with the ensigns of gladness. Hymns of thanksgiving went up in the churches, and the trumpet sounded in every hall. Becket preached once more in his own church, but there was an ominous significance in the text, —"Here we have no continuing city, but seek one to come."

After eight days, he went to London, to pay a visit to the young king. He was received everywhere on his road with the most enthusiastic welcome. As he drew nigh to the city, a procession of three thousand poor scholars and clerks attached to the churches of London came out to meet him,

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singing Te Deum.* Multitudes of men and women crowded around him to bless God for his return. Yet the king not only refused to see him, but sent him an order to return to his diocese. He obeyed, but unhappily took an escort of five lances, which gave occasion to a report that he was making military expeditions through the country. Christmas was now come. The archbishop preached on that day from the words, "On earth peace, good-will towards men," which, oddly enough, was a favorite text with him. Some of his clerks happening to make mention of St. Elphage, the martyr of Canterbury, the archbishop remarked, — "We may perhaps have another before long."

The excommunicated bishops, meanwhile, had sent to him to demand absolution. The terms on which he was willing to grant it might have been complied with, but for the interference of the Archbishop of York, who had only been suspended. "My coffers," he said, "still contain eight thousand pounds, thank God! and I will spend every farthing of it in beating down Thomas's insolence." Abandoning, therefore, all thoughts of peace, the bishops hastened into Normandy to join the king. The news of Becket's proceedings had gone before them. The king was in just the humor to lend a ready ear to their complaints. One of them, while he declined to counsel his Majesty, artfully added, — "So long as Thomas lives, you will never enjoy one day's tranquillity." This was enough to bring on one of Henry's wildest fits of rage. With flashing eyes and a disordered countenance, he exclaimed, — "A curse light upon all the false varlets that I have maintained, who have left me so long exposed to this insolence from a priest, and have not attempted to relieve me of him!" † Four of these varlets took him at his word, and posted to the coast with all speed.

* Dr. Giles (Vol. II., p. 302) adds this note: — "This was when the population of London was about 300,000; at present there are nearly 2,000,000 of people in London; are there 3,000 scholars?" We will not presume to answer this sapient question. But we wonder on what authority he relies for his statistics. Peter of Blois, a contemporary of Becket, sets down the population of London at 40,000. This may be too low. If Dr. Giles adopts Fitzstephen's assertion, that the militia of the city amounted to 60,000 foot and 20,000 horse, a palpably extravagant one, he must reckon the total population at half a million at least.

† This was not the only occasion on which Henry had suffered such expressions to escape from him. Three years before, he had called his nobles "a set of traitors, who had not zeal nor courage enough to rid him from the molestations of one man."

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The king called a council of barons, and laid before them the conduct of the archbishop. One of these rude advisers spoke very plainly of a halter and the gallows. Another darkly alluded to a pope who had been murdered for his insolence. It was resolved that men should immediately be sent to arrest Thomas. But the four knights had the start. They had arrived, on the 28th of December, at Saltwood castle, the residence of Becket's inveterate enemy, Randolf de Broc. Having spent the night in arranging their plans, they set out the next day with a train of twelve attendants for Canterbury, and immediately on their arrival proceeded to the palace of the archbishop. They entered the palace-hall, and having sent word to the archbishop that they wished to see him, were admitted to an inner chamber, to which he had retired with his clerks after finishing the afternoon meal. They seated themselves without saluting him; and when he greeted them, returned his salutation with abuse. At length, Fitz-Urse, their leader, told him that he brought him a message from the king, to the effect that he should leave his dominions with every thing belonging to him. Becket replied, — "No one shall again see the ocean between me and my church; I did not come back to run away again." Passionate words passed on both sides, and the knights left him with scoffs and threats. The archbishop followed them to the door, with the words, — "Here shall you find me; here will I await you."

The murderers, having armed themselves, soon returned; but finding the doors barred, they went round by a private entrance, and began to hack down a wooden partition which was in their way. The monks, hearing the noise of the axes, urged the archbishop to pass into the church. He refused, until he learned that vespers were about to be chanted; and even then lingered, as if afraid that he should miss the crown of martyrdom, if he took shelter under the sacred roof. The ruffians followed, and entered the church; for the archbishop would not allow the doors to be bolted. He might easily have fled, as several of his clerks had already done. But his choice was made. It was evening, and the knights, not knowing in what part of the church he was, cried out, — "Where is Thomas à Becket, traitor to the king and kingdom?" No reply being made, they called out, — "Where is the archbishop?" At these words, he came down the steps

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which led to the altar, and answered, — "Here I am; no traitor to the king, but a priest of the Lord; what do you want of me?" — and walked towards the altar of the Virgin. Following him, they exclaimed, — "Absolve those whom you have excommunicated." He replied, — "The Pope has excommunicated them; and I will not absolve them." "Then you shall die, as you deserve." "I am ready to die for the Lord; but do no injury to any of these, whether clerks or laymen." After having tried in vain to drag him from the church, Fitz-Urse, provoked by a sharp retort, waved his sword over Becket, as he commended himself to God and the Virgin, and dealt him a mortal blow on the head. His accomplices, following up the stroke, soon completed the work. A fifth associate, named Robert de Broc, who had been excommunicated but a few days before, placed his foot upon the neck of the martyr, and mangled the body in a shocking manner.

Such was the "Passion of St. Thomas of Canterbury." The assassins now left the church, crying, as they went, — "For the king! For the king!" They did not forget, in their zeal for the king, to rifle the archbishop's palace and stables of all they could lay their hands on.

Meanwhile, the fatal news had spread through the city, and the people crowded in great numbers to the church. The poor pensioners of the archbishop's bounty threw themselves on his mangled body, and kissed his hands and feet. Some brought phials, and filled them with his holy blood. Others tore their garments and bathed the shreds in it. The monks kept watch that night around the body. The next morning, they were driven by the threats of the De Brocs to hurry the burial, for fear that the corpse would be seized and thrown to the dogs. With maimed and hasty rites they placed the body of their murdered father in the crypt of the cathedral, in a tomb in which never man had been laid. For a while they kept the place concealed with great care, till the fame of the martyr made it a holy and a precious spot.

The report of this horrible tragedy reached full soon the ears of King Henry, and was received with undisguised dismay. He put on sackcloth, and shut himself up for three days in his chamber, where he would take no food. Sometimes he would burst into loud lamentations, and then sink into a stupor of grief. He might well be confounded. For,

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even if he had had no immediate hand in Becket's death, he knew that the world would not hold him guiltless, and he could not deny that his intemperate passion had been the occasion of the impious deed. It was something to have to face the curses and contempt of Christendom. It was more, to a prince of Henry's character, to find himself exposed in a tenfold degree to all the evils which he had feared from his enemy while he was yet living. The dead martyr was a far more formidable foe than the live archbishop. Only one course was now open to the king. He must make his peace, at every sacrifice, with the church. Humiliating, indeed, it must have been for this proud monarch to purchase the forbearance of the Papal court by the abandonment of those very constitutions which he had so stoutly and angrily maintained during an harassing struggle of six years. But he was reduced to it. Within six months after Becket's death, he took a solemn oath before the legates of the Pope, that he had never commanded or wished that Becket should be put to death, and that, when he heard of the murder, he rather grieved than rejoiced. He also swore to renounce the unlawful statutes of Clarendon, to make full restitution to the church of Canterbury, to send a company of knights to the Holy Land, and, if need were, to undertake a crusade in person against the infidels in Spain. The bystanders were doubtless highly edified by the meek demeanour of this mighty king. The cardinals, when they heard him say, "My lords the legates, I am wholly in your hands, and shall do whatever you tell; I will go to Rome, to Jerusalem, or to Saint Jago, if you wish it," were probably too polite to remind him of a complimentary remark of his, some three or four years before, — "I hope to God I may never set eyes again on a cardinal."

The pious contemporaries of Becket dwell with much complacency on the miserable fate of his assassins. They set out, as the story goes, for the Holy Land; and all, within the space of three years, "most miraculously and undoubtedly" perished. The worthy chroniclers, however, deserve credit for a charitable acknowledgment of their "real and fruitful penitence."

For a year after Becket's death, the Canterbury cathedral was left defiled and neglected. No service was celebrated at the altar, and no care was taken to efface the marks of

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the murder, or to cleanse the church from the dust of the thousands of feet by which it was visited. That portion of the consecrated edifice in which the archbishop was slain is called to this day "the Martyrdom"; and a semicircular projection at the upper end of the building is known by the name of "Becket's Crown." The miracles of the new martyr soon began to be noised abroad; the blind received their sight, the maimed were made whole again, and even the dead were raised. The court of Rome soon became sensible of the expediency of giving Saint Elphage a companion in the calendar. A bull of canonization was accordingly issued in 1173, rather more than two years after the martyrdom, and Thomas à Becket rose at once to the first rank among the English saints.

Dark days, meanwhile, fell upon King Henry. The coronation of his son, that measure on which he had set his heart, puffed up the mind of the prince and made him his father's rival. Family quarrels and parricidal wars seem to have been the destiny of the Norman race of kings. Henry's last days were embittered by the rebellion of his sons; and it was almost in the act of cursing one of them that he breathed his last. He had, however, long before, made his peace with the martyr. It must have been with a strange conflict of emotions that he presented himself barefooted at the shrine of Saint Thomas, and offered his back to the scourges of the monks. The pious credulity of the age acknowledged, in the signal victory which his army that day gained over the Scots, the seal of reconciliation.

Thus ended one of the most remarkable controversies in the history of Europe. The church was indeed victorious, but Becket was the Curtius who threw himself into the gulf to secure that victory. Henry lost the day, because the time was not ripe for his purposes. So long as the Pope was acknowledged as the head of the church, the strife, however adjusted in this instance, must have recurred. If Henry had conquered in this struggle, it would not have rescued his son John from the grasp of Innocent the Third. Henry was right in theory, but Becket, though wrong in the abstract, was practically right. The state still needed the church, and was too weak to declare its independence; nor was it till after the lapse of three centuries and a half, that a king of England dared, by subjecting the church to the throne, to make all rivalry between them impossible.

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ART. V. — *Memoirs of the Administrations of Washington and John Adams, edited from the Papers of Oliver Wolcott, Secretary of the Treasury.* By GEORGE GIBBS. New York: Printed for the Subscribers. 1846. 2 vols. 8vo.

THIS work is a valuable contribution to the early political history of the United States, and we have finished the perusal of it with no ordinary degree of satisfaction. In regard either to the able and distinguished statesman whose biography it includes, or to the more general view it exhibits of the administrations of which he was a member, it must be considered as one of the most interesting works of an interesting class.

Oliver Wolcott was an admirable specimen of the New England character, such a character, indeed, as you do not often find out of New England. There is little violation of modesty in saying this, as it was not marked by any of the higher traits of genius. Sagacious, prudent, industrious, temperate and frugal, enterprising and persevering, he added to these national characteristics the personal and hereditary qualities of honesty, independence, modesty, and firmness, with purity and simplicity of manners, and great amiability of temper; and, as if to give zest to the whole, and to show the difference between him and the other members of his family, his character was marked by a slight touch of eccentricity. His grandfather, Roger Wolcott, was descended from one of the Pilgrim fathers of New England, and was distinguished in the colony both for his civil and military services. His father, Oliver, — a name doubtless given in honor of "Old Noll," — served as a captain in the provincial forces of New York, in defence of the northern frontier against the French and Indians. He continued in the army from 1747 to the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle. He then studied medicine, and settled at Litchfield, in Connecticut, at that period "on the outskirts of New England civilization"; and by his practice, aided by the cultivation of a small farm, was enabled to marry and to rear a family, of whom the future secretary of the treasury was the first-born.

The younger Oliver Wolcott was born at Litchfield, in 1760, and acquired the rudiments of his education at the

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common school of that town. In the intervals of his attendance at school, he was employed in looking after the cattle, and in the other usual occupations upon the farm. At the age of fourteen, he entered Yale College, and had for his classmates *Joel* Barlow, *Uriah* Tracy, *Zephaniah* Swift, and *Noah* Webster. The last mentioned of these village prophets and patriarchs tells us that Wolcott "was a good scholar, though not brilliant, frank and faithful in his friendships, and generous to the extent of his means"; and that "he possessed the firmness and strong reasoning powers of the Wolcott family, but with some eccentricities in his reasoning."

While he was pursuing his studies at Yale, his father, who had served in several civil offices in Connecticut, and had risen to be a general in the militia, was elected a delegate to the Continental Congress, and in that capacity signed the Declaration of Independence. He remained in Congress till the end of the war, was then made a commissioner of Indian affairs under the government of the Confederation, and after the year 1786 was annually elected lieutenant-governor of Connecticut, until 1796, when he was chosen governor, which office he held till his death, at the close of the following year. General Wolcott seems to have possessed a full measure of the qualities ascribed to his family, and his letters contained in the present publication convey a very favorable impression both of his head and heart, and do equal honor to the writer and his son, to whom they were addressed.

To return to the latter; in April, 1777, while at Litchfield on a visit to his mother, his father being absent, attending Congress, news arrived of the march of the enemy to Danbury. The young collegian was summoned to repair to the rendezvous of the militia of the neighbourhood. His mother armed him, furnished his knapsack with provisions and a blanket, and dismissed him with the charge "to conduct himself like a good soldier." The party to which he was attached had several skirmishes with the enemy during their retreat, in all of which he participated. The next year he took his first degree at Yale, and immediately commenced the study of the law at Litchfield, under Tapping Reeve, well known as the founder and head of a private law-school of great celebrity. After the destruction of Fairfield and

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Norwalk, in 1779, our young soldier attended his father, as a volunteer aid, to the coast, and at the close of the expedition was offered a commission in the Continental service. This he declined, having already made some progress in his professional studies; but he accepted an appointment at Litchfield, in the quartermaster's department, which did not materially interfere with their farther pursuit.

In January, 1781, he came of age, and was admitted to the bar. He removed shortly afterwards to Hartford, having left home with three dollars in his pocket; this circumstance accounts for his acceptance, immediately on his arrival, of a clerkship in one of the public offices, with a salary of fifty cents a day. His diligence in this station attracted the notice of the General Assembly, who, the next year, promoted him to a higher post, as member of the central board of accounts. Here his activity and usefulness were such as to procure his further advancement to be comptroller, when that office was substituted for the board of accounts.

This early attainment of an honorable and responsible situation in public life introduced him to the society of the principal men of his own State, and to the acquaintance of many eminent men out of it. It led eventually to his appointments in the treasury of the United States, upon its organization under the present constitution, — first as auditor, afterwards as comptroller, and finally as head of the department. The first of these offices he owed to the suggestion and influence of Jeremiah Wadsworth; the second and third, to the recommendation of Alexander Hamilton; but neither of them to his own solicitation.

So well did Mr. Wolcott fulfil the expectations of his friends as secretary of the treasury, to which he succeeded upon the resignation of Hamilton, that he was continued in it by Mr. Adams, although known to agree in opinion with Pickering and McHenry, who were dismissed for their adherence to Hamilton in his preference of General Pinckney to Mr. Adams as a candidate for the presidency. Nor did he quit the cabinet until the second nomination of Mr. Adams, when he considered it indelicate longer to remain in it.

At this period, his whole fortune consisted of about three hundred dollars in cash, and a farm of about twenty acres upon Connecticut river, to which he retired. And yet, this man, whose conduct had been sifted again and again by his

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political adversaries in Congress, and as often found unimpeachable, like that of Hamilton, his predecessor, and Pickering and McHenry, his former colleagues, was libelled by the scurrilous newspapers of the party in opposition, as having enriched himself by the plunder of the public. Hamilton, it is well known, was compelled to return to the practice of his profession for support, and left little else for his children than the inheritance of his name; Pickering was driven to the backwoods of Pennsylvania in search of a maintenance in the settlement of wild lands; and McHenry, who had previously possessed some property, spent a large portion of it in the service of the public. But not one of them was so wise in his generation as the men of this our world. They made no "friends of the mammon of unrighteousness," they neither entered office in search of "spoils," nor carried any with them out of it.

We shall not be guilty of so much injustice towards them, as to compare them in other respects with their successors; we shall draw no parallel between the party to which they belonged, and that which now conducts the national government. Indeed, it seems to us almost a profanation to apply the term "party," with its modern associations, to the Federalists of the school of Washington and Hamilton. The name was given to them because they were the authors and advocates of the Federal Constitution; while that of Antifederalists was given to the party who opposed the adoption of this instrument. The leaders of the former had borne conspicuous parts either in the cabinet or the field during the war of the Revolution. They had labored zealously to procure the adoption of the new system; and as their claims to public confidence rested on their public services, their efforts were successful. With Washington at their head, they had encountered the anarchy which succeeded the war with the same indomitable resolution and favorable result with which they had combated the enemy from without. Hence the evils springing from the conflicting views and interests of the several States, and from the feebleness of the Confederation, were rapidly disappearing under the corrective influence of the government which had superseded it.

The union being thus happily cemented by bringing its discordant materials into harmony with each other, the administration of the new government passed, almost as a mat-

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ter of course, into the hands of its friends. But the vigilance and activity of its enemies, with the augmentation of their numbers from the dissatisfaction of some of the Federalists with the official arrangements and other early measures of the administration, gave to the opposition a majority in the popular branch of the new Congress. Much of the discontent had arisen from offended State pride, and from the disappointment of individuals, who, knowing that their personal consequence depended upon the power and influence of their respective States, were unwilling to transfer so large a portion of sovereign authority to the government of the Union. As they had obtained no part in the administration, they were the more disposed to regard it in the light of a foreign power, and as a substitute for the paramount jurisdiction formerly exercised by Great Britain. There were a few among them who had earned some distinction in the Revolution; most of these had formed a part of the opposition which existed in the old Congress, and in some of the States during the war. That opposition, it will be remembered, had been directed against the authority and measures of General Washington and his friends, and was mixed up with the private cabals, in Congress and in the army, against the commander-in-chief. As a general rule, however, the men whose counsels and valor achieved the national independence were ranged on the side of the Federal Constitution, and now rallied in support of Washington's administration.

The following extract from a letter written by the elder Wolcott to his son, in 1793, gives a lively view of some of the benefits conferred by the new government upon the country, and shows of what materials the opposition to Washington's administration was then chiefly composed. The sentiments and opinions expressed do honor alike to the moral sense of the writer, and to his political sagacity.

"I have examined the statement of the Secretary of the Treasury which you sent me, and although I am not able to judge of this business in the detail, yet the energetic reasons which he has assigned for his own conduct cannot, I believe, fail of making the most convincing impressions, and fix his adversaries in a state of despondence. I never had the least doubt, both as to the abilities and rectitude of Mr. Hamilton. Indeed, a man must be uncommonly stupid, not to know that the national fiscal department must be conducted not only with regard to every species of prop-

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erty within the United States, but to the whole system of commerce, and whatever has the name of property, which can have any connection with this country. The man who can take so comprehensive a view, unaided by any former national experience, as to be able to establish a system of public credit, after it was by abuse of all public faith and confidence nearly annihilated, so as within the short term of four years fully to restore and establish it upon a stable basis, and by his provident care to guard against all contingencies which might do it an injury, and by the same operation raise a people from the most torpid indolence and despondency, to a state of the most vigorous enterprise, industry, and cheerfulness, and increase the value of property within the same period one third more than it before was (which I believe has been the case within this State, notwithstanding our vast emigrations), — he who can effect all this, without imposing a sensible burden upon any one, or deranging one useful occupation or business, must possess talents and industry and a species of intuition, which will ever insure him respect and the highest esteem from all but such only as are infected by that basest and vilest of human affections, envy. In this State I never heard any one speak of Mr. Hamilton but in terms of respect, and the same of the officers of his department. I shall furnish a number of gentlemen in this part of the State with the reading of the fiscal statement which you sent me; for, although we are very quiet and confiding in the rectitude of the national administration, yet there are some who wish to have it otherwise (or I am mistaken), if they dare make the attempt; — at present, they dare not.

"I have observed that gentlemen who have been for some time in Philadelphia seem to have very disagreeable apprehensions lest there should be some subversion of the national government. This I can more easily account for, as I never was six months in Philadelphia during the war, but what I had different apprehensions, and those very disagreeable ones, relative to the state of the Union, from what I had upon my return there after a few months' absence; and I always found that to be the case in regard to every other member of Congress. Indeed, if they had not been frequently supplied with fresh hands, the condition of the members would have been intolerable. You will always judge right, if you believe that the vast body of the people who live north and back of that place are of emphatically different character from those who compose that factious, ignorant, and turbulent town. I believe that there is not one in fifty in New England but what will support the present government (in which computation I include Vermont, and also reckon Parson Niles and some hysterical politicians in Boston), and I believe that there is

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not more than one in twenty north of the Delaware; Maryland, if I mistake not, will do the same. If, at any future period, our southern friends shall incline to dissolve the Union, they must count upon the Potomac and the Ohio as the line of division. This part of the Union will not adopt the French ideas of jurisprudence. I believe before the year 1800, Congress will be very willing to go to Conogochegue, or any other place, so that they can leave Philadelphia; not but that one half of the bustle and turbulence of that town is a mere matter of affectation and pride, and more owing to habitual security than any serious wish to obtain what they seem to aim at.

"The French are in a state of extreme delirium and extreme wretchedness. They will suffer all the miseries which war can inflict, and in its consequences, probably, famine and the pestilence. The avowed designs of the late European congress to give France a king will occasion serious reflection in the minds of millions of the Old World. The combination of kings to maintain despotism through Europe is a question which will, within no distant period, be further discussed in the Old World." — Vol. I., pp. 101, 102.

When the beneficial operation of the new government in the hands of the Federalists had become manifest, their adversaries, conscious of the odium attached to the name of "Antifederalists," endeavoured to substitute for it that of "Republicans," which, when the French Revolution broke out, they again exchanged for that of "Democrats," and attempted, in further imitation of the French Jacobins, to fix the name of "Aristocrats" upon the Federalists. But as the people of the New England States were confessedly the most democratic, and those of Virginia and the other Antifederal States of the South undeniably the most aristocratic, portions of the union, this attempt failed. Their next effort was to render the name of Federalist odious, and in this they succeeded. But the means to which they had recourse would have proved quite insufficient, had they not been aided by a division among the Federalists themselves. Some of the remarks of Mr. Gibbs upon the position of the Federalists at this period are so just and striking, that we will place them before our readers.

"The period during which the Federalists held the ascendency in the administration of the national government was one of no ordinary trial. The system itself was a novelty, founded in the midst of dissentient opinions, and established in the face of power-

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ful opposition; its parts were to be adjusted and arranged, its proper attributes and limits settled and defined, the relations of the individual members with the whole to be harmonized, and the great and complicated machine to be set in motion. Besides the necessity of thus creating from a mass of disorganized materials the framework of society itself, and of establishing the details of its functions; of devising a system of finance, by which, from a family of states hitherto unused to any general and common system, revenues should be raised, bearing equally upon all, revenues capable of meeting debts of extraordinary magnitude for a people of limited numbers, whose resources had never been developed, and who were already exhausted by a long war; of adopting plans of state policy under novel circumstances and relations, expansive as the growth of the nation, and to be permanent as its existence; of embodying laws; of rebuilding commerce from its wrecks, and calling forth arts and manufactures where they had been unknown; there were other obstacles in their path. Almost coeval with its birth commenced a war, which, in extent, magnitude, and objects, was the most gigantic in the history of bloodshed. Institutions hoary with age and venerable from their sanctity; empires which had seemed as permanent as the existence of man; despotisms whose iron grasp had for centuries stifled the very breathings of liberty; laws, and usages stronger than laws, which for good or evil had moulded men after their own fashion; priestcrafts and castes, obeyed by prescription, were at once swept away before the whirlwind of revolution. The effects of this convulsion had not been confined to the shores of Europe or the east; they had extended to America also. Here, meanwhile, the same opposition which had exerted itself against the formation of a government was continued against its operation. It was with mutiny in the crew that the Federalists had to steer the ship of state through the dangers of an unexplored ocean, in this the most tremendous storm which ever devastated the civilized world. Every measure which might tend to a development of the power of the general government was resisted. Every embarrassment was thrown in the way of its action. The impatience which naturally arises from new burdens was taken advantage of, though their object was to pay the price of freedom itself. Sedition was stirred up to resist them. Falsehood and misrepresentation were employed; distrust excited against tried and firm patriots. The personal popularity of demagogues was used to ruin men whose purity would not permit them to court the passions of the multitude. Alien influence was sought out to thwart or to govern the citizen. The national feeling in favor of republicanism, on the one hand, and

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national detestation of monarchy, on the other, were invoked to render odious an administration which refused to sacrifice the peace of their own to the interests or the ambition of a foreign land; the dread of war with France was held up as a bugbear to the timid, the fear of subjection to Britain as a spectre to the patriot. Public gratitude and popular hatred were alike aroused and called to aid.

"There was undoubtedly an exciting influence, which rendered the attacks of the opposition upon the government more potent than they otherwise might have been, arising from the character of the people themselves. The sagacity of the Anti-federal leaders fully saw and appreciated the fact so truly expressed by Mr. Cabot, 'that the sentiments of the people were essentially democratic, the constitution of the government was only republican.' The distinction was a vital one. There existed undoubtedly then, as perhaps to a more general though not more aggravated degree there exists now, a disposition to set up popular will above the laws made by the representatives of the people, to create as it were a law paramount to the fundamental laws of the land, a law uncertain, intangible, depending upon fluctuating and excited passions, and whose being is alike without authority or responsibility. This ultra-democratic tendency had been firmly and consistently resisted by the Federal party; it had been as sedulously cultivated by their enemies. It was the fulcrum upon which rested the lever which was to overthrow the original system of American policy.

. . . . . .

"The ground on which the opposition succeeded in putting the contest was undoubtedly the strongest they could have taken. There is that in the character of the democratic theory which recommends it to the imagination of many classes. Not the poorer class alone, who expect in its prevalence greater advantages to themselves, or at least greater control over the rich, — not the demagogue only, who hopes in its success the gratification of a selfish ambition, — but men of a higher order, both of intellect and of character, rank among its disciples. The visionary, who looks for truth in abstractions instead of experience, — the philanthropist, dreaming of the perfections of his race, — often, too, the patriot, in his indignation at the tyranny of the few, seeking a refuge for liberty in an opposite and as dangerous extreme; are its advocates and adherents." — Vol. II., pp. 503 – 507.

For obvious reasons, we cannot trace the history of those dissensions in the administration party which did more than the malice of their opponents to ruin the Federalist cause.

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Mr. Adams succeeded to the presidency, but did not command in full measure the esteem and confidence of the very persons who had elected him. He soon found that the opinions of Hamilton had more weight with them than his own, and that even the members of his own cabinet, whom he had continued in office after Washington's resignation, sought counsel and direction from this master-spirit of the Federalist party. Prompt, decided, and even imperious in disposition, he resolved to be the sole guide of the policy of his own administration, or at any rate to choose his own counsellors. The breach between him and Hamilton grew wider every day, and their mutual jealousy was inflamed by the exasperating language used by their respective adherents. The quarrel came at last to a head, through a determination which the president formed, early in 1799, without consulting the heads of department, or even intimating his intention to them, to send a third embassy to France, in the hope of conciliating that power, and averting the danger of an open war between the two countries, which had long seemed imminent. Most of the Federalists viewed this step with extreme disapprobation, considering it as ill-timed and humiliating to the United States, after the gross contumely and contemptuous disregard of the laws of nations with which the French Directory had received the two preceding embassies. They believed that no honorable peace could be made with France under its feeble and distracted government, and that any treaty which might be framed would only give serious umbrage to Great Britain, expose our growing commerce to new and more serious hazards, and open the way for a wider diffusion of French Jacobinical principles in America. Three members of the cabinet, at least, Pickering, McHenry, and Wolcott, viewed the mission as impolitic and unwise. Among a large and influential portion of the Federalists, with Hamilton at their head, it was so strongly condemned, that every one foresaw at the time that there could be no zealous and united effort of the party in the ensuing election of a president. Mr. Adams was again nominated, but all the forces could not be rallied to his support.

The following remarks of Mr. Gibbs, upon a great loss which the country suffered at this time, seem to be perfectly true and very happily expressed.

"At this moment WASHINGTON died. At no period of his long

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and useful life had the weight of his name and character been more wanted; never could his loss have been a greater public affliction. While he remained, the Federalists knew that they had yet a rallying-point round which they could gather; a leader whose firmness was unshaken, and upon whose wisdom they could always implicitly rely. His death hushed for a moment even the violence of the political storm, but they felt in that pause that the sheet-anchor of the ship of state had parted its fastenings. Those who have followed the early history of this country must have seen, and seen with pain, how much of its safety, how much of its virtue, depended upon the influence of a single name, on the popularity of a single individual. Disguise it as we may, the fate of the constitutional government would have been more than doubtful, had its infancy been committed to the care of another; and there is too much reason to believe, that, even after his immediate guardianship had ceased, his earlier death would have involved its destruction also." — Vol. II., p. 10.

Subsequent events contributed nothing to heal these internal wounds of the party. The president refused to make Hamilton general-in-chief of the army after the death of Washington, to whom he had been second in command. Two of the recusant secretaries were dismissed from office, and Wolcott, the only remaining one, soon afterwards resigned. The Federalists still had a majority in Congress, but were paralyzed in action by a want of union in their ranks, and a feeling of depression generally prevailed. Hamilton endeavoured to restore harmony by advising the party to give an equal vote to their second candidate, General Pinckney, and thus allow the House of Representatives to choose between him and Mr. Adams. With this view, he prepared, and printed for private circulation, his celebrated "Letter concerning the Public Conduct and Character of John Adams." A copy of this pamphlet was surreptitiously obtained and made public, and the breach became wider than ever. The natural result followed this open dissension in the party at such a critical moment. Jefferson and Burr were elected over Adams and Pinckney; but these two had an equal number of votes, and it remained for the Representatives to decide between them. The Federalists then committed their last blunder by strenuously attempting, in opposition to the urgent advice of Hamilton, to elect Burr instead of Jefferson to the office of president. They failed, and the reins of power fell from their hands, never to be resumed. The name of the

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great party which framed, adopted, and carried into effect the constitution of this country, which had Washington for its head, and the fathers of the Revolution for its counsellors, has become, in the mouths of a great part of the people of the United States, a byword and a reproach. It has been dead for a quarter of a century, but the time has not yet arrived for writing its epitaph.

The most interesting and valuable portion of Mr. Gibbs's work is the correspondence of which it principally consists. Besides the letters of Wolcott himself, it comprises those addressed to him by Washington, Adams, Hamilton, Cabot, Ames, Ellsworth, King, Pickering, McHenry, Trumbull, Goodhue, Hillhouse, Sedgwick, Goodrich, and other conspicuous members of the Federal party, during the period of its ascendency, and its decline and fall. The most attractive, perhaps, is the correspondence between Mr. Wolcott and his father, and other members of his family; and none certainly exhibit his private and domestic life in a more favorable light than his letters to his wife. Upon reviewing the whole correspondence, the reader will not fail to remark, what might indeed have been predicted from the characters of the men, that it tends to exalt them in public opinion as much as the publication of Mr. Jefferson's letters has exposed and degraded him. We confess we were nearly as much surprised as gratified to find in the letters of Hamilton so full a refutation of the calumnies and vituperation of which that great man was so frequently the object. We regret that our limits forbid our transcribing several of these *in extenso*, — more especially as they give so favorable an impression of the wisdom and honesty of his career as a statesman, and of the amiability and disinterestedness of his character as a man.

He it was whom the leaders of the opposite party accused of devotion to Great Britain, of hostility to France, and of attachment to monarchical principles. Yet when the British government, while the ratification of Mr. Jay's treaty was pending, issued an order in council prohibiting neutral vessels from carrying provisions into France, Hamilton endeavoured to prevent the ratification until the order was rescinded; and even if the order should be rescinded, he recommended that a remonstrance should accompany it, as a protest against the principle assumed in the order.

"I incline very much to the opinion that this will be the proper

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course of conduct in reference to the order to seize our vessels with provisions, viz.: to send to our agent the treaty ratified, as advised by the Senate, with this instruction, — that, if the order for seizing provisions is in force when he receives it, he is to inform the British minister that he has the treaty ratified, but that he is instructed not to exchange the ratification till that order is rescinded, since the United States cannot even give an implied sanction to the principle. At the same time a remonstrance ought to go from this country, well considered and well digested, even to a word, to be delivered against the principle of the order. My reasons for this opinion are summarily these:

"1. That in fact we are too much interested in the exemption of provisions from seizure to give even an implied sanction to the contrary pretension.

"2. That the exchange of ratifications, pending such an order, would give color to an abusive construction of the eighteenth article of the treaty, as though it admitted of the seizure of provisions.

"3. That this would give cause of umbrage to France, because it would be more than merely to refrain from resisting by force an innovation injurious to her, but it would be to give a sanction to it in the midst of a war.

"4. It would be thus construed in our country, and would destroy confidence in the government.

"5. It would be scarcely reputable to a nation to conclude a treaty with a power to heal past controversies, at the very moment of a new and existing violation of its rights. Yours truly,

A. Hamilton.

"If an order had existed and has been rescinded, the remonstrance ought still to be presented after the exchange of ratifications, as a protest against the principle, &c." — Vol. I., pp. 223, 224.

When the English minister complained of an article in one of our Indian treaties, as repugnant to certain stipulations entered into by the Indians with his government respecting their trade, Hamilton declared the ministry of Great Britain to be "as great fools as our Jacobins."* When the British men-of-war began impressing our seamen, Hamilton expressed to the Federal government his hopes that "a very serious remonstrance had long since gone against the wanton" practice; and added, that in his opinion it would "be an error to be too tame with that overbearing cabinet."† On this subject,

* Vol. I., p. 329. † Ibid., p. 330.

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indeed, it is evident that he felt more keenly than his accusers; for when the French envoy, Adet, reproached our government for submitting to the searching of our vessels by British cruisers for seamen, and his interference had been repelled by the secretary of state, Hamilton wrote to Wolcott that he did not think "the position assumed by Mr. Pickering true, — that France had no right to interfere. I am of opinion, that, whenever a neutral power suffers liberties to be taken with it by a belligerent one, which turn to the detriment of the other belligerent party, as the acquiring strength by impressing seamen, there is good ground of inquiry, demanding candid explanation." * When, under the administration of the elder Adams, the aggressions of France upon our commerce had induced the president, with a view of recommending retaliatory measures, to convene Congress at an extraordinary session, Hamilton, in his celebrated letter on the conduct of Mr. Adams, proves, by appealing to his own conduct at the time, in reference to our difficulties with France, that he was more anxious to put an end to them than any member of the administration. He states, that, "after the rejection of Mr. Pickering by the government of France, immediately after the instalment of Mr. Adams as president, and long before the measure was taken, I urged a member of Congress,† then high in the confidence of the president, to propose to him the immediate appointment of three commissioners, of whom Mr. Jefferson or Mr. Madison should be one, to make another attempt to negotiate." ‡ And in corroboration of this, we find he expresses to Wolcott his sentiments on this subject at large.

"Every one who can properly appreciate the situation of our affairs at this moment, in all the extent of possible circumstances, must be extremely anxious for a course of conduct in our government which will unite the utmost prudence with energy. It has been a considerable time my wish that a commission extraordinary § should be constituted to go to France, to *explain*, *demand*, *negotiate*, &c. I was particularly anxious that the first measure of the present president's administration should have been that, but it has not happened. I now continue to wish earnestly that

* Vol. I., p. 393.
† Uriah Tracy, a Senator from Connecticut.
‡ See Vol. I., p. 483.
§ In the margin is written, "Madison, Pinckney, Cabot."

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the same measure may go into effect, and that the meeting of the Senate may be accelerated for that purpose. Without opening a new channel of negotiation, it seems to me the door of accommodation is shut, and rupture will follow, if not prevented by a general peace. Who, indeed, can be certain that a general pacification of Europe may not leave us alone to receive the law from France? Will it be wise to omit any thing to parry, if possible, these great risks? Perhaps the Directory have declared that they will not receive a minister till their grievances shall have been redressed! This can hardly mean more than that they will not receive a residing minister. It cannot mean that they will not hear an extraordinary messenger, who may even be sent to know what will satisfy. Suppose they do. It will still be well to convince the people that the government has done all in its power, and that the Directory are unreasonable.

"But the enemies of the government call for the measure. To me this is a very strong reason for pursuing it. It will meet them on their own ground, and disarm them of the plea that something has been omitted.

"I ought, my good friend, to apprise you, for you may learn it from no other, that a suspicion begins to dawn among the friends of the government that the actual administration (ministers) is not averse from war with France. How very important to obviate this!" — Vol. I., pp. 484, 485.

In a subsequent letter, he says, — "We ought to do every thing to avoid rupture without unworthy sacrifices, and to keep in view the primary object, union at home. No measure can tend more to this than an extraordinary mission. And it is certain, that, to fulfil these ends, it ought to embrace a character in whom France and the opposition have full credit." He was nevertheless "clearly of opinion, that the president should come forward to Congress in a manly tone, and that Congress should adopt vigorous defensive measures." * Again, after the meeting of Congress, he observes of the incipient measures, — "I like very well the course of Executive conduct in regard to the controversy with France, and I like the answer of the Senate to the president's speech; but I confess I have not been well satisfied with the answer reported to the House. It contains too many hard expressions; and hard words are very rarely useful in public proceedings. Mr. Jay and other friends here [New York] have been struck in the same manner with myself." †

* See Vol. I., pp. 489, 490.

† Ibid., pp. 543, 544.

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These letters, and the sentiments of the writer expressed in them, were doubtless unknown to the leaders of the opposition. That Mr. Jefferson and his satellites should have charged him with little short of a treasonable attachment to Great Britain, and, as a consequence of it, with an inveterate hostility to France, is therefore not to be wondered at; we remember the tactics to which parties too frequently resort.

So, too, in the succeeding year, when the seditious conduct of certain partisans of the opposition was brought by the president to the notice of Congress, who were induced to legislate against it, we find Hamilton, the imputed advocate of arbitrary power, declaring that there were provisions in the bill, which, according to a cursory view, appeared to be highly exceptionable, and such as more than any thing else might endanger civil war.

"I hope sincerely the thing may not be hurried through. LET US NOT ESTABLISH TYRANNY. Energy is a very different thing from violence. If we make no false step, we shall be essentially united; but if we push things to an extreme, we shall then give to faction body and solidity." — Vol. II., p. 68.

He was charged, too, with hostility to State rights; but, a subject materially affecting them, he declares himself in language which we earnestly recommend to the consideration of our present ruling powers. "The idea," he says, "of the late president's [Washington's] administration, of considering the governor of each State as the first general of the militia, and its immediate organ in acting upon the militia, was wisely considered, and in my opinion wisely adopted, and well to be adhered to." *

But enough; these instances are sufficient for our purpose, and, one would suppose, sufficient to have silenced his accusers for ever. Their malice pursued him to the grave; and although the person by whom he met his death ceased to utter these slanders for a season, they were afterwards revived in the miserable party controversies of a later day. Is it too much to hope that they now may be permitted to sleep for ever?

When the presidential election of 1800 had resulted in an

* Vol. II., p. 229.

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equal vote for Jefferson and Burr, the personal interference and influence of Hamilton, it is well known, were exerted on the side of the former, and there can no longer remain a doubt, that they settled the question in his favor. Hamilton acted on this occasion, as on all others, with a single eye to what he deemed the honor and welfare of his country, regardless of his own private interests, predilections, or enmities, or those of his friends. From the moment of his meeting Mr. Jefferson in the cabinet of General Washington, the latter had been compelled to feel, and eventually to yield to, the superiority of his rival, towards whom he thenceforward cherished a bitter personal as well as political animosity. Hamilton, on his part, did not take pains to conceal his repugnance to the principles and character of Jefferson. He looked upon him as a visionary, but dangerous, theorist in morals and politics, as a dabbler in literature and science, and a hypocrite in every thing but religion, which, as a disciple of the school of Voltaire, he had affected to ridicule, with the malice, but not the wit, of his master. The two men were, in fact, as much opposed to each other in their private characters and opinions as in their public principles and conduct. But the one brooded in secret over his resentments, while the other, with the frankness of a soldier, as well as the native candor of the man, on all proper occasions avowed his sentiments, without any other restraints than those imposed by delicacy and honor. He carried, indeed, his heart in his hand, and it is not surprising that foul birds should have pecked at it. His character, however, has survived the calumnies of his enemies, many of whom professed to have buried their resentment in his untimely grave; but whether actuated by sincere veneration of the deceased, or by hostility to his murderer, is known only to the searcher of all hearts. But as the malicious attacks of his enemies could make no impression injurious to the character of Hamilton, so neither could their eulogies add one jot or tittle to his fame. So rich a combination of excellence, both of head and heart, of intellectual, moral, and social qualities, of various talents and knowledge, of native genius and practical ability, of private integrity and public virtue, has seldom appeared in any age or country. True it is, he had his faults, for he was a man; but considered as a statesman and a patriot, we ne'er shall look upon his like again.

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Contrasted with Burr, his character appears in a somewhat different, but still more striking and favorable, light. Their relative position and feelings were widely different from those of Hamilton and Jefferson. Although, from dislike or suspicion of Burr, Hamilton had always avoided an intimacy with him, they had been fellow-soldiers in the Revolution, and fellow-citizens both before and afterwards. They were members of the same profession, and practised for many years at the same bar. In their mutual intercourse, they had always treated each other with the courtesy of gentlemen; nor were they ever known to have a personal difference before that leading to the fatal rencontre between them. And what was the origin of that lamentable catastrophe, but the preference given to Jefferson by Hamilton in the contested election of 1800, — a preference given to one whom he knew to be his enemy, over one whom he regarded merely as a political opponent, and did not suspect of personal ill-will towards him? Yet, when the question between Burr and Jefferson was pending in Congress, Hamilton interfered zealously and openly in favor of the latter, and unquestionably determined the choice of the House of Representatives. To this interference Jefferson owed his election, Hamilton his death; and through this singular fatality was the life of this great and good man sacrificed by his magnanimity towards an inveterate enemy, and by a devotion to the welfare of his country superior to all private and personal impulses of interest or passion.

We cannot close our remarks upon this valuable contribution to our political history, without expressing our thanks to the editor for the gratification its perusal has afforded us, and for the obligation he has conferred on every friend of sound principles and enlightened policy by its publication. The monument he has erected to departed Federalism will serve not only to perpetuate the honors due to its memory, and to that of his relative among the rest of its worthiest disciples, but, by inscribing his own name on the pedestal, to identify his reputation with theirs. May it prove also a beacon to guide his contemporaries in the only path that leads public men to honorable distinction, and their country to true glory!

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ART. VI. — *A Universal and Critical Dictionary of the English Language; to which are added Walker's Key to the Pronunciation of Classical and Scripture Proper Names, much enlarged and improved; and a Pronouncing Vocabulary of Modern Geographical Names.* By JOSEPH E. WORCESTER. Boston: Wilkins, Carter, & Co. Imperial 8vo. pp. 955.

AT the beginning of the present century, a proposition for the publication of an American dictionary of the English language would have excited great amazement. The projecting of such a work, as a rival of the dictionaries of Johnson and Walker, would have caused great merriment among the scholars of England; and any expectation cherished among us of superseding these authorities by a standard American dictionary would have been ridiculed by them, as a puerile attempt to embalm the American language with all its provincial peculiarities. Something of distrust, too, would have prevailed among the best scholars of the United States, who regarded English classical works as a part of their inheritance, and as models of style. It was not to be feared, indeed, that the diversity between England and the United States, in regard either to the written or spoken language, would ever become so remarkable as that between Spain and Portugal. The advancement of learning among us was so considerable, that such an apprehension would have been unreasonable. But fears not altogether groundless were entertained, both by American and English scholars, lest by inattention, or indifference, or a false notion of independence, there should be such a departure in the United States from English usage, either by the creation of new words, or by the use of words in new senses, or by combinations of words in violation of established idiom, as to produce great inconvenience in the intercourse between the parent country and the young confederacy, and a prejudice against us injurious to the growth of our literary reputation.

So early as 1789, Dr. Franklin, in a letter addressed to Noah Webster, cited several unauthorized words and phrases which had crept into our written language and parliamentary speeches, and advised him, in his future works for the cultivation of the English language, *to set a discountenancing mark*

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upon such of them as were not required by the peculiar circumstances of our political institutions and local customs. Among the words strangely perverted, not only from the etymological, but from the secondary or metaphoric, signification, he instanced the word *improve*, as a verb denoting use or occupancy, applied both to persons and things. This was an old perversion of the word in New England, in its application to persons. It was thus used in the colonial laws of New Haven, about the middle of the seventeenth century. It was ordered, that the magistrates or other suitable officers should see that parents and masters provided means for teaching their children and apprentices "to read the Scriptures and other good and profitable printed books in the English tongue, by *improving* schoolmasters or other helps." Similar examples might be multiplied. At a later period, the word was applied to the use or occupancy of houses and lands. Such a use of the word was common at the beginning of the present century; but we do not remember to have seen or heard it in this sense for many years.

Mr. Webster, no doubt, received the caution of Dr. Franklin with respect; but he was ever apt to touch with a lenient hand the trespasses of his countrymen against the established usages of standard English writers. In his large dictionary, he gives, as the sixth and last meaning of the verb *improve*, "to use, to occupy"; as in the example, — "The house or farm is now improved by an industrious tenant." But in the peculiar New England use of the word, it mattered not whether the tenant were industrious or slothful, careful or wasteful. The word *industrious*, in the example, so qualifies the character of the tenant, as to countenance the legitimate meaning of the verb; namely, *bettering* the premises. We do not suppose that Mr. Webster aimed to procure favor for the word, in its perverted sense, by stealth; although, by his remark subjoined to the example, he does not *set a discountenancing mark* upon it. "This application," he says, "is *perhaps* peculiar to some parts of the United States. It, however, deviates little from that in some of the foregoing definitions."

Among the literary gentlemen of Boston and Cambridge there arose, near the beginning of the present century, a vigilance for the preservation of the English language in its purity, which deserves to be kept in remembrance, as a part

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of the literary history of the country. Several of them united in forming an association for literary intercourse, and for conducting a periodical and miscellaneous journal, which they entitled The Monthly Anthology. Among the associates were John S. Gardiner, William Emerson, John T. Kirkland, William Tudor, Arthur M. Walter, Joseph S. Buckminster, Samuel C. Thacher, and others, some of whom still survive. All here named, except Dr. Gardiner, who was educated in England, and those not named, with two or three exceptions, received their discipline in English composition at Harvard College, under the rigid inspection of Dr. Pearson, an exact grammatical and logical critic. What they had well begun they pursued with ardor. Many of them were eminent scholars, and widely conversant with the Greek and Latin, as well as the English, classics. In their associated authority they visited with severe criticism contemporaneous publications of professional and literary men, not overlooking single occasional sermons, and orations delivered before large assemblies on national festive days, and before literary and charitable associations. In this way their critical commentaries reached a large portion of our educated men, who were thus put upon their guard with a degree of strictness corresponding to that exercised by the sentinels.

Contemporaneously with the endeavours of the associated conductors of the Anthology, in the capital of New England, to preserve the purity of the English language, we were admonished, in a manner sometimes friendly and sometimes supercilious, of our degeneracy in the use of our mother tongue, by writers in the British journals. In whatever spirit the admonitions were administered, their operation was salutary in the end. If the authors of them were hypercritical, we had scholars who were competent to expose their exaggerations. If they drew general conclusions from few examples, we were able to show the fallacy of their inferences.

The Edinburgh Review, in the period of its youth (October, 1804), took notice of Marshall's and Ramsay's Lives of Washington. The reviewers said, — "We have found *a great many words and phrases* which English criticism refuses to acknowledge." To show that they were not influenced by jealousy or pride, they added generous and enlarged wishes and anticipations in regard to the prosperity and glory of the United States, to the triumphs

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therein of the English language, and to the alliance of interest and affection between the two countries. "But," they said, "if the men of birth and education in that other England, which they are building up in the west, will not diligently study the great authors who purified and fixed the language of our common forefathers, we must soon lose the only badge that is still worn of our consanguinity."

For several succeeding years, we continued to receive warning and advice from writers in various British periodical publications, in relation to the purity and integrity of our common language. The American works which gave occasion to their remarks were few in number. Marshall's, Ramsay's, and Bancroft's biographies of Washington, Pinckney's Travels through France, and Stoddard's Sketches of Louisiana, were among the prominent books that fell under their notice.

The British Critic (1808), in a review of Marshall, says, — "We have often discovered, in the writings of Americans, deviations from the purity of the English idiom, which we have been more disposed to censure than to wonder at. The common speech of the United States has departed very considerably from the standard adopted in England. Mr. Marshall deviates occasionally, but not grossly." In the same work, two years later, the reviewers of Bancroft's Life of Washington say, — "We observe with regret rather than with astonishment the introduction of several new words, or old words in a new sense; a deviation from the rules of the English language, which, if it continues to be practised by good writers in America, will introduce confusion into the medium of intercourse, and render it a subject of regret that the people should not have an entirely separate language."

The Critical Review (1807), speaks more disparagingly of Marshall's style than does the British Critic, saying, that "it *abounds* with many of those idioms which prevail on the other side of the Atlantic."

The Annual Review (1808), after commenting upon the faults of Marshall, concludes with a harsh, indiscriminate censure of the American writers, spiced with a sly sarcasm for the benefit of the *Yankee nation.* "We have been more particular," say the reviewers, "in noticing the faults of Mr. Marshall's language, because we are not at all certain that the Americans do not consider them as beauties; and because

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we wish, if possible, to stem that torrent of barbarous phraseology, with which the American writers threaten to destroy the purity of the English language."

All these things, and more like them, were written before the sarcastic question, "Who reads an American book?" was propounded. How far the critics were conscious of magnifying the danger which seemed to threaten the purity of the English language, as written and spoken in the United States, and whether they did not affect a good deal, in respect to the extent of the fears which they expressed lest its identity with genuine English should be lost or destroyed, we will not undertake to decide. Nor is it of any importance that we should. There is no reason to think that they combined for the purpose of exciting a causeless alarm. In regard to danger there was no question. It had already begun; and the true question was about the degree, and how it was to be arrested. It was a matter of mutual interest; and if some of us were too sensitive under rebuke, for the moment, we were wise enough afterwards to con it in private, and not subject ourselves to its repetition.

On the other hand, the English critics knew, that, while we were daily feasting on the classic productions of our fatherland, we were also advancing in literature, in the arts and sciences, and in a more critical study and careful use of the common language. After all, they must have been aware that occasional deviations from the English standard would occur, entitled, if they were not wilful, to as much indulgence as was claimed by Beattie, Campbell, and Burke, for their national peculiarities in the use of words and phrases.

To show the true state of the case in regard to departure from English usage in the written and spoken language of our countrymen, that eminent scholar, the late John Pickering, after making the subject a diligent study among his other various avocations, communicated to the American Academy of Arts and Sciences the result of his investigations, which was inserted in its Memoirs in 1815. In the following year he published the communication in a separate volume, "with corrections and additions." The book is entitled, — "A Vocabulary, or Collection of Words and Phrases, which have been supposed to be peculiar to the United States of America: to which is prefixed an Essay on the Present State of the English Language in the United States."

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In his preface to the Vocabulary, Mr. Pickering says, — "I began the practice of occasionally noting *Americanisms* and expressions of doubtful authority, for my own use, during my residence in London; which was from the close of the year 1799 to the autumn of 1801." At the beginning of this period, he was twenty-three years old, and had already gained the well deserved reputation of a distinguished classical scholar. It was not until several years after his return from London, that he formed the plan of his Vocabulary. But the materials which he had preserved, his extensive reading, and his habits of observation, together with his critical accuracy and literary ardor, lead us to believe that his Vocabulary is as comprehensive, in respect to the words and phrases then supposed to be peculiar to the United States, as could be expected in a first attempt to collect them. The work was very useful, not only by enabling our writers and public speakers to correct errors of language already existing, but by exciting such attention to the subject as to prevent the accumulation of local peculiarities. These effects were very manifest. At the same time, it was gratifying to find, that the charges made against us, in regard to our abuses of the English language, were greatly exaggerated.

A period of one generation has passed since this Vocabulary was published, and we have now carefully examined it. The examination has led to some facts relating to the history of the English language during this period, which appear to us worthy of being recorded.

The whole number of new words, single and compounded, of American origin, contained in the Vocabulary, is about eighty; certainly less than a hundred, including the *cant* and *vulgar* words, not used by good writers in grave discourse. Of these, a few are words contained in English dictionaries, but not used by British writers. Several are such as had been used by a single American writer; namely, *alienism*, *Americanize*, *anxietude*, &c., which have not been adopted. Joel Barlow was probably the greatest offender of this kind. Another considerable portion consists of words analogically formed, which do not endanger the purity of language, and may be used or avoided according to the taste of the writer or speaker. Of this class are *accountability*, *christianization*, *constitutional*, *noticeable*, *profanity*, *educational*. Our political and religious institutions, and peculiar local customs

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and usages, have given rise to a considerable number of such words. Of the remaining supposed new words, being, for the most part, old words revived, or verbs made from nouns without any change of form, — a process admitting, indeed, an indefinite addition to the English vocabulary, — the number censured as Americanisms is not large. The most remarkable fact concerning Mr. Pickering's Vocabulary is, that the very *Americanisms* which were most ridiculed, loathed, and scorned by British critics, at the time of its publication, and for several preceding years, have, with few exceptions, been adopted by them, and been fairly incorporated into the English language; and this, too, after they had been so stigmatized and branded by these critics as vile intruders, that we, from very shame, had shunned them as unworthy of admission into good company. The following verbs, for example, particularly those in Italics, would not have been viewed by a British critic five-and-thirty years ago, without a sneer: — *advocate*, *base* and *bottom* (in the sense of *found*, as "based or bottomed upon solid principles"), debark, derange, *immigrate*, *progress*, *test*. In the English Monthly Review, about that time, the following sentence is cited from "A Political Sketch of America," intended to ridicule the style of our writers: — "Were it not for my *destitution* of leisure, which obliges me to hasten to the *occlusion* of these pages, as I *progress*, I should *bottom* my assertion on instances from authors of the first *grade*; but were I to render my sketch *lengthy*, I should *illy* answer my purpose." By such a foolish juxtaposition of words it is easy to ridicule the style of any author. Of the seven words censured in this paltry attempt to be witty, only two deserve condemnation when properly associated with other words. *Destitution* is not a bad word, and it may as lawfully be used now as it was long since by Hooker and Taylor. We should prefer the Saxon *want* in most cases. *Destitution*, however, has a more restricted meaning, as it implies personal, absolute poverty. To time, or leisure, which is common to all persons, it is not properly applicable. *Occlusion*, which is a mere dictionary word, was retained by Johnson without being illustrated by any examples of its use. We know not of any American authority for its use, except that of Thomas Jefferson, who, in the year 1802, spoke of "*the occlusion* of the port of New Orleans by the Spaniards." We doubt whether any other respecta-

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ble writer in the United States used it afterwards without a sneer, from which the wisdom and dignity of the author could not secure him. *Progress* and *bottom* as verbs, *grade*, and *lengthy*, have gained full admission into the English vocabulary. *Illy*, the use of which is not unexampled in England, and was formerly common in the United States, is now universally discarded by good writers.

New words have been introduced more sparingly by American than by English writers and public speakers. While we are able to vindicate ourselves against the charge of corrupting the language to any considerable extent in this particular, we must plead guilty to the charge of perverting the true sense of several words, and of departing, in some instances, from established English idioms. But in these respects we have not proved incorrigible, and the charge can no longer be sustained against our best writers and public speakers, to an alarming degree. More parliamentary corruptions of speech, of recent origin, can be traced to British statesmen than to those of our country; such, for instance, as *reliable*, *industrial*, *feature* — as applied to the several details of a bill. And, in general, the well educated men of England have multiplied words borrowed from foreign terms, or regularly formed from radical words in their own language, to a much greater extent than men of the same class in the United States.*

* Our readers may like to have a sample of the neologisms recently introduced into our language by writers of good authority, or in periodical works of high repute, in England. Opening Mr. Worcester's dictionary at random, and turning over but few pages, we have found the following words which are given with the authorities annexed. Not one of them is to be found in Todd's edition of Johnson.

Guardianize, Quarterly Review; *gullible*, W. Scott; *gustatory*, Edinburgh Review; *gutturality*, Seward; *gyral*, Ed. Review; *hagiocracy*, Eclectic Review; *hagiology*, Chas. Butler; *half-hearted*, Southey; *hallucinatory*, Ed. Review; *hang*, [a steep declivity,] Loudon; *harassment*, Ec. Review; *hardish*. Scott; *harlequinade*, Ed. Review; *heathendom*, Ed. Review; *heathery*, Quar. Review; *Hellenization*, Athenæum; *hemorrhagic*, Monthly Review; *heptarch*, J. M. Good; *heraldical*, Gent. Magazine; *heraldically*, Quar. Review; *herder*, [herdsman,] Monthly Review; *hereditability*, Sir E. Brydges; *hero-errant*, Quar. Review; *heroicalness*, Scott; *heroicness*, Montague; *hesitative*, Smart; *hierocracy*, Southey; *hierolatry*, Coleridge; *Hispanicism*, Ed. Review; *honorific*, For. Quar. Review; *horizontality*, Philosophical Journal; *horrify*, Eclectic Review; *dietist*, Quar. Review; *dilative*, Coleridge; *diplomate*, West. Review.

The list might be indefinitely extended; but we have given enough to account for the tender anxiety with which our critical brethren across the water watch over the purity of the English language.

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Still, we are willing to acknowledge all the faults that are proved against us, and all that can be detected of which we are not aware. We would much rather correct than defend what is wrong. If we are in the habit of saying, we *admire* to do or have a thing, or go to a place; that we *calculate* to perform an act; that our neighbour *conducts* ill; if a clerk *notifies* persons to meet, instead of notifying a meeting to the persons; if the members of a school-committee, in a thinly peopled village, fix upon a spot for a school-house that will best *convene* the inhabitants; all we can say is, let us break off such habits of speaking, and use words in their true meaning. Faults like these are for the most part confined to the illiterate, or indulged in by those who, though better informed, adapt themselves, in their colloquial phraseology, to the people with whom they associate on terms of equality.

So far as we can judge of the present state of the English language in the United States, we can see no reason why a man of liberal education and competent abilities, who has applied himself diligently to the critical study of the English language, and is furnished with the proper helps for his work, may not challenge the confidence of the reading public by as fair a title as if he were born and educated in England. There is a common literature in the two countries. We can command all the standard works of English authors in the arts, sciences, and polite literature, and are able to appreciate, according to their value, all their philological labors.

Mr. Worcester's Universal Dictionary demands respectful examination, on account of his previous valuable labors in lexicography, and of its importance as a work more comprehensive in its vocabulary than any preceding English dictionary. And here it is due to the author, and to the public, that we should state, in a few words, the advantages under which he has prepared this elaborate work.

It is now about twenty years since his services were procured, on account of his well known diligence, fidelity, and exactness in literary labors, as the editor of a dictionary entitled "Johnson's English Dictionary, as improved by Todd and abridged by Chalmers; with Walker's Pronouncing Dictionary combined; to which is added Walker's Key to the Classical Pronunciation of Greek, Latin, and Scripture Proper Names." The plan of this compilation was fixed before the work was begun. The dictionary was published in the year 1828.

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Several slender attempts had been made, by different authors, to supply the deficiencies of Johnson's vocabulary, before the publication of Todd's first edition (1814), which contains above fourteen thousand words more than are found in Johnson's abridgment. From this edition of Todd the abridgment of Chalmers was made. But the second edition of Todd (February, 1827) was received here in season for the insertion of the additional words it contained — amounting to about a thousand — in Mr. Worcester's Appendix. This great increase of words, formed, at the time of Todd's labors, a far more extensive English vocabulary than any that had preceded it. Still, it does not appear that the author prided himself so much upon the number of words he added, as upon the sources from which he derived them. He cited nearly eight hundred authors as authorities for the various words with which his dictionary was enriched, and thus showed an extent of reading and research greatly to his praise. "I might have omitted," he says, "some citations from modern writers. But the canons yet remain to be promulged, by which the extremes of opposite tastes are to be settled. The precise time at which antiquity is to be regarded as a rule is not yet determined. The standard 'one inclines to remove to the distance of a century and a half; another may, with as good reason, fix it three centuries backwards; and another six.'" In Mr. Todd's long catalogue of authorities, we trace a succession from Chaucer down to the contemporaries of the lexicographer. Much, however, he thought remained to be accomplished, not only in regard to the vocabulary, but in the selection of examples, in etymology, in definition, and in orthography, in order to make "a beautiful whole, a standard of pure and exact phraseology"; a work requiring, in his opinion, a division of labor among industrious and learned men.

Mr. Worcester inserted the words from Walker's dictionary which were not contained in Chalmers; and when he perceived defects in Chalmers, which it was important to supply, in respect to etymology, definitions, or critical remarks, he inserted from Johnson or Todd the necessary additional matter. The most laborious and responsible part of the editor's work was that of applying Walker's principles of pronunciation to the fifteen thousand words in Todd's dictionary, which are not found in Walker's. After acquaint-

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ing himself thoroughly with these principles, as he manifestly did, the labor of applying them to most of the new words was, in a manner, mechanical, requiring only careful attention. But, as he justly remarked in his Preface, "a considerable number of the additional words, some of them words now out of use, others local or provincial, and rarely found in books, and others from foreign languages, and not Anglicized, presented more or less difficulty. Respecting those words with regard to which Walker's method failed to furnish him with a guide, the Editor has availed himself of such other aids as he could obtain; but some words he has left unpronounced, and with respect to some to which he has added the pronunciation, he may have fallen into error."

One other important portion of Mr. Worcester's labor in editing Todd's Johnson deserves notice, as a part of his preparation of materials for future use in a dictionary upon his own plan; namely, the addition of other authorities in words of doubtful pronunciation, where orthoëpists differ. Walker in such cases made liberal use of those who preceded him. In regard to words variously pronounced, he says, — "The only method of knowing the extent of custom in these cases seems to be the inspection of those dictionaries which professedly treat of pronunciation. An exhibition of the opinion of orthoëpists about the sound of words always appeared to me a very rational method of determining what is called custom. This method I have adopted." Mr. Worcester pursued the method still farther, and applied it particularly to the words respecting which Walker had failed to exhibit the difference between his own pronunciation and that of other dictionaries. In addition to the works cited by Walker, Mr. Worcester made use of Perry's "Synonymous, Etymological, and Pronouncing Dictionary," which was published in 1805, the year before the last edition of Walker that was revised by himself was printed. To this edition of Perry's work it does not appear that Walker referred in any instance. It differs in the pronunciation of many words from Perry's "Royal Standard English Dictionary," and agrees frequently with Walker, where the other differs from him.

We may as well remark here, that Mr. Worcester, in his "Universal and Critical Dictionary," has adhered to the same plan of citing authorities differing from his own notation, under increased advantages; because, as he remarks, "most

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of the works which are made use of as authorities have been published since his time." These are the dictionaries of Enfield, Jameson, Knowles, Smart, Reid, and Webster, besides Perry's, the title of which has already been given. We may here add, as our belief, that Mr. Worcester possesses a more numerous and valuable collection of books relating to English lexicography than any other individual in the United States ; perhaps we might say, than any public library.

Before Mr. Worcester had completed his edition of the abridgment of Todd's Johnson, and while the work was in progress, he formed the plan of his "Comprehensive Pronouncing and Explanatory Dictionary." But he was destined again to engage in a work of severe, servile labor, before advancing far in that of which he was the sole projector. He was induced to undertake an abridgment of Dr. Webster's quarto dictionary, published in 1828, according to the principles and rules prescribed by the author. It was an undertaking of great delicacy, and was attended with much perplexity, from circumstances on which, we suppose, it would not become us to make any comments. He persevered, however, and accomplished the work of abridgment, if not to his own satisfaction or that of the author, in a manner which received the approbation of the author's best friends. This work was published in 1829.

Mr. Worcester's "Comprehensive Pronouncing and Explanatory Dictionary of the English Language, with Pronouncing Vocabularies of Classical and Scripture Proper Names," was published in 1830. It is a convenient manual in regard to its size, and answers truly to its title. It attracted immediate notice, and was received with remarkable favor. No English dictionary since its publication has, we believe, been so extensively used as a manual, or so much relied upon as an authority. Besides the native men of learning in the United States who pronounced a decided judgment in its favor, it was spoken of in terms of strong approbation by an English classical scholar, a learned physician, and the author of a valuable "Medical Dictionary," — Professor Dunglison, of the University of Virginia. He said, soon after its appearance, — "I can, without hesitation, award to this dictionary the merit of being best adapted to the end in view of any I have examined. It is, in other words, the best portable pronouncing and explanatory dictionary that I have seen, and as such is deserving of very extensive circulation."

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We are told by Mr. Worcester, in the Preface to his Universal Dictionary, that, after he began his preparation for the smaller work, of which we have just spoken, he "adopted the practice of recording all the English words which he met with, used by respectable authors, and not found in Todd's edition of Johnson's Dictionary." Such was his careful observation in the course of his wide reading, that his record grew with great rapidity. He found his collection of words constantly accumulating, and after a while determined to prepare "a new and larger dictionary." Continuing the practice of noting new words until he had prepared his Universal Dictionary for the press, and through the progress of printing it, we may well suppose that he has nearly exhausted the unregistered stock. But we doubt not that he has already met with words not a few, which are not inserted in his vocabulary. It is but a few hours since we saw a newspaper paragraph concerning the saving of manuscript records, relating to the history of Georgia, from the wreck of a vessel in which they were shipped from Liverpool; of which records the writer says, — "They were sent in their wet and *sobby* condition to New York." Todd and Worcester have, "sob, *v. a.* to soak; to sop [a cant word]," but have not this derivative.

Scripturality and *unscripturality* occur in a letter of Samuel Davidson, dated Lancashire Independent College, giving his reasons for withdrawing from the "Evangelical Alliance" lately formed at London. *Respelling* we find in Mr. Worcester's Introduction to his Dictionary. We have now said enough concerning Mr. Worcester's preparations for his Universal Dictionary to show that the work contains the results of long-continued and painstaking study. He has a right to consider it, in terms less reserved than those he employs, as a new dictionary.

"The Dictionary of Johnson," he says, "as corrected and enlarged by Todd, and Walker's Critical Pronouncing Dictionary, have been made, in some degree, the basis of the present work; but the words found in those dictionaries have been revised with much labor and care in relation to their orthography, pronunciation, etymology, definition, &c.; and a great part of them, especially such as relate to the arts and sciences, have been defined entirely anew.

"To the words found in Todd's edition of Johnson's Dictionary

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nearly twenty-seven thousand more have been added, and for all these authorities are given, except a few, such as the participial adjectives *amusing*, *entertaining*, *established*, &c. All the verbs of the language that are often met with, both regular and irregular, are conjugated ; and the preterits and perfect participles of the irregular verbs are inserted separately, in their alphabetical places; but of the regular verbs, the present and perfect participles are not inserted as separate articles. If this had been done, as it has been in several other dictionaries [Webster's, for example], it would have added upwards of ten thousand more articles to the vocabulary."

The words added by Mr. Worcester, and not found in Todd's Johnson, are denoted by an asterisk. Besides those gathered from his miscellaneous reading and from English dictionaries, he has taken the technical and scientific terms from various scientific works, dictionaries of arts and sciences, and encyclopædias. For authorities, he says, "in many instances, the names of English authors have been chosen in preference to the names of American authors of equal or even higher respectability ; inasmuch as it is satisfactory to many readers to know, in relation to a new, uncommon, or doubtful word, that it is not peculiar to American writers." At the same time he has not inserted indiscriminately all the words that he has found in English writers, even of those held in good repute ; and to many that he has inserted he has annexed some term of disapprobation. Still, his vocabulary is doubtless more comprehensive than that which is contained in all the dictionaries of the English language collectively. It is an encyclopædia of words.

The time has gone by for discussing the propriety of introducing technical words into a dictionary of the English language. Dr. George Campbell, author of the Philosophy of Rhetoric, a penetrating philosophical critic, maintained the opinion that technical words are not to be considered as part of a language, and that they are not entitled, in general, to admission into a dictionary claiming the character of a standard. The explanation of such words must therefore be sought for in cyclopædias and dictionaries of arts and sciences. Campbell, it may be, was led to adopt the opinion he entertained by finding how little had been done in regard to the insertion and explanation of these words in the general dictionaries of the English language. Johnson, however, seems to have admitted the propriety of inserting them. From books of science

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and technical dictionaries he professed to have collected such as he could find, and to have admitted others, sometimes with hesitation, on the authority of a single writer. But what he accomplished in this particular is now of little value. Technical and scientific terms have, since his time, become very numerous ; and many things pertaining to the arts and sciences have, for the benefit of general readers, become so *popularized* (if we may use this word, admitted by Mr. Worcester on the authority of the Edinburgh Review), that an explanation of such words has become important, and is no longer a question of expediency.

Words which English authors had introduced in consequence, as Dr. Johnson said, of " their knowledge of foreign languages, or ignorance of their own," he inserted as he chanced to meet them, but commonly, as he remarked, " to censure them, and to warn others against the folly of naturalizing useless foreigners to the injury of the natives." Compounded or double words he introduced sparingly ; and words formed according to uniform analogy he noted as they casually occurred, but did not search for them, " because, their relation to the primitive being always the same, their signification cannot be mistaken."

Here is a wide field, which was but little explored by Dr. Johnson, and has been constantly becoming more fruitful. We can fix no limits to its productiveness. Every thing in this world is, indeed, finite ; but when we look at the ever increasing number of abstract nouns ending in *ness* and *ity*, of adjectives ending in *al*, *ive*, *able*, and *ible*, and of adverbs in *ly*, all of which are among the most common derivative formations, we can see no end to the increase. We here exemplify the expansion of the English vocabulary in some of these derivative formations, without seeking for remarkable instances : —

Convention : conventional, conventionalism, conventionalist, conventionality, conventionally, conventioner, conventionist.

Contemporary : contemporariness, contemporaneous, contemporaneousness, contemporaneously, contemporaneity.

Contempt : contemptible, contemptibility, contemptibleness, contemptibly.

Rely : reliable, reliability.

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PERISH : perishable, perishability, perishableness, perishment.

EDUCATE : education, educational, educationist, educator, educable, educability.

IMPUGN : impugner, impugnable, impugnment.

ONTOLOGY : ontologist, ontologic, ontological, ontologically.

From these eight primitive words we here find thirty-five derivatives, and of this number twenty-three are inserted by Mr. Worcester, which are not found in Todd's Johnson, or, as we suppose, in any other English dictionary. They take their place, however, on the authority of learned and respectable writers.

To this source of accession to the "World of English Words," as Edward Phillips, nearly two centuries ago, entitled his dictionary, in which terms of Astrology, Magic, Heraldry, Mythology, and Hawking, "hard words" from other languages, proper names, and other matters, were mingled in strange juxtaposition, we may add the constant improvements, discoveries, and inventions in the arts and sciences; the vast extension of the commerce of Great Britain and the United States with other nations; the increasing personal intercourse of the inhabitants of those countries with the people of the continent of Europe; the consequent interchange of customs, fashion, and literature; and the journals and itineraries which record whatever is peculiar to the countries visited by English and American travellers; — and it may be that a few years only will pass, before we shall have a vocabulary of a hundred thousand words, instead of seventy or eighty thousand. And there is no occasion for much alarm at such a prospect. The multiplication of words has hitherto produced no distraction among writers and public speakers of literary taste and acquirements, nor will it hereafter. Now and then, a useless word of recent origin or recent revival will enjoy its brief period of fashion, until men of taste, sickened by the sound, as it is constantly uttered by lips that use or abuse it, will reject it with disgust.

While Mr. Worcester has included in his vocabulary most of the words he has found in the productions of respectable writers, on some of which, however, he *sets a discountenancing mark*, we do not find that he has excluded any which have heretofore been admitted into dictionaries, and are en-

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titled to respect. He does not belong to the corps of militant etymologists, who war against custom, which establishes the laws of language. On the contrary, he pays due fealty to these laws, and gives no countenance to a revolutionary spirit. We have discovered no instance in which he has changed the orthography of a word to make it conform to an assumed theory. In these respects, he has, wherever we have traced him, shown that fidelity to our language as he found it, which makes him worthy of entire confidence.

Dictionaries are made not so much for the learned as for the learner and the general reader. We cannot but think, that whatever is done by a lexicographer to disturb what is settled by common practice and consent is unwise and pedantic. For instance, we have long been in possession of the word *systematize*, which happened to be formed immediately from the Greek substantive ending in *alpha*, instead of the Anglicized substantive *system*. In like manner we have *dogmatize* and *stigmatize* from the Greek termination of *dogma* and *stigma*. Dr. Webster chose to derive from *system* the verb *systemize*, which he inserted without any comment, and excluded *systematize*. But he inserted *systematic*, *systematical*, and *systematically*. Why should he not have boldly carried out his process, and have given us *systemic*, *systemical*, and *systemically*? We hold a critic who thus tampers with our vocabulary guilty of culpable oversight, or of a high philological misdemeanour. Again, the word *sovereign* is always spelled in one and the same way by educated people; but Dr. Webster says, —"We retain this barbarous orthography from the Norman *souvereign*. The true spelling would be *suveran*. *Fr. souverain*, &c." Accordingly, he inserted *suveran* in its alphabetical place, as the approved orthography, and illustrated its use with the word preserved in the same form. The only comment he makes is, —"The barbarous Norman word *souvereign* seems to be formed of L. *super* and *regnum*; a strange blunder." The adoption of such etymological vagaries into the body of a dictionary entirely destroys its usefulness as a work of reference. Though they may be comparatively few in number, the book ceases to be trustworthy in any case; for the inquirer can never be sure but that the particular word he is searching for is one of those over which the lexicographer has exercised his usurped authority.

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As an introduction to his dictionary, Mr. Worcester has prefixed several brief essays, clear and succinct in style, and at the same time sufficiently comprehensive, on the following subjects :—1. Principles of Pronunciation ; 2. Orthography ; 3. English Grammar ; 4. Origin, Formation, and Etymology of the English Language ; 5. Archaisms, Provincialisms, and Americanisms ; 6. History of English Lexicography.

In treating of pronunciation, Mr. Worcester begins with that *crux criticorum*, as every author of a pronouncing dictionary must feel it to be, the key to the vowel sounds, denoted by certain marks or figures to be annexed to the vowels in all the words in the vocabulary. It is doubtless difficult for any orthoëpist fully to satisfy himself in this matter, and it is very certain he cannot perfectly convey his own ideas of all the minute distinctions of sound to other persons. The inconstancy of our vowel sounds, and the great diversity that in many words exists between the orthography and the pronunciation, render it difficult to apply, to its full extent, a system of notation by arbitrary marks. English, says La Harpe, would be half French, were it not for its "*inconceivable prononciation.*" "The extreme viciousness of the English pronunciation seems to be in conflict with the articulation of the human voice." This is more vivacious than philosophical. Our pronunciation cannot appear more vicious to Frenchmen, or to conflict more with natural articulation, than theirs does to us.

We will not undertake to say how the present race of critics in France speak of the irregularities of their own language ; but one of the French Encyclopedists drew a picture of the contrariety between its orthography and its pronunciation, which we should consider greatly exaggerated as a picture of the English language.

"It has happened," he says, "by the alterations which rapidly succeed each other in pronunciation, and by the corrections which are slowly introduced in writing, that the pronunciation and writing do not correspond. And though societies of men of letters have been charged with the business of reducing them to rules, so as to harmonize together, they are still found to be at an inconceivable distance from each other ; so that two things, which in their origin were imagined faithfully to represent one another, differ not much less than the portraits of the same person at very distant periods of his life. In fine, the disagreement has become

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so excessive, that no one dares to attempt a remedy. We pronounce one language; we write another; and being accustomed, during the remainder of life, to the inconsistencies which have caused us so many tears in childhood, if we should renounce our bad orthography for one nearer to the pronunciation, we should not be able to recognize our spoken language under the new combination of characters."

Mr. Worcester's key to the sounds of the vowels exhibits a more minute analysis than that of Walker. This is a dry subject for commentary, and ours shall be very brief.

Walker's Key represents but four sounds of the letter *a*; namely, the long slender English sound, as in *fate*; the long Italian, as in *far*; the broad German, as in *fall*; and the short Italian, as in *fat*. To these Mr. Worcester adds *a* long before *r*, as heard in *fare*, *rare*, *pair*, and *bear*. It may not be amiss to remark, that *bear* has an anomalous pronunciation. We have the same sound in *pear*, *swear*, *wear*, and perhaps a few other words of the same class, which do not occur to us. But the common sound of *ea* before *r*, is that which is familiar to us in *clear*, *dear*, *drear*, *fear*, *gear*, &c. But words having the same form as *fare* and *pair* have uniformly, if we mistake not, the same sound of *a* that is denoted by these words. For want of marking this variety in the sound of *a*, Walker has sometimes given to words of this form the long sound of *a* in *hate*, and sometimes that of *a* in *hat*, where neither represents the true sound, and consequently the reader is liable to be misled. It is not probable that Walker pronounced the word *rare* with the long slender English sound of *a* in *fate*; but his notation so teaches. Nor do we believe that he considered this sound as applied to the *a* in *parent* any thing more than an approximation. Unfortunately, some persons, who have looked for perfection in his representation of vowel sounds, have acquired the habit of an affected pronunciation of this word, and others of the same class, such as *apparent*, *care*, *careful*, *fare*, *farewell*.

It cannot be doubted that Walker, who had analyzed very carefully the vowel sounds as affected by the consonants, perceived the peculiarity of sound occasioned by *r* following the vowel, in examples like those we have cited; although we do not find it remarked upon in his critical examination of the power of the letters. Mr. Worcester has done good

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service in this addition to the key of the vowel. The propriety of the other addition to his key, that of *a* intermediate, having neither the short sound, as in *fat*, nor the Italian, as in *far*, we think is apparent. This sound is denoted in the key by the arbitrary vowel mark on the words *fast*, *branch*, *grasp*, and *grass*. To the vowel in these words, and others of the same class, Walker gives the short sound. The Italian sound of *a* in such words, which we generally hear from those who have bestowed little care upon pronunciation, it appears to us, approaches nearer to the true sound than that which is noted by Walker.

To the letter *e* Walker gives in his table of vowel sounds only the common long and short sounds, as in *me* and *met*. Mr. Worcester adds *e*, like *a* in *rare*, exemplified in *heir*, *there*, *where*. Here, again, the imperfection of Walker's notation appears. For the purpose of indicating the sound of the vowel, he spells these words with *a* long, as in *fate;* and the last of them, in the following awkward manner, — *hware* and *hware-az*. He probably never distorted his mouth so as to pronounce them according to this orthography. Another addition in Mr. Worcester's key to the same letter is what he calls the short and obtuse sound, as in *her*, *herd*, *fern*, *fervid*. Some of these, also, for the sake of indicating the true sound, Walker was obliged to spell with a different vowel. Thus *her* is directed to be pronounced *hur*, like *u* in *tub*. But we cannot come at this sound with the vowel before *r*, except by the help of another syllable, as in *hur-ry*. Whether we gain any thing by such a process, every one can judge. It is pretty certain, however, that no orthoëpist has skill enough to lead one astray in pronouncing the word. Not exactly thus is it with *herd*, to which Walker gives the short vowel sound, like *e* in *met*. It is possible, by very labored self-training, to give to this word the strange and indescribable sound which we have heard in the utterance of *earth*, *erth*, with short *e*, — a sound so difficult, that Walker proposed it with many grains of allowance, and for the sake of guarding against "a coarse, vulgar pronunciation, as if written *urth*. There is, indeed," he says, "but a delicate difference between this and the true sound, but quite sufficient to distinguish a common from a polite speaker."

Thus it appears, that Walker's table of sounds, in regard as well to the letter *e* as to the letter *a*, is not sufficiently

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complete to indicate all the legitimate sounds, and that he was obliged to recur to indirect methods to supply what was wanting.

To the letter *i* Walker assigns only one long and one short sound. Mr. Worcester adds the sound of long *e*, as in *machine*, *police*, *mien*, *marine*. Words in which *i* has this sound are not very numerous. They are derived generally from modern European languages, most of them from the French, and retain the foreign sound of the vowel. He also adds what he denominates the short and obtuse sound, as in *fir*, *sir*, *bird*, *virtue*. This sound, we believe, is confined to the vowel as followed by the letter *r*, and does not extend to a great number of words. The larger part, we think, are words compounded of *circum*, and other words derived from the Latin; being generally, also, Latin compounds with *circum* already formed in this language, and merely changed to English forms.

To the sounds of *o* noted in Walker's table Mr. Worcester adds *o* like short *u*; as in *son*, *done*, &c. The former, having assigned no such sound to *o* in his key, was obliged to exemplify it in the words in which it is found by substituting short *u*, in spelling them according to their true sound.

To the letter *u* Mr. Worcester adds to the sounds exemplified in Walker's table the short and obtuse sound, as in *fur*, *turn*, &c., the vowel being followed by *r*. All the words of this class, by Walker's notation, are pronounced with *u* as in *tub*, a sound that does not agree with *fur*. Mr. Worcester adds also the sound of *u* in *rule*, *rude*, *true*, a class of words in which the vowel is preceded by *r*, giving it the sound of *o* in *move*. Between this sound and the common long sound of *u* there is, as Walker says in another case, "but a delicate difference." As we commonly pronounce the long *u* in *tune*, *tube*, and *lute*, we perceive little difference between these words and *rule*, *true*, &c. But as the sound of *u* long is modified by the initial consonants in *cube*, *mule*, and *pure*, which last word differs very perceptibly in sound from *poor*, the ground of Mr. Worcester's distinction is obvious. Walker was aware of the difference, and spells *rule*, and other words with *r* preceding the vowel, with *oo*, in order to exemplify the true pronunciation.

In Walker's table *y* is wholly overlooked. Mr. Worcester notes it long, as in *style*, short in *symbol*, short and obtuse in *myrtle*.

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Having followed Mr. Worcester through his key to the vowel sounds, and taken some pains to examine its application to many words in the dictionary, we are able to speak with confidence concerning his system. It is a great improvement upon that of Walker, whose pronouncing dictionary has long been regarded as the standard in the United States. We think this is shown by the cursory remarks we have made in comparing the two systems. Walker's is evidently defective, and Worcester's appears to us to be as comprehensive as the nature of the subject permits it to become. In consequence of the completeness of his system, he applies the marks of the vowels in the key directly to the words in the dictionary in their true orthography, and is seldom obliged to have recourse to Walker's awkward method of spelling words in an altered orthography, merely to exemplify the pronunciation.

We have spoken thus far of the most determinate vowel sounds. In monosyllables, in the accented syllables of other words, and generally in the syllables upon which the secondary accent falls, the sound of the vowels is so distinct that their power can be marked with such exactness as to be readily comprehended. But in familiar, audible reading and recitation, in animated public speaking, and especially in free conversation, syllables are continually occurring, in which the sounds of the vowels are so indistinct, that it is impossible to settle them by the appropriate varieties of long and short sounds indicated in a key by figures or arbitrary marks. Even in regard to grave and solemn discourse, this cannot be done, in very many cases, without supposing great restraint and extreme stiffness on the part of the public reader or speaker. Walker, attempting to denote the sounds of the vowels heard so imperfectly by the distinct long and short sounds comprised in his table, instead of guiding us to the true pronunciation, makes it more uncertain than if it were left to accident. Indeed, in a great portion of unaccented syllables, the natural, we might almost say the unavoidable, pronunciation is such as to produce uniformity; and in proportion to the strength of the accented syllables, uniformity in the unaccented is more sure to follow. If, therefore, it were not for the appearance of acknowledging his system of notation of vowel sounds to be defective, the orthoëpist might as well leave the unaccented syllables generally to the natural play of

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the organs of speech, without any key to the vowel sounds; for it is impossible to note the degrees of obscurity, as they are variously affected by position, and by connection with different consonants.

In addition to the well defined vowels in his key, Mr. Worcester adds to each a mark for its obscure sound. This, with due limitations, is an improvement upon Walker, since it truly acknowledges that to be obscure which he vainly attempts to make clear. Still, we think Mr. Worcester may have extended this convenient notation too far, especially in regard to initial and final unaccented syllables. Take, for instance, the first syllables of the following words beginning with *a*, and pronounced with the consonant after it: — *abhor*, *abjure*, *ablution*, *accuse*, *accustom*, *advance*, *admit*, *alternative*. In deliberate speaking, we should say that the short sound of *a* in these words is distinctly heard. Systems of notation of sounds are made for those who sound all the syllables, except those in regard to which custom has already decided otherwise. If there is any truth in Voltaire's saying, — even after making all due allowance for the exaggeration, — that the English eat up half their words, it becomes those who respect their language to save as many as they can from being devoured. There are degrees of the obscure vowel sounds, which of course cannot be marked by separate notation. Thus, in the word *alternative*, cited above, if *a* in the first syllable is obscure, it is much more obscure in the penult. In final unaccented syllables, it is generally too obscure to be noted with the common short sound. Thus, in *palace*, it departs widely from this a sound and is usually pronounced *pal-is*; *menace*, *men-is*. Followed by some of the other consonants, it has a sound like short *u*; as *medial*, *seaman*, *pedlar*, *compass*. In polysyllables, its sound is generally very obscure in the penult or antepenult, without the accent; as in *sanatory*, *temporary*.

In the beginning of a word, *e*, forming a syllable by itself, has the long sound, as *eclipse*, *elect*; when it takes a consonant, it has the short sound, as *efface*, *employ*, *enjoy*, *erratic*, *exact*. In the last syllable it is short and obscure, as *chicken*, *kindred*, *kindness*. All these examples of the letter *e*, in the unaccented syllables, are noted by Mr. Worcester as obscure. The words chosen in the key to exemplify this obscure sound are *brier*, *fuel*, *celery*. But these sounds are

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not alike. In *brier*, the sound is that of *e* in *her*, deprived of the accent; in *celery* the penult is *e* long and obscure; in *fuel* it is short and more obscure, and according to the common pronunciation sounds like *i* short.

The next vowel, *i* obscure, is exemplified in the key by *elixir*, *ruin*, *logic*, *ability*. In the last syllable of *elixir* we have the sound of *i* in *sir*; in *ruin* and *logic*, of short *i* in *pin*; and in the penult of *ability*, *i* obscure, approaching as near to its short sound as to any other.

Actor, *confess*, *felony*, represent in the key the obscure sound of *o*. In *actor* the vowel has no type in the key, to which it answers. This word, and many others ending in *or*, have the same sound of *o* before *r*, as *e*, *i*, and *u* have before the same letter; as *her*, *fir*, *fur*; and *actor* can be pronounced in no other way, except like *o* in *nor*, which is contrary to established usage. In *confess* we have the short *o* obscure, and in *felony* the long.

As examples of *u* obscure, we find in the key *sulphur*, *murmur*, each of which has the sound of the vowel, in the last syllable, the same as that in *fur*; and *deputy*, in which it is long, as in *pure*.

For the obscure sound of *y* we have *truly*, *envy*, *martyr*, as examples. The *y* final, as it seems to us, retains its short sound, the same as that of *i* short, which is in a measure checked for want of a consonant to rest upon. In plurals, as in *abilities*, the sound of the vowel is prolonged, and is evidently the short sound, as in *his*. We find that we agree with two out of the six orthoëpists most frequently quoted by Mr. Worcester; namely, Sheridan and Jones, who represent the pronunciation of ability thus, — a-bĭl-y̆-ty̆. Walker spells the word, in order to indicate the pronunciation, a-bil-ē-tē. And here we are reminded of a remark, which has occurred to us frequently as one that ought to be made, that, wherever short or obscure *i* occurs in the penult or antepenult of polysyllabic words, Walker gives it the power of *e* long: — thus, bu′-tē-ful, ser-ku′-ē-tus, des′-pē-ka-ble, ed′-ē-tur, de′-ē-fi, fe-lis′-ē-tē, &c. This spelling of words a second time, with strange and sometimes ludicrous combinations of letters, is an awkward business; but since we have begun to meddle with it, we will try our hand, and see whether we are able to compile, from the letters of our alphabet, an orthography which more truly represents the pronunciation of these

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words ; for it is certain that no Englishman ever pronounced them according to Walker's notation. In attempting this, we chiefly regard the true accent, and the power of the letter *i*, which Walker represents by ē. Thus, beau'-tif-ful, des'-pik-a-ble, cir-cu'-it-ous, ed'-it-ur, de'-if-fy, fe-lis'-it-ty, as here spelled and divided, seem to give the true sound of *i* short. In a matter so subtile, we would avoid dogmatism ; but it appears to us that in these, and in very numerous words like them, the true sound becomes obscured only by the rapid utterance of the syllable in question, and the want of vocal stress occasioned by the absence of accent.

The great variety in the notation of unaccented vowels among the authors of pronouncing dictionaries shows how futile it is, in many, if not in most, cases of this kind, to fix, by artificial methods, that in which they all agree in practice ; and of which custom, and the modes of articulation that are natural, or appear so from habit, have so established the pronunciation, that we can seldom deviate far, even by accident, if we agree in accentuation. To this agreement there are few exceptions. Mr. Worcester seems to have come pretty much to the same conclusion. After exhibiting a table of words to which he adds the pronunciation of Sheridan, Walker, Jones, Jameson, Knowles, and Smart, a curious piece of patchwork, we do not wonder that he determined to abandon them all, and to place the vowels of unaccented syllables in one category of obscure sounds. Having determined to do this, he did it with the same consistency which is a distinguishing excellence manifested in all the departments of his dictionary.

After presenting the table of words variously pronounced by the distinguished orthoëpists above named, Mr. Worcester remarks, that "they agree with respect to two of the most important points in the pronunciation of words ; namely, the syllable on which the accent is to be placed, and the quantity of the vowel in the accented syllable. Though, with regard to the mode of representing the pronunciation of most of the words, there is considerable diversity, yet it is doubtless true, that the pronunciation intended to be expressed differs, in reality, much less than it would seem to do ; and that, in numerous instances, these orthoëpists agreed much better in their practice than in their mode of indicating it."

If, however, Mr. Worcester had chosen to apply to the

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unaccented syllables generally his system of notation, which is much more comprehensive than Walker's, or any other that we have seen, containing all the legitimate vowel sounds, he would, if he had failed to satisfy himself, have succeeded far better than his predecessors in accomplishing the undertaking. Walker, in this particular, may often lead astray those who trust to his guidance without exercising their own judgment. Mr. Worcester, in the same particular, not professing to be an infallible guide, leaves what is necessarily obscure to be learned by imitation and experience.

Orthography, according to the full grammatical import of the word, should correspond exactly to pronunciation. That it falls far short of this in the English language is well known, and is lamented by all who have given any attention to the subject; but it is now the sole duty of lexicographers and good writers to preserve the orthography as it is, in all cases where it is established by general usage, and in case of diversity to regard analogy; and to be consistent, so far as they are not overruled by custom, with their own principles. No dictation on this subject, which aims at radical changes, can succeed. We can make no essential alterations in order to adapt orthography to the true sounds, which of themselves are not in all cases fixed by custom, but on the contrary are still fluctuating from accident or diversity of taste. London, says Mr. Worcester, the great metropolis of English literature, has incomparably greater influence than any other city in giving law to pronunciation. But in that great Babel, the concert must be very imperfect. The court, parliament, *coteries* of the fashionable and of the literate, though in some respects independent, yet acting upon each other indirectly, tend to produce diversity and change. It was in the early part of the last century, during the last days of Queen Anne, or soon after, that Swift said, — "In London, they clip their words after one manner about the court, another in the city, and a third in the suburbs; all which, reduced to writing, would entirely confound orthography." The great object should now be to hold fast what we have gained.

It was a favorite notion of Dr. Webster, that "such gradual changes should be made in orthography, as shall accommodate the written to the spoken language, when they do not violate established principles, and especially when they purify words from corruptions, improve the regular

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analogies of a language, and illustrate etymology." This he said when he published his Compendious Dictionary, in 1806. In his quarto dictionary (1828), he made some changes, and suggested many others; but in general to little purpose. He went far enough to create distrust, without effecting much as a reformer. Whoever has the curiosity to see wherein he made improvements, and in how many instances he failed in regard to consistency with his own principles, may be gratified by examining a review of this dictionary by Lyman Cobb (1831). It exhibits the proofs of the most thorough examination into a minute subject that we have ever met with. We trust that it has been in the hands of the learned editor who is about to publish a revised edition of the dictionary. *Fas est et ab hoste doceri.*

Mr. Worcester has made no arbitrary changes in the orthography. In regard to words of various or doubtful orthography, which are few compared with the whole number, he has taken into account the manner in which they are affected by etymology, analogy, the authority of dictionaries, and general usage, before forming his judgment. So far as we have been able to examine the vocabulary, we find that he has preserved great consistency in the orthography of words that fall into the same class in their respective formations. In his introductory essay on orthography, he has inserted a list of about fourteen hundred words, which are variously spelt. A considerable portion consists of such as are not in common use. Of such as are in daily use, — *daily*, *dayly*, is one of them, — the difference consists, in many words, in the first syllable being either *em* or *im*; as *empower*, *impower*; *en* or *in*; *enquire*, *inquire*; and in the commutation of *c* and *s*, and of *s* and *z*, in the final syllables and the derivative formations from them. The list is of frightful length, when first looked upon; but when examined, the alarm diminishes, and the tendency, we think, is rather towards uniformity than increasing variety.

Whoever has felt the pains and pleasures of severe study must look with admiration upon the indefatigable etymologist, who devotes his days and nights to hunting up the pedigree of a word in an unbroken line from this age back to the time of Moses. "I am no herald to inquire of men's pedigrees, it sufficeth me that I know their virtues"; so wrote a distinguished English patriot nearly two centuries ago. It is so with the bulk of readers. They care not for the lineal succes-

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sion of their words ; they wish to know their virtues, and how they are used ; and a few illustrations taken from good writers are of more value to them than all the speculations of the learned philologists who hunt them in the dark through all their peregrinations.

We cannot read without commiseration, mingled with respect, the account which the learned Noah Webster gave of his toils in the study of etymology. The pursuit seems, in his case, for a long time to have amounted almost to a proof of monomania, which caused him to throw aside the vast pile of philological stores he had accumulated, as if they were nothing worth. Soon after he published his Compendious Dictionary (1806), he began to make preparations for a larger work. He commenced writing it, and went through two letters of the alphabet, before he found out that his work was labor lost. He began to be conscious of his ignorance of the origin of words, on which Bailey and Johnson, Junius and Skinner, had shed no light. He then put himself to the rack, and submitted to self-torture paralleled only in the example of the most distinguished saints of the Romish church in the Dark Ages. He thus describes the process : — "Laying aside my manuscripts, and all books treating of language, except lexicons and dictionaries, I endeavoured, by a diligent comparison of words having the same or cognate radical letters, in about twenty languages, to obtain a more correct knowledge of the primary sense of original words, of the affinities between the English and many other languages, and thus to enable myself to trace words to their source." But, alas ! here were three or four years lost ; and not only so, but he was obliged to begin, as Quintilian says of those taught in the ancient arts by incompetent masters, with the harder part ; that is, by unlearning what was faultily acquired. He went back, he says, to the first rudiments of a branch of erudition, which he had before cultivated, as he had supposed, with success. Ten years more were spent in comparing the radical words ; and after completing the task, he says, — "The result has been to open what are to me new views of language, and to unfold what appear to be the genuine principles on which these languages are constructed." Happy is the man who feels, after approaching so near to martyrdom, that he has gained so rich a reward of his persevering labors.

Richardson is an etymological antiquary of a different

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sort. He goes back to the earliest remains of English writers, of whom Robert of Gloucester, who lived in the time of Henry the Second, and wrote in the latter part of the twelfth century, is the most remote. Next come Gower and Wiclif, about the middle of the fourteenth century. From these he traced down such words as he could find, in their primitive, derivative, and altered forms, to the present time, aiming to give an historical view of their radical, consequential, and metaphorical senses.

Mr. Worcester has generally omitted the Saxon etymons in the etymological department of his dictionary, and noted only those derived from other northern dialects, and in general all of strictly foreign origin, from the ancient and modern languages. Of technical and scientific words, derived in great part from the Greek, he commonly gives the original, whether simple or compound. Among the omissions in this particular we notice *æsthetics*. He gives the original of *dynamics*, and the compound *hydrodynamics*, but omits that of *aerodynamics* and *dynameter*. Of the compounds, *aerostatics*, *aerolite*, and *lithoxyle* are omitted. The original words in these examples are indeed all Greek, which the learned can supply, and which the mere English reader does not want. The clear definitions given by Mr. Worcester of these and other scientific words are all that the common reader needs. Still, we should have been pleased to see the original etymons inserted.

Besides the new words introduced into his dictionary, with their pronunciation and exact definitions, Mr. Worcester has carefully revised the definitions in the vocabulary of his own edition of Todd's Johnson, and many of them, particularly the technical and scientific terms, have been defined anew. So far as we have been able to examine the definitions in different parts of the vocabulary, we have found them very exact and intelligible, and those pertaining to the arts and sciences are exceedingly valuable. Of words that are used in a sense or idiom peculiar to the United States, not very numerous, Mr. Worcester, so far as we have looked for them, has barely stated the peculiarity, and has not given them notes of approbation or of apology, or of a claim to a meaning that approximates to that which is sanctioned by general usage.

For no inconsiderable period of coming time, this dictionary,

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carefully and judiciously elaborated by the author, and in the mechanical execution and the revision of the press remarkably correct, even as to the minute diacritical marks, cannot fail to be received with wide acceptance. Mr. Worcester is already known and valued as the author of the Comprehensive Dictionary, published sixteen years ago, a convenient manual, approved by all who have used or examined it. A large portion of the intermediate time has been devoted by him to preparation for this larger work, which is far more complete than any other of the kind; and although, in the progress of the arts and sciences, of invention, and it may be, of intellectual philosophy, it is doubtless destined at some time beyond our ken to be superseded, we may confidently predict that it will survive one generation.

ART. VII. — *Urania, a Rhymed Lesson, pronounced before the Mercantile Library Association, October* 14, 1846. By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. Second Edition. Boston: W. D. Ticknor & Co. 8vo. pp. 32.

THIS is the modest and rather enigmatical title of a very lively and beautiful poem. The public have anticipated our favorable verdict upon it; though less than three months have elapsed since its delivery, it has already passed to a second edition. It may have attained a third for aught that we know, as the first issue was exhausted almost as soon as it was announced. In these prosaic times, when quite good poetry is absolutely a drug in the market, and fugitive rhymes are so very fugitive that they are forgotten about as quickly as they are uttered, that a poet should so speedily acquire and retain the ear of the public is an indication either of remarkable ability, or of still more remarkable good fortune. In the present state of the reading world, immediate popularity, we believe, is no bad proof of the excellence of poetry, though it would certainly be a very insufficient test of merit in the case of philosophy or science. He who sings for the public, and cannot find a grateful audience, would do better to keep his music to himself. If the multitude neglect him, it is pretty

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good proof that he ought to be neglected. He may become fashionable with a certain class, the idol of a particular school, the bard of a clique or a coterie ; but he is no true poet, unless he can excite the imaginations and move the feelings of all men. It is his business to strike chords which find a response in every bosom, to present analogies which are perceptible to every mind, to command the passions which are the universal attribute of human nature. If his verse needs explanation or comment, if one must be educated before he can understand it, or go through a particular training before he can appreciate it, the busy world will pass it by, and will lose very little by its neglect.

Of course, we exclude the cases of factitious and short-lived popularity, where an audience is gained by an appeal to casual associations or temporary prejudices, or perhaps by the arts of a mountebank. The favor of the public, which is at once the test and the reward of excellence, cannot be acquired by humoring the weakness or flattering the prejudices of the multitude. These peccant humors are transitory in their very nature ; and when they die out, the good-will which was conciliated only by attention to them must also disappear. To found one's claim to notice upon these momentary follies or excitements is as much a violation of the catholic character of true poetry, as to write in a manner which can be understood and relished only by a few persons of unusual learning and abilities, or of peculiar tastes. Aristocratic and gentlemanly poetry is the least endurable of all fashionable follies. The euphuisms of Queen Elizabeth's time, the rhymed tragedies imitated from the French after the Restoration, the Della Cruscan school of the last century, and the forced raptures and mystical babblings of sundry inspired bards in our own day are among the choicest fruits of this narrow and exclusive spirit. They are received with great clapping of hands by the " select few " ; but the people stare and ignore them altogether.

Poetry was eminently popular in its origin. Wandering bards sang their metrical legends and hymns in honor of the gods at great public festivals, or at solemn entertainments held by chiefs and kings. The earliest poetry of almost every nation in Europe is in the form of songs and ballads, many of which embody the historical traditions of the country, or give expression to the religious ideas of the people. These rude

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verses were sung in every hut, and by the groups around the watchfires in every warlike expedition. They were preserved only in the memory, but there they found a safe resting-place, and were handed down uninjured from father to son, through many successive generations. They had more influence than laws or governments in forming the customs and determining the characters of a whole people. Their peculiar charms, their simplicity and directness, their force and pathos, can be appreciated even now by any taste that is not morbidly refined. It is more than probable that rhyme, assonance, and metre were first contrived as aids to the memory, or as a system of mnemonics, before writing was invented or introduced, and while poetry, religious dogmas, and laws existed only as they were remembered by the multitude. The drama, too, the second great source of poetry, was contrived for the entertainment of the great body of the people, and was carefully adapted to their tastes. Vast crowds filled those immense amphitheatres which no roof could cover, and pronounced judgment from which there was no appeal on the merits of poet and player both. The same plays, which now tax the learning and the patience of the most accomplished scholars, were once the daily entertainment of the populace of Athens.

The progress of civilization and refinement changes all this, and poetry, which was designed to be the daily food of the multitude, becomes the exclusive prerogative of the few. And just in proportion as its audience is diminished and its scope narrowed, its simplicity, vigor, and freshness begin to pass away. It lapses into spasmodic and unnatural effort, feeble imitation, or sickly refinement. It glitters with cold conceits, is varnished over with tame elegance, and chastened into a languid conformity with rules. False sentiment, vagaries in taste, and absurdities in speculation are faults to which classes and small circles of men are prone ; they gain no foothold in the intellect of a whole people. There is a corrective power in numbers ; when several thousand children sing in unison, as at the yearly meeting in St. Paul's cathedral, the discords are all absorbed in the flood of sound, and the effect upon the ear is that of perfect accord. So in matters of taste and opinion ; opposite errors balance each other, and the resultant is more likely to lie in the true direction than either of the component forces. Plain good sense, an ear for

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the harmony of numbers, excitable feelings, and a tolerably quick perception of analogies are among the ordinary endowments of our common nature ; and these are all the qualifications in his hearers which a poet ought to require. If he goes farther, and presupposes in them a considerable amount of learning, or a power of following metaphysical refinements and the nicest subtilties of thought and expression, he must not complain if the wearied listeners gradually lose patience and leave him alone. We have no regard for the common complaint, that a certain poet is unduly neglected, or his works censured without just cause, merely because the public will not embrace his theory, and look at them from his point of view. It is not the world's business to satisfy the poet's requisitions ; it is his duty to conform to theirs. If he will address himself to tastes and opinions which are held only by a few, he must not grumble if those few compose the whole circle of his admirers. His province is to appeal chiefly to the imagination and the passions, and these are strongest where the reasoning powers are least cultivated ; they exist in the highest vigor, and are manifested with the least restraint, in the very multitude whose verdict he is seeking to avoid or set aside.

We are not aiming at paradox, or endeavouring to sanction an appeal from the opinion of the judicious few to the arbitrary judgments of the mob. In all cases which depend on an induction from facts or a comparison of instances, or wherever the reasoning faculty is concerned, the opinion of the multitude, as such, is not worth a straw ; we look not to the quantity, but to the quality, of the voices rendered in judgment. But a relish for the beauties of poetry is an intuitive perception, and is most likely to be true and just when expressed with the least study or hesitation. It does not admit of analysis, and if we must make an effort before it can be obtained, or must go back to argument in order to justify it, it is most probably perverted and wrong.

One of the latest stages in the decline of poetry is the formation of a number of distinct schools, and the multiplication of mannerisms. Even now, the establishment of what may be called the Wordsworthian school augurs no good for the future. It is a great triumph, indeed, for a poet to have formed the very taste by which his works are judged ; but that taste is more likely to be correct which does not require to be *formed* at all, which needs no study, theorizing, or

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laborious cultivation, but springs up spontaneously whenever the right chord is struck. A particular school is always animated and kept together by a spirit of exclusiveness; it will tolerate no excellence out of its own bounds. If Mr. Wordsworth and his disciples are right to the full extent of their theory, more than half of our English poets must come down from their pride of place, and be content to be ranked with the writers of prose. If the many feeble, tame, and creeping passages of the Excursion are not merely to be defended as breathing-places in a long poem, but to be held up as models for imitation, then the popular taste, which admires the awful sublimities of Milton, the exquisite finish of Goldsmith, or the magnificent lyrics of Campbell, is all wrong. Things so utterly dissimilar cannot be ranked together merely as different kinds of excellence; if the one is beauty, the other is deformity. The judgment of the multitude is never warped by communion with the bigoted partialities of these poetical sects; it is more catholic, and for the same reason more natural and true. The people have neither time nor inclination to be initiated into the mysteries of a fraternity; they will not study the new code of laws, but will adhere steadfastly to the ancient customs of the realm of poesy.

The conclusion of the whole matter is, that a neglected poet has no right to murmur; if he has failed to please, after a trial of reasonable length, the fault is his own. To impart pleasure, not to instruct, is the great object of poetry; if he has not succeeded in doing this, it is a sign that he has missed his vocation. Of course, we are now speaking of the reception of a poet's works, and not of the treatment which he has met in person. Milton, and many others, have had good cause to complain that they had fallen on evil days and evil tongues; but what they have lost in one capacity they were sure to gain in another. Justice is infallibly rendered in the long run to the poet, though it is often denied to the man.

Dr. Holmes will not object to our doctrine, if he judges only from his own experience. Though he has published very little, he is one of the most popular of American poets, and the corollary from our theorem is, that he deserves all his reputation. Some may object, that much of his popularity is to be ascribed to the exuberance of his wit, in which he easily surpasses all his contemporaries excepting Hood. To this we answer, that wit may justly be considered as one

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of the brightest ornaments of poetry; and in his case, as well as in that of his English predecessor to whom we have just alluded, it is by no means unattended by the higher and more characteristic excellences of his profession. His fancy teems with bright and appropriate images, and these are woven into his plan usually with exquisite finish and grace. His artistic merits are very great; his versification is never slovenly, nor his diction meagre or coarse; and many of his shorter pieces are inwrought with so much fire and imagination as to rank among our best lyrics.

This is high praise, and in order to justify it, we should find it necessary to quote rather from the volume of his collected poems, which was published here some years since, and afterwards republished in England, than from the brief "rhymed lesson," quite local and occasional in character, which is now before us. But we must not make citations from a work which is in the hands of nearly all our readers, while the choicer portions of it are as familiar to them as the songs of their childhood. Urania — a title which for some inexplicable reason he has chosen to annex to this later publication — has some striking faults; but it has also characteristic passages enough to support our high estimate of the writer's powers. It is a mere medley of bright thoughts and laughing satire, with here and there a momentary expression of deep feeling, which betrays a spirit that may be touched to nobler issues. The poet glances about like a butterfly from one topic to another, hardly resting on any one long enough to obtain more than a sip of its honey. The versification is uniformly flowing and harmonious, and the lines are never bolstered out with feeble or unmeaning expressions. The following description of a Sabbath morning in the city, though it has so many local allusions that one who is not familiar with the streets and churches of Boston can see but in part its admirable adaptation to the scene, may still serve as a favorable specimen of the poem. We can quote only a portion of it.

"The air is hushed; the street is holy ground;
Hark! The sweet bells renew their welcome sound;
As one by one awakes each silent tongue,
It tells the turret whence its voice is flung.

"The Chapel, last of sublunary things
That shocks our echoes with the name of King's,

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Whose bell, just glistening from the font and forge,
Rolled its proud requiem for the second George,
Solemn and swelling, as of old it rang,
Flings to the wind its deep, sonorous clang ; —
The simpler pile, that, mindful of the hour
When Howe's artillery shook its half-built tower,
Wears on its bosom, as a bride might do,
The iron breastpin which the ' Rebels ' threw,
Wakes the sharp echoes with the quivering thrill
Of keen vibrations, tremulous and shrill ; —
Aloft, suspended in the morning's fire,
Crash the vast cymbals from the Southern spire ; —
The Giant, standing by the elm-clad green,
His white lance lifted o'er the silent scene,
Whirling in air his brazen goblet round,
Swings from its brim the swollen floods of sound ; —
While, sad with memories of the olden time,
The Northern Minstrel pours her tender chime,
Faint, single tones, that spell their ancient song,
But tears still follow as they breathe along.

" Child of the soil, whom fortune sends to range
Where man and nature, faith and customs, change,
Borne in thy memory, each remembered tone
Mourns on the winds that sigh in every zone.
When Ceylon sweeps thee with her perfumed breeze
Through the warm billows of the Indian seas ;
When, ship and shadow blended both in one,
Flames o'er thy mast the equatorial sun,
From sparkling midnight to refulgent noon
Thy canvas swelling with the still monsoon ;
When through thy shrouds the wild tornado sings,
And thy poor seabird folds her tattered wings,
Oft will delusion o'er thy senses steal,
And airy echoes ring the Sabbath peal!
Then, dim with grateful tears, in long array
Rise the fair town, the island-studded bay,
Home, with its smiling board, its cheering fire,
The half-choked welcome of the expecting sire,
The mother's kiss, and, still if aught remain,
Our whispering hearts shall aid the silent strain.—
Ah, let the dreamer o'er the taffrail lean,
To muse unheeded, and to weep unseen ;
Fear not the tropic's dews, the evening's chills,
His heart lies warm among his triple hills ! "

pp. 12, 13.

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These are vigorous and striking lines, which no living poet certainly need be ashamed to own. The deep and holy sentiment which pervades the latter portion of them may suffice to convince those of their error who have hitherto regarded Dr. Holmes only as a rhyming Momus. There are many felicities of expression in them which show great mastery of style, and perfect familiarity with the well of English undefiled. This, indeed, is one of the characteristic merits of our bard. His diction is uniformly terse, precise, and vigorous, never cheating the ear with sound that veils an ambiguity of meaning, nor violating by a hair's breadth the established usages of language. His words ring clear and shrill, like good coin tried on the counter. He has entire command of Anglo-Saxon phraseology, and the most familiar turns of speech, without ever sinking into baldness or vulgarity; and he often adapts colloquial expressions to his purpose with a felicity of setting which reminds one of Dean Swift. To illustrate and confirm this praise, we quote from the lighter and more satirical portion of the poem. There is much good sense, as well as pungent wit, in the following passage, and no one will deny its applicability to the race of whom it is spoken.

"Be firm! one constant element in luck
Is genuine, solid, old Teutonic pluck;
See yon tall shaft; it felt the earthquake's thrill,
Clung to its base, and greets the sunrise still.

"Stick to your aim; the mongrel's hold will slip,
But only crowbars loose the bulldog's grip;
Small as he looks, the jaw that never yields
Drags down the bellowing monarch of the fields!

"Yet in opinions look not always back;
Your wake is nothing, mind the coming track;
Leave what you 've done for what you have to do;
Don't be "consistent," but be simply true.

"Don't catch the fidgets; you have found your place
Just in the focus of a nervous race,
Fretful to change, and rabid to discuss,
Full of excitements, always in a fuss.
Think of the patriarchs; then compare as men
These lean-cheeked maniacs of the tongue and pen!
Run, if you like, but try to keep your breath;
Work like a man, but don't be worked to death;

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And with new notions, — let me change the rule, —
Don't strike the iron till it 's slightly cool.

"Choose well your *set;* our feeble nature seeks
The aid of clubs, the countenance of cliques;
And with this object, settle first of all
Your weight of metal and your size of ball.
Track not the steps of such as hold you cheap, —
Too mean to prize, though good enough to keep.
The 'real, genuine, no-mistake Tom Thumbs'
Are little people fed on great men's crumbs.
Yet keep no followers of that hateful brood
That basely mingles with its wholesome food
The tumid reptile, which, the poet said,
Doth wear a precious jewel in his head.

"If the wild filly, 'Progress,' thou wouldst ride,
Have young companions ever at thy side;
But, wouldst thou stride the stanch old mare, 'Success,'
Go with thine elders, though they please thee less."
pp. 17 – 19.

If we did not respect the author's privilege of copyright, we should end by transferring the whole poem to our pages. But we have quoted enough to excite the curiosity of our readers to see the remainder, and to give some idea of the variety and productiveness of the poet's resources. He has shown much versatility of power, and we hope, on greeting him again, to find that he has been wandering in some of the higher walks of poesy. Let him not seek excuse for keeping his wings folded, on the ground that his daily pursuits confine him to the prosaic side of life. He gives a laughing sketch, indeed, of the incongruity between the subjects of thought that are commended to him by his profession, and these furtive offerings to the Muse. But Æsculapius was the favorite son of Apollo, and the two deities were often worshipped at the same shrine. They will not quarrel with each other, if our author's homage is divided between them; nor can he be said to abandon the healing art who worships also the god of the silver bow, the slayer of the Python, and the author of the oracular responses given at Delphi. There are golden hours of leisure even in the practice of a successful physician, and these at least may be consecrated to more ambitious uses.

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ART. VIII. — *The Library of American Biography.* Conducted by JARED SPARKS. Vol. XXI. *The Life of Stephen Decatur, a Commodore in the Navy of the United States.* By ALEXANDER SLIDELL MACKENZIE, U. S. N. Boston: Little & Brown. 1846. 12mo. pp. 443.

MR. SPARKS's Library of American Biography, now extending to twenty-one volumes, is about the largest, as it is certainly one of the most valuable, of the collateral aids for the study of American history which have yet been published. We here use the word *history* in its broadest signification, including under it not merely the annals of political events, but the progress of science, invention, literature, and all the great interests of a country. The lives of forty-nine individuals have already been written for this Library, seventeen of whom belong to the Colonial period, eighteen to the history of the Revolution, and fourteen have earned a distinguished name by literary or scientific effort. Many of these lives are made up entirely from unpublished documents, manuscripts have been consulted in part for most of them, and the few that are founded entirely upon printed books present a summary of information so full, trustworthy, and compact, as materially to diminish the labor and research of the historical inquirer. Mr. Sparks is more thoroughly acquainted, perhaps, with the sources of American history than any other individual in the country, and he has used his advantages as an editor with remarkable skill and taste. The literary execution of these volumes is of a high character, several of the biographies being from the editor's own pen, and most of the others are by writers who had previously acquired an honorable name in the world of letters. For the American reader, particularly, the work abounds with interesting and instructive matter, and no library of any considerable extent on this side of the Atlantic can be deemed complete without it.

On a former occasion,* we gave a list of the persons whose biographies had then been inserted in the Library. To that catalogue may now be added the names of Roger Williams, Timothy Dwight, Count Pulaski, Count Rumford, General Z. M. Pike, Samuel Gorton, Dr. Ezra Stiles,

* See *N. A. Review* for January, 1845; page 247.

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John Fitch, Anne Hutchinson, John Ribault, Sebastian Rale, Colonel William Palfrey, General Charles Lee, Governor Joseph Reed, Leonard Calvert, Samuel Ward, Thomas Posey, and General Greene; and the volume now before us contains a memoir of Stephen Decatur, written by Commander Mackenzie, the distinguished author of A Year in Spain. In the list of writers of the lives here mentioned, we find the names of the editor of the series, of Professors Renwick, Kingsley, Reed, and Gammell, Dr. W. B. Sprague, Dr. Convers Francis, J. G. Palfrey, Colonel Henry Whiting, Rev. George E. Ellis, Rev. G. W. Burnap, James Hall, J. M. Mackie, Charles Whittlesey, and George W. Greene. Most of these were already well known to the public in other departments of literary endeavour. There are materials enough for continuing this Library to at least twice its present length, and we hope the patience of the editor and the encouragement afforded by the public may suffice to give it this extension.

We come now to consider more particularly the contents of the last volume of the series. Commodore Decatur's name is much the brightest on our list of naval heroes. He was the *preux chevalier* of the service, a man without fear and without reproach, as much distinguished for high and chivalrous feeling as for an enterprising spirit and a romantic valor. In the story of the engagements before Tripoli, he appears more like a knight of the olden time fighting against the infidels than like a modern naval commander. His gallantry and personal prowess made him the boast of the navy, while through his amiable disposition and generous heart he became the idol of his subordinate officers and seamen. He won distinction very early, and every step in his subsequent career added to the purity and brightness of his fame. But from this high eulogy we must except the concluding act of his life, and several deeds of a similar character earlier in his career; he perished a victim to that miserable "code of honor," the prevalence of which, especially in the army and navy, still outrages every feeling of humanity, justice, and Christian duty. It is bitter for an American to reflect, that, on the tombs both of the greatest statesman and of the most illustrious naval commander whom this country has to boast of, the most appropriate inscription would be, — "Abner died as a fool dieth." No consideration of delicacy to the living

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shall prevent us from coupling together the names of Burr and Barron as their slayers. If Hamilton had died in office, worn out by his extraordinary exertions there, as well as by the foul ingratitude of a majority of his countrymen, — if Decatur had fallen on the quarter-deck of his noble frigate just as the flag of her opponent was coming down, though the life of each had been shortened by several precious years, with what happier and prouder feelings could their eulogies be written!

The grandfather of Commodore Decatur was a lieutenant in the French navy, who, making a visit to this country for the sake of his health, became attached to a young lady at Newport, Rhode Island, and gave up his commission, his country, and his friends for the sake of marrying her. The happiness which he hoped to obtain through this great sacrifice was of short duration. He died young, leaving his widow and only son with very narrow means of support. The son, born in Newport in 1751, became a sailor, and obtained the command of a vessel almost as soon as he came of age. During the war of the Revolution, he commanded the Royal Louis, and afterwards the Fair American, both of which were privateers, and acquired much reputation and some profit by the capture of English ships. After the war, he entered the merchant service, and made frequent voyages to France as captain, and in part owner, of the vessel. He married while quite young, and his son, Stephen Decatur, was born at Sinepuxent, in Maryland, on the 5th of January, 1779. The family soon returned from this place to Philadelphia, having left the city only during the period of its occupation by the British army.

At an academy in Philadelphia Stephen received the usual education preparatory to an admission to college, and he afterwards spent a year in the Pennsylvania University. At school he was remembered as a frank and high-spirited lad, active and daring in disposition, well skilled in all the exercises and games of the play-ground, a leader in every boyish prank, and very prompt to requite an injury with a blow, whatever might be the size and strength of his antagonist. With such a temperament, he was not likely to make much progress in study, and he frankly confessed to his parents and schoolmates, that he was weary of thumbing grammars and dictionaries, and longed to be active in the business of the world. His time at the academy and college, however, was by no means

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wasted. He learned quickly his assigned task, though he studied only from a sense of duty. He had conceived, almost from infancy, an extraordinary liking for the profession of his father and grandfather, and circumstances contributed to foster this inclination. When he was but eight years old, he was sent upon a voyage with his father for the benefit of his health, which was then delicate. Among his earliest recollections, therefore, were the fitful aspects of the sea, and the almost romantic excitement of a sailor's life. The favorite amusements of his leisure hours at school were boating, swimming, and fashioning miniature ships.

It is seldom worth while to oppose a boy's choice of a profession, fanciful though it may be, when it is manifested early and maintained with firmness. Decatur's parents attempted to curb his inclination, but with small success; his father had had ample experience of the hardships and dangers that attend a life on the ocean, and it was difficult for a mother's anxious tenderness to consent to the frequent and prolonged absence of her son from home. When his weariness of sedentary pursuits had risen to disgust, they yielded so far as to withdraw him from college, and place him in a counting-room, that he might prepare for mercantile life. This was one step gained by the boy, but it was insufficient for his desires. He was faithful to his employers, but the time left to his own disposal was diligently devoted to the study of mathematics, that he might qualify himself for command at sea. The only incidents worth remembering at this period in his career are, that he was chosen to make a journey for the purpose of selecting the keelpieces of the frigate United States, then building at Philadelphia, and that he was aboard of her when she was launched. So soon began his acquaintance with the gallant ship that was afterwards to bear his flag in one of the most brilliant naval actions of the last war with England.

The commencement of hostilities with France, in 1798, increased Stephen's eagerness to join the navy, and at last enabled him to gain the reluctant cousent of his parents to this change of pursuit. Measures were adopted for the increase of the naval force of the United States, and for this purpose it was necessary to obtain officers as well as seamen from the merchant service. The elder Decatur had served with distinction during the Revolutionary war, though in com-

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mand only of private armed vessels ; so that the offer of his services to the government at this period was readily accepted. He received his commission as a post-captain in May of this year, was appointed to the command of the Delaware, a vessel of twenty guns, and in her he immediately put to sea. Very soon he had the good fortune to fall in with and capture the French privateer Le Croyable, of fourteen guns, which had already committed great depredations on our commerce, and with this prize he returned to Philadelphia. The effect of this successful cruise on the imagination of young Decatur, already long inflamed with the idea of naval adventure, may be easily imagined. "He had seen his father sail, and bring back in triumph the first of the enemy's cruisers that had been captured, and yet he had not accompanied him." His father was to sail again in July, still in command of the Delaware, accompanying the frigate United States, which was then ready for sea. The commander of the latter, Commodore Barry, becoming acquainted with the character and wishes of young Decatur, obtained a warrant for him without the knowledge of his parents ; and when Stephen showed this to his mother, and renewed his entreaties, she yielded. He joined the United States as midshipman, finding two of his schoolmates already on board, — the present Commodore Stewart, then fourth lieutenant, and Richard Somers, who had received a warrant just before him.

The insignificance of our naval force at this period made it seemingly very hazardous for the United States to begin hostilities with a power which had often contended with England for the empire of the seas. The politicians of that day had decided, in their wisdom, that a navy was a useless expense, and that the best mode of protecting our commerce, then insulted or plundered at will by both the European belligerents, was to retain our merchant-vessels safely in port. This bright idea was cherished by our leading statesmen for a long period, and produced at last those two remarkable experiments in the art of war, the gunboat system and the embargo. Our author gives the following account of the state of our navy at the close of the last century.

"We had at this time only three frigates, the Constitution, the United States, and the Constellation, together with a few small vessels for the protection of the revenue. Of our Revolutionary

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navy nothing remained; the last ship left of it, the beautiful Alliance, which had been pronounced a perfect frigate by the high authority of French constructers and naval men, had been sold in 1785. In 1794, the spoliations of Algiers on our commerce, attended by the cruel enslavement of our seamen, had provoked an act of Congress 'to provide a naval armament,' authorizing the purchase or construction of four frigates of forty-four guns, and two of thirty-six, with the proviso, that, if peace with Algiers should be concluded before their completion, no further expenditure should be made. Before their completion, peace had been obtained by the payment of near a million of dollars in money and presents, among which was a fast-sailing frigate, which might hereafter be engaged in depredating on our commerce, and by stipulating to pay an annual tribute. The same sum would have completed the six frigates, and sent them forth to extort by force, at the cannon's mouth, what was granted to supplication and bribery.

"But the latter expedient was preferred; and peace being thus ingloriously obtained, President Washington in vain urged the completion of the frigates, which might have been placed in the water for half the cost of the treaty. Congress could only be induced to authorize the completion of two of the forty-four, and one of the thirty-six gun frigates, the most advanced, aided by the sale of the perishable part of the materials collected for the whole number. Even the preliminary resolution, 'that a naval force, adequate to the protection of the commerce of the United States against the Algerine corsairs, ought to be provided,' had passed by a majority of only two voices.

"It was urged, that the force was inadequate to the object; that older and more powerful nations bought the friendship of Algiers, and we might honorably imitate their example, or else subsidize some foreign naval power to protect us. These arguments, and the state of feeling that prompted them, are chiefly interesting now as affording a point of comparison, whereby to estimate our advancement in national spirit and pride; an advancement in no slight degree due to the character and deeds of the subject of this memoir. To the forbearance of the Congress of that day, in selling only three of the six frigates which had been commenced, instead of the whole number, we owe the existence of the Constitution, the United States, and the Constellation, with all their associations of glory." — pp. 19, 20.

Decatur continued in the frigate during nearly the whole of the war, but had no opportunity of distinguishing himself, except by activity and zeal in performing his ordinary duties,

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and by the quick attainment of knowledge and skill in the several branches of his profession. These qualities led to his promotion to a lieutenancy, when he was but twenty years of age, and had served only one year as midshipman. At this early period, also, occurred the first of those actions to which we have already alluded as constituting the only stains on his otherwise bright career. We give the account in Mr. Mackenzie's own words, though we are sorry to quote language so evidently designed to palliate or excuse a wholly indefensible proceeding.

"Whilst the United States was undergoing repairs at Chester, Decatur, who was her fourth and junior lieutenant, was sent to Philadelphia to enter a new crew for her, the sailors being at that time entered but for a single year. Whilst engaged in this duty, some prime seamen, whom he had recruited, subsequently shipped on board of an Indiaman. Decatur took his shipping articles with him, and went on board of the Indiaman, to reclaim his men. The chief mate, being a very high-spirited young fellow, was much vexed at parting with seamen from whose services he had expected much assistance in the performance of his arduous duties on a long voyage. He lost his temper, and permitted himself to use insulting language towards Decatur, and the service in which he was engaged. Decatur kept his temper, refrained from altercation, carried off the men, and subsequently related to his father what had occurred.

"The elder Decatur, looking upon the affair as a military man, and in a view which custom and public opinion sanctioned, came to the conclusion, most painful to a father, that Stephen could not avoid calling the offender to an account. Stephen accordingly sent Somers to ask an apology for the unprovoked aggression. It was refused, and a challenge was sent and accepted.

"Meantime Decatur had finished recruiting, and returned to his ship, which, having been refitted, had dropped down to Newcastle, preparatory to sailing. The mate, too, deferring private business for the present, had gone on with his duties. His ship, being also ready for sea, came down to Newcastle, and anchored near the United States. The mate now came on board of the frigate, and, asking for Lieutenant Decatur, told him he was ready to accept his invitation. Decatur immediately accompanied him on shore, but mentioned to Lieutenant Stewart, before he left the ship, that, as he presumed the young man was not expert in the use of arms, although he had offered him an insult wholly unprovoked, he should carefully avoid taking his life, and would shoot him in the hip. They met, Somers being the friend of

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Decatur. Decatur wounded the young man where he had proposed, and remained unhurt himself. The anecdote is chiefly interesting as showing, that, in this affair, in which he was the party aggrieved, and had sought redress with the advice of his father, he was influenced by the same merciful reluctance to take life in a private quarrel, which controlled him on another and more fatal occasion." — pp. 37 – 39.

This is horrible; the father urges his youthful son to fight a duel, and the latter shows his "merciful reluctance to take life" by determining to shoot his adversary only in the hip, — this resolution itself, and the exact fulfilment of it, betraying long practice and much skill in the use of the weapon appropriated to these miserable encounters. He was "the party aggrieved," also; that is, he was the challenger; and his opponent, the young mate of a merchantman, had probably never before held a pistol. We are not told whether the latter was crippled or maimed for life by the magnanimity of his antagonist.

A change in the government of the French republic, which brought Bonaparte into power, led to the conclusion of a treaty with the United States, and extinguished for the present all Decatur's hopes of obtaining distinction in naval war. Congress hastened to carry into practice its system of economy by reducing the navy to a *minimum;* all but thirteen of the ships were directed to be sold, and seven of these were dismantled. Most of the officers, also, were to be discharged, and the selection of those who were to be retained was a delicate and painful duty. Decatur remained as lieutenant, and his younger brother as midshipman; but their father retired, again became engaged in commercial affairs, and continued in this pursuit for the rest of his life. He was a successful and respected merchant.

Our ships of war were hardly dismantled or sold, and the officers and crews discharged, before our government was again informed, through its relations with some of the Barbary powers, of the necessity of maintaining a navy. We had been content to pay tribute to these pirates for some years, thinking that the United States needed not to be ashamed of a policy which had been followed, for a long time, by the leading maritime powers of Europe. But the corsairs could not agree about the division of this black-mail among themselves; each wished to enhance the price of his

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magnanimous engagement not to plunder the commerce of the Christians. The Bashaw of Tripoli had duly received the stipulated tribute; but he complained that we had *given* him nothing, while his brother pirate at Algiers had received from us the present of a fine frigate. Another of his grievances was, that the Bey of Tunis had received nearly as much as himself, which was not granting to the worthy Bashaw that preëminence among pirates which he claimed, and to which, indeed, he was justly entitled. The American government continued to "speak him fair," but being a little apprehensive lest he should help himself to a few *presents* out of our commerce, they concluded to send an armed squadron to watch his motions. This was the more necessary, as their Highnesses of Tunis and Algiers, also, had similar grievances to be redressed, and had begun to hold menacing language towards the mutinous Christian powers. The frigates President, Philadelphia, and Essex, and the schooner Enterprise, were fitted out for the Mediterranean, under Commodore Dale; and Decatur joined the squadron as first lieutenant of the Essex, then commanded by Bainbridge.

"The orders, under which Commodore Dale acted, having been prepared in ignorance of the actual declaration of war against us by Tripoli, contemplated rather precautionary measures, in restraining her cruisers from putting to sea, and depredating on our commerce, than actual hostilities. Nothing beyond restraint, and the consequent protection of our trade, was effected by this squadron, except in a very brilliant action which took place off Malta, between the schooner Enterprise, of twelve light guns, commanded by Lieutenant Sterrett, and the Tripolitan ship Tripoli, of fourteen guns, commanded by Rais Mahomet Sous. The engagement, which the Tripoli began, lasted three hours, when the Tripoli struck, having lost her mizzen mast, and had twenty of her crew killed and thirty wounded. Lieutenant Sterrett, having no orders to make captures, threw all her guns and ammunition overboard, cut away her masts, and completely dismantled her, leaving her only one spar and a single sail to drift back to Tripoli, and bear to the Bashaw the message, that such treatment was the only tribute he would ever receive from Americans." — pp. 52, 53.

After this cruise, which continued about a year, Decatur allowed himself a respite of only two or three weeks, and

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then rejoined the Mediterranean squadron as first lieutenant of the frigate New York, under Captain James Barron. The strength of the squadron was now considerably increased, and its commander had at last received orders which authorized more active proceedings against Tripoli. Decatur was eagerly looking forward to the beginning of hostilities as an opportunity of acquiring distinction; but before he could strike his first blow for his country, he was again involved, though not this time as a principal, in an "affair of honor," as it is called, the tragical issue of which obliged him to return home for a season. While the squadron was lying at Malta, Midshipman Bainbridge and one of his messmates visited the theatre, and met some British officers there, who seemed disposed to insult them. The remainder of the story may be given in Mr. Mackenzie's own words.

"One of them observed, in allusion to our war with Tripoli, which as yet had certainly not been conducted with special vigor, 'Those Yankees will never stand the smell of powder!' The young Americans went into the lobby to consult about the notice to be taken of this remark, which, whether intended or not to be heard by them, was most grating to their feelings. They were soon followed by the British officers, and, as they walked up and down the lobby, the individual who had made the offensive remark, walking in the contrary direction, ran rudely against Midshipman Bainbridge. The offence was repeated three several times. Convinced, at the third encounter, that the collision resulted from a fixed determination to insult him, Mr. Bainbridge knocked the offender down. The individual who had gone so far out of his way to insult an unoffending boy, and that boy a foreigner, enjoying the hospitalities of a country where the insulter was at home, proved to be no less a personage than the secretary of Sir Alexander Ball, the governor.

"He was a professed duellist, and had sought this occasion to practise his art, whilst he showed his mingled aversion and contempt for Americans, a fashionable feeling among the English of that day. A challenge from the duellist was received by Mr. Bainbridge on board the New York on the following morning. Bainbridge was equally unskilled in the use of the pistol and the code of duelling. He was about to accept the invitation, and make use of the agency of a friend as young and inexperienced as himself, when Decatur, being informed of the occurrence, sent for Bainbridge, telling him that his antagonist was a professed duellist, who meant to take his life, and would do it if they two boys went out together, and offered himself to act as his friend.

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"Decatur now appeared and returned the answer to the challenge. As the friend of the challenged party, he selected pistols for the weapons, fixed the distance at four yards, and the word to be given, 'Take aim,' and to fire at the word 'Fire.' The second of the challenger objected to these terms, and proposed ten paces. He said to Decatur, 'This looks like murder, Sir.' Decatur replied, 'No, Sir; this looks like death, but not like murder. Your friend is a profound duellist; mine is wholly inexperienced. I am no duellist, but I am acquainted with the use of the pistol. If you insist upon ten paces, I will fight your friend at that distance.' The Englishman replied, 'We have no quarrel with you, Sir.' Decatur refusing to consent to any modification of his terms, unless he was substituted for Joseph Bainbridge, the parties met upon that footing. Decatur gave the word, 'Take aim,' and kept their pistols extended until he observed the hand of the Englishman to become unsteady. He then gave the word, 'Fire.' Bainbridge's ball passed through his adversary's hat. The Englishman, sure of his man at ten paces, missed Bainbridge entirely.

"Decatur now informed young Bainbridge, that he could not save his life unless he fired low. It was the business of the Englishman, who had given the first offence wholly without provocation, to offer atonement; but no such offer was made. The combatants were again placed face to face, the word given as before, and the Englishman fell mortally wounded below the eye." — pp. 56 – 58.

Sir Alexander Ball demanded that Bainbridge and Decatur should be given up, to be tried by the civil courts for violation of law; and we could wish that the request had been complied with. But the American commodore chose to evade it by sending both the officers home for a season.

Decatur was absent a little over four months, and then came back and took command of the schooner Enterprise. Soon after he returned, the frigate Philadelphia was captured by the Tripolitans, having grounded on a rock in their harbour, where she was exposed to an overwhelming force. This was a serious loss, diminishing the strength of Preble's squadron nearly one half, while the frigate in the hands of the enemy added much to the defences of their port. Decatur conceived the daring plan of recapturing the frigate in a night attack and either bringing her out of the harbour, or destroying her by fire. The commodore consented that he should make the attempt, and the prize ketch Intrepid was fitted out

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for this purpose as a fire-ship, and placed under his command, with a crew of seventy volunteers. He was accompanied by the brig Siren, under his old friend Stewart, to pick up his boats and crew, in case he should find it necessary to fire the ketch as well as the frigate.

"In order to form a just estimate of the hazard of Decatur's proposed attack, it should be premised that the Philadelphia had forty guns mounted. These were double-shotted, and kept ready for firing. A full complement of men to serve her batteries was kept constantly on board of her. She was moored within half gun-shot of the Bashaw's castle, and the Molehead and Crown batteries, and within effective range of ten other batteries, the whole mounting together one hundred and fifteen guns of heavy calibre. Three Tripolitan cruisers, mounting together twenty-six guns, two galleys, and nineteen gunboats, lay between her and the shore, at distances from her of from two to three cables' length. All these vessels were in like manner fully manned and kept ready for an attack. Such were the formidable defences which protected the Philadelphia, when Decatur with his little ketch of sixty tons, mounting four small guns, and having a crew of seventy-five souls, undertook her capture and destruction." — p. 70.

The Intrepid entered the harbour at seven o'clock in the evening, under a very light wind, which gradually died away, so that it was nearly ten before the ketch came within hail of the frigate. Decatur's officers and crew had each an assigned station and service, to board with him, to guard the several decks of the frigate, to fire her in many places, or to remain in the ketch, and provide for retreat when the object was effected. As the Philadelphia began to loom up in the obscurity, under the faint beams of a crescent moon, the heart of every one of her assailants beat high with anxiety and excitement. Decatur stood at the helm, with the pilot and an Italian interpreter; the men were hidden under the bulwarks, and a few officers alone remained standing, to represent the crew. He had intended to run under the Philadelphia's bows, and to board over her forecastle; but the wind had entirely ceased, and the Intrepid was becalmed within a hundred yards of her prey.

"The moon, which still lingered above the horizon, enabled Decatur to see ten or twelve of the crew looking over her hammock-rail. Decatur was now hailed from the Philadelphia, and

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ordered to keep off. The pilot, Catalano, as previously instructed by Decatur, promptly answered that they had lost their anchors in the late gale under Cape Mesurado. He asked to be permitted to run a warp to the frigate, and ride by her until anchors could be obtained from the shore.

"The Tripolitan captain, recognized by Catalano to be the interlocutor, asked what brig that was in the offing; for, notwithstanding their precautions, the Siren had been seen. Catalano, with great tact, replied, that it was the Transfer, a former British man-of-war, which had been purchased for the Tripolitans at Malta, and whose arrival at Tripoli was anxiously expected.

"During this conversation, the Intrepid's boat, which lay ready with a rope led from the bow of their vessel, shoved off; and, pulling to the fore chains of the Philadelphia, made the end fast to one of the ring-bolts of her fore chains. A boat from the Philadelphia brought a rope from the after part of the ship, and passed it into the Intrepid's boat, which returned with it on board. A few of the crew began to haul on the lines, and the Intrepid was drawn gradually towards the Philadelphia. Some distrust was now awakened among the Tripolitans in the boat which had brought the line. They raised the cry of 'Americanos,' and it was repeated in terror throughout the ship. The Intrepid was repeatedly ordered off, and Decatur observed them taking the tompions out of the guns in readiness to fire. The surprise was not therefore perfect; the alarm had been given, the real country, character, and intentions of the visiters recognized, and the struggle seemed likely to prove sanguinary.

"As the vessels came in contact, Decatur sprang at the main chains of the Philadelphia, calling out, 'Board!' He clambered over the channels and rail, and reached the enemy's deck, being preceded an instant by Midshipman Charles Morris, and followed in the next by Midshipman Laws; and quickly, in succession, as they could find space to ascend through the gangway, the ports, and over the rail, by all the officers and crew, to the number of sixty, the remainder having been detailed to guard the ketch. Whilst they were mustering upon the quarter deck, the crew of the Philadelphia had also got up from below, and collected in a confused mass on the forecastle and in the gangways. Decatur waited in silence until his followers had collected around him, when, forming a front with his men across the deck, and placing himself at their head, he rushed, sword in hand, upon the Tripolitans. There was a contest, but, as Decatur reported, 'a short' one. The resistance was soon overcome. Crowded together, and trampling upon each other in the disorderly attempt

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to escape, the Tripolitans were either cut down or driven overboard, until not an enemy remained on the spar deck.

"The American officers and men, now separating according to their stations, quickly overcame all resistance below, cutting down or driving overboard whomsoever they encountered. Many of the Tripolitans escaped in a boat which lay alongside; some may have reached the neighbouring cruisers and gunboats; many found a watery grave. Five minutes sufficed to clear the ship of every enemy. At the end of that time, or a very little later, Decatur found himself on the quarter deck of the Philadelphia, in full possession of that ship, and destined to be her last, as his father had been her first, commander." — pp. 73 – 75.

No firearms were used, all was carried by the sword. But the noise of the scuffle, the clash of arms, and the shrieks of the wounded, were heard on shore and among the Tripolitan cruisers, which were at anchor within one or two cables' length of the frigate. The alarm thus given, it was evident that the huge ship could not be got under weigh before the fire of the whole armament in the harbour would be directed upon her. The combustibles were therefore handed up from the ketch, and the plan arranged for destroying the frigate was carried into effect.

"Soon the sharp crackling of the flames gave sure indication that the destroying element had in turn assumed its mastery over the devoted vessel, to give way to no new conqueror. Clouds of smoke and flashes of flame began to issue from the ports and mount the hatchways. Decatur now ordered his followers to return to the Intrepid. They descended quickly, yet without confusion, and without accident, accompanied by a wounded Tripolitan, whom humanity forbade them to abandon to the horrible fate which probably awaited many of his comrades concealed in the recesses of the vessel.

"When all were safely assembled on the deck of the Intrepid (for so admirably had the service been executed, that not a man was missing, and only one slightly wounded), Decatur gave the order to cut the fasts and shove off. The necessity for prompt obedience and exertion was urgent. The flames had now gained the lower rigging, and ascended to the tops; they darted furiously from the ports, flashing from the quarter gallery round the mizzen of the Intrepid, as her stern dropped clear of the ship. To estimate the perils of their position, it must be borne in mind that the fire had been communicated by these fearless men to the near neighbourhood of both magazines of the Philadelphia.

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The Intrepid herself was a fire-ship, having been supplied with combustibles, a mass of which, ready to be converted into the means of destroying other vessels of the enemy, if the opportunity should offer, lay in barrels on her quarter deck, covered only with a tarpaulin.

"With destruction thus encompassing them within and without, Decatur and his brave followers were unmoved. Calmly they put forth the necessary exertion, breasted the Intrepid off with spars, and, pressing on their sweeps, caused her slowly to withdraw from the vicinity of the burning mass. A gentle breeze from the land came auspiciously at the same moment, and wafted the Intrepid beyond the reach of the flames, bearing with it, however, a shower of burning embers, fraught with danger to a vessel laden with combustibles, had not discipline, order, and calm self-possession been at hand for her protection. Soon this peril was also left behind, and Decatur and his followers were at a sufficient distance to contemplate securely the spectacle which the Philadelphia presented. Hull, spars, and rigging were now enveloped in flames. As the metal of her guns became heated, they were discharged in succession from both sides, serving as a brilliant salvo in honor of the victory, and not harmless for the Tripolitans, as her starboard battery was fired directly into the town.

"The town itself, the castles, the minarets of the mosques, and the shipping in the harbour were all brought into distinct view by the splendor of the conflagration. It served also to reveal to the enemy the cause of their disaster in the little Intrepid, as she slowly withdrew from the harbour. The shot of the shipping and castles fell thickly around her, throwing up columns of spray, which the brilliant light converted into a new ornament of the scene. Only one shot took effect, and that passed through her top-gallant sail. Three hearty American cheers were now given in mingled triumph and derision. Soon after, the boats of the Siren joined company, and assisted in towing the Intrepid out of the harbour." — pp. 77–79.

The effect of this daring exploit was at once to place the name of Decatur high upon the list of the most distinguished naval officers. His commodore immediately recommended him for instantaneous promotion to the rank of post-captain; the government at home readily adopted the suggestion, and his commission was sent to him, dated on the day of the burning of the Philadelphia. His brother officers, seniors in command, who were passed over by this promotion, willingly acquiesced in it, and Congress passed a com-

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plimentary resolution, ordering a sword to be presented to him. Before the news arrived in the Mediterranean of the honors thus heaped upon him, he had earned a fresh title to them by still more brilliant achievements in the harbour of Tripoli.

Commodore Preble had made preparations, though with a very insufficient force, to bombard the town, and to make a simultaneous attack with gunboats upon the Tripolitan flotilla, which could not be assailed by the larger vessels, as it was protected by reefs and shoals. Six of these boats, very defective in construction and equipment, had been borrowed for this purpose of the king of Naples. They were arranged in two divisions of three boats each, the first division being commanded by Somers, and the second by Decatur. The object of attack was a flotilla of nineteen gunboats, protected by a ten-gun brig, several armed schooners and galleys, and batteries on shore that mounted one hundred and fifteen heavy guns. There is hardly a record in naval history of an attack made with such disparity of force, and crowned with entire success. Each of Decatur's boats singled out an opponent, ran on board of her, and carried her after a desperate fight, hand to hand, with pikes and cutlasses. As Decatur was conveying his own prize out of the harbour, news was brought to him that his brother's boat had engaged and captured one of the largest of the enemy's squadron. She had struck, but as James Decatur was stepping on board to take possession, he was shot through the head by her commander. Grief and indignation urged Decatur to an imprudent and reckless attempt to obtain revenge. Leaving most of his crew in the prize, he pushed off in his own boat towards that of his brother's murderer, pursued her within the enemy's lines, ran on board, and jumped on her deck, followed only by one officer and nine men. This fearful inequality of numbers made the result of the conflict doubtful for twenty minutes; three of the Americans were already disabled by wounds.

"At length Decatur was able to single out the treacherous commander, conspicuous no less by gigantic size than by the ferocity with which he fought, and to meet him face to face. Decatur was armed with a cutlass, the Turk with a heavily ironed boarding-pike. As the latter made a thrust at Decatur, he struck it violently with his cutlass, in the hope of severing the

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head; but his cutlass, coming in contact with the iron, broke at the hilt, and left him without a weapon. Many a brave man thus disarmed might have turned to seek another weapon. But Decatur stood his ground, and, attempting with his right arm to parry the next thrust of his antagonist, received the point of it in his arm and breast. Tearing the weapon from the wound, he succeeded, likewise, by a sudden jerk, in wresting it from the hands of his adversary, who immediately grappled him; and, after a fierce and prolonged struggle, both fell with violence on the deck, Decatur being uppermost. During this time, the crews, rushing to the aid of their respective commanders, joined in furious conflict round their persons. A Tripolitan officer, who had got behind Decatur, aimed an unseen blow at his head, which must have decided his fate, had not a young man by the name of Reuben James, who had lost the use of both arms by wounds, rushed in and intercepted the descending cimeter with his own head, thus rescuing his beloved commander by an act of heroic self-sacrifice which has never been surpassed.

"Just then the Tripolitan, exerting to the uttermost his superior strength, succeeded in turning Decatur, and, getting upon him, held him to the deck with an iron clutch of his left hand, whilst, thrusting his right beside him, he drew from his sash the shorter of two yataghans, which, for the very purpose of such close work, he carried in the same sheath. The moments of Decatur's existence seemed numbered; scarce an interval remained to breathe a prayer for mercy in another world; a second brother was about to perish beneath the rage of the fierce Tripolitan. But the cool courage and fertile resources of Decatur came to his rescue in this extremity. Disengaging his left hand, he caught the right of the Tripolitan, stayed the yataghan as it was about to drink his blood, and, thrusting his own right hand into his pantaloons' pocket, suceeeded in cocking a pistol which he had there, and, giving it the proper direction, fired. The Tripolitan relaxed his hold, and Decatur, disengaging himself from the heap of wounded and slain which the struggle had gathered around him, stood again that day a victor on the enemy's deck." —pp. 91–93.

We would gladly follow Commander Mackenzie's clear and spirited account of the other engagements before Tripoli, in which Decatur fully sustained his now brilliant reputation, and which finally compelled the Bashaw to make peace on reasonable terms. But we have said and quoted enough to show the character and merits of Decatur, and the attractiveness of this biography of him, which is a model of lively

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narrative and vivid description. The remainder of the work, as it is mostly occupied with an account of some brilliant naval actions in the war of 1812, the story of which is already familiar to most American readers, may be passed over very hurriedly. The capture of the Macedonian and the loss of the President almost equally enhanced the reputation of Decatur, and showed that the glare of uninterrupted success was not necessary to the continuance of his popularity and fame.

In one respect, the successful issue of the Tripolitan war proved rather an injury than a benefit to the American navy. It encouraged the preposterous theory, that fortifications and gunboats were sufficient for coast defence, while cruising vessels were costly superfluities. The excitement of party politics first gave currency to this pernicious error, and Congress blindly followed it for several years. The consequence was, that, at the beginning of the last war with England, our naval force consisted of five frigates, two of which were unseaworthy, and a few smaller vessels. A law passed some time before had reduced the number of seamen on the peace establishment to what was hardly the complement of a single ship of the line. While the English fleets were sweeping the seas, the cabinet thought it imprudent for this petty force to venture out of harbour; though we cannot see why they dreaded the loss of an armament which they believed to be worthless. The spirited remonstrances of Captains Bainbridge and Stewart prevented this craven suggestion from going into effect; the ships were allowed to sail, and in less than six months the little navy had fought itself into a degree of popularity and renown which the politicians of no subsequent day have dared to attack.

Naval contests are the most brilliant and imposing of all the forms of war. They are attended with much of the pomp and circumstance of battle, with much that appeals strongly to the imagination, and kindles some of the most generous and noble feelings of our nature. We may raise the gorgeous curtain of victory, it is true, and see behind it enough of the sickening details of bloodshed and personal suffering to inspire a general detestation of warlike triumphs. But these are smaller, in proportion to the brilliancy of the result obtained, than the frightful consequences of a battle in which large armies are arrayed against each other; and they are ac-

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companied by many circumstances that dignify and support the sufferers, and lessen the sense of bereavement to the survivors. Patriotic and chivalrous sentiments are more fully developed in the naval than the land service; the inevitable horrors of a conflict are never aggravated by personal hate; and the generous combatants themselves so willingly barter suffering and death for fame, that we are more inclined to congratulate than to pity them. The sailor identifies himself with his ship and his country, and exults so heartily in their triumph that he feels not his own wounds, and the near approach even of the king of terrors cannot appall him. And the fury of actual conflict is so quickly followed by the generous feeling of pity and respect for the vanquished, that the injury already done seems almost to have been involuntary; the nobleness of the victor makes us forget the stain on the homicide. In several instances, as in that of the Hornet and the Peacock, some of the conquerors have sacrificed their own lives in the attempt to rescue a drowning enemy. The code of naval etiquette, both before and after the real engagement, preserves some of the noblest features of the institution of chivalry. We offer no apology for the horrors of war, however disguised; but if the progress of civilization and Christianity cannot do away with them entirely, let us pray that they may be confined to the sea.

Commander Mackenzie's book is a fine specimen of naval biography, thoroughly imbued with the spirit of his calling. To our own seamen it must become what Southey's fascinating Life of Nelson has long been to the members of the British navy, the text-book of excellence in the service, the authentic and striking portrait of the favorite hero of the profession. Our author, indeed, has this advantage over Southey, that, while he writes with equal fluency and spirit, his long experience at sea, and his sympathy with a brother officer and sailor, give a precision and vivacity to his record of naval exploits which a landsman can never obtain. If he has fallen a little into the common error of excessive admiration of his subject, the judicious reader will easily make the necessary deductions from the eulogy, and pardon the natural and characteristic enthusiasm which sometimes distorts the writer's vision. This fault is most apparent in the too lenient notice that he takes of the great stain upon Decatur's life and character, to which we have already alluded. The prac-

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tice of duelling is rebuked, it is true; but not in that earnest and indignant tone which we have now a right to expect, in the advanced state of public opinion on the subject, not merely from the professed moralist, but from every man of just and humane feelings. Decatur, above all men, could have afforded to despise and resist the common prejudice of his profession on this point. His reputation for personal courage stood so high, that any man who had dared to impugn it would have met only the derision of the community. But he had evidently a secret pride in his fame as a duellist, and he gave to the detestable practice the sanction of his name and example long after his influence was such, that, if properly exerted, he might have banished it from the service. Besides the instances already mentioned, in 1818, he acted as second to Commodore Perry in a duel, and in less than two years afterwards he threw away his own life in a similar encounter with Barron.

The story of Decatur's death is told in a plain and succinct manner, with little comment, the deficiency being supplied by the publication in the Appendix of the whole correspondence between the parties. These letters are quite long, and fully disclose the grounds of the fatal quarrel, and the manner in which it was brought to a crisis. We think they do honor to neither of the writers, or rather that they afford no palliation of their guilt. Decatur does not seem to desire a hostile meeting, but he maintains throughout a lofty and scornful manner which would have goaded almost any person into a frantic attempt to obtain revenge. Barron shuffles and negotiates in order to gain a few paltry advantages in the arrangements for the duel, and to throw off upon his opponent the responsibility of giving the challenge. He seems to desire an encounter, and still to shrink from it, so that the correspondence extends over a period of eight or nine months. Barron sought restitution of his rank in the navy after his suspension on account of the affair of the Chesapeake, and after his absence from this country during the whole of the war of 1812. Decatur was then one of the commissioners of the navy, and strenuously opposed granting the request, commenting very freely upon Barron's past conduct, but declaring that he did so from a sense of official duty, and without any feeling of personal enmity. After a long correspondence, reproachful on one side, and contemptuous on the

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other, these expressions led to a duel, Barron giving the challenge. They met at Bladensburg, on the 22d of March, 1820, and both fell, severely wounded at the first fire. Decatur had again manifested his "merciful reluctance" to take life, by declaring that he would only wound his opponent in the hip; and again he kept his word. His own wound proved mortal, and he died a few hours afterwards, maintaining unbroken fortitude and composure to the last.

ART. IX. — *Hochelaga; or England in the New World.* Edited by ELIOT WARBURTON, Esq., Author of The Crescent and the Cross. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1846. 2 vols. 12mo.

WE find nothing very attractive or inviting in the title of the work before us. It professes to be the ancient name of Canada; it may have been used by aboriginal historians, but the oldest inhabitant would probably be somewhat puzzled to hear of Hochelaga as the place of his birth, and modern ones have never heard it, unless their lines have fallen in latitudes very different from ours. The title of a book, like a lamp at the street-door, is expected to throw some light on what we are to enter; if it cannot render this friendly service, it may as well be taken down. Even so do we say of this name, which, like a horn lantern, gives darkness rather than light. The author represents himself as a middle-aged person, well to do in the world. Perhaps he has reached that blissful elevation to which Gobbo aspired, when he should no longer acknowledge his friends, — "And if his name be George, I 'll call him Peter." But whatever satisfaction he may find in it, we would venture to assure him, if he were within the reach of our counsel, that no one will ever thank him for using a term that sounds poetical, in place of one that can be understood.

The book purports to have been written by one hand, and arranged and beautified by another; and in this intimation there is nothing deceptive, though the traveller is doubtless somewhat younger than he professes to be. At least, middle-aged, corpulent gentlemen, of bachelor habits, are not the most likely

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of the human race to be carried away by the charms of moose-hunting in an unsettled country. It seems very probable that an editor has applied his hand to it, which is not often done with much effort; his solemn and deliberate speculations are not apt to chime well with the off-hand notes of the journal. The name of Eliot Warburton, who introduces it to the public, is familiar to our readers as the author of a work on the East, a sensible and labored effort, but not so animated and sprightly as a traveller's book should be. Nothing vexes a reader more, when he is expecting a description of things as they are, than to have the pedigree of every city and kingdom patiently set down, speculations on the past and future long drawn out, and volumes of information condensed to instruct him, when all his curiosity turns to the visible and present, and he would rather have ten words of fresh and clear description than acres of philosophical discussion of the same things as they were before the flood. There is something of this communicativeness in the work before us, particularly in the Canadian part. It reminds us of those kind-hearted but uninteresting members of society, who, when they hear a name, start off on a steeple-chase after the line and ancestry to which it belongs. Well written as many parts of these travels are, we lament this kind of heaviness, and are well content that our country, having no past behind it, cannot serve as a subject for such dissertations, but rejoices in a history clear and easily traced as the course of the St. Lawrence from Ontario to the sea.

The first part of this work is wholly given to Canada, its aspect, interests, and affairs; and of these he speaks with English feeling certainly, but without drawing too jealous a contrast between them and those of the adjacent States. The friends of English authority in those regions have some right to complain of the meddling *Sympathizers* who tormented them a few years ago. They were made up in part of those birds of prey who have nothing to do but watch for the buffalo that may be hunted down. Finding that there was likely to be trouble and disaffection in Canada, they turned to it by natural instinct, like doves to their windows; and, as one or two repudiating States impart the ill-savor of their names to the union, which loathes them as much as it is in nature to do, these untimely vagrants were considered as representing the feeling and fair fame of their country. By reversing the

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cases, and imagining gentlemen of this same stamp to have visited us on similar errands, we can better understand how the loyal Canadians feel toward us. They cannot conceive why an executive, which talks of constitutional restraints, but seems always to do just what it pleases, could not, as it professed to desire, abate the nuisance that troubled them. They well knew what uproar would be made in our States, if British Americans should manifest a similar sympathy with us, and with what warmth of hospitality our people would chase them home, relieving them perhaps from the trouble of carrying their empty heads with them. It would not be surprising either, if the signs of the times should give them some uneasiness as to what course our government, in some future day, might think it expedient, or, what is the same thing, popular, to pursue. No one can calculate on the conscience of politicians, without looking to the weather-vane ; wherever the public feeling and fancy turn, they think it their unquestionable duty to go. The mother country has so often set the example of helping herself to any territory that happened to suit her taste, discoursing all the while most touchingly to other nations on the sin of covetousness and extortion, that her motherly influence has produced quite an effect on her daughter. She, too, is beginning to fix an avaricious and grasping eye on the estates of other people round her, and if they do not happen to be strong enough to keep them, she may very possibly follow the course of England in India, and consider all she can get as her own. The great Christian nations of the world could not protest against such proceedings with much effect, being all the while engaged in some not very honest sequestrations of their own. There is nothing in the prevailing theory of public morals to prevent such appropriations, save the chance of being successfully resisted ; of this, should an attempt be made on Canada, there might be some danger ; and as there is no great domestic interest to be favored by it, many years may elapse before our civil moralists make the discovery that British America is, without knowing it, a part of the United States, and as our fathers drave out the heathen, it is our duty to claim and inclose our own.

In connection with these apprehensions of future conflict with the American union, the author of this work indulges in some remarks, which, if he is a soldier, as he is said to be,

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show a great superiority to the common tone of his brother officers, who are quite apt to exult in such prospects as delightful dreams of profit and honor to themselves, though they must necessarily bring distress and sorrow to great numbers of mankind. There is so much in military service to pervert the moral impressions, and to give names of duty and honor to enterprises which the conscience pronounces unjust and dishonorable, that it is almost a phenomenon to hear a military man speaking with a clear-sighted exemption from these prevailing delusions. He expresses the hope, that the English and American States on this continent may be rivals only in those arts of peace which tend to the benefit and blessing of mankind, and not in those works of death in which there can be no real victory nor gain, but where each injury which one nation does to another is a blow struck against its own welfare, since the real interests of all countries are inseparably one. Still more, he expresses a hope, that, in some day not distant, the stern and sad necessity of the sword may be everywhere done away. In this hope, or rather wish, we join him with all our hearts; but since this necessity is wholly of man's own making, and the human race are so ingenious and well trained in that sort of manufacture, we hardly expect to see the pruning-hook and ploughshare exalted above the sword and spear in the general estimation of mankind.

In passing from the British to the American States our author of course visited Niagara, and his account of that wonderful scene has much interest in it, because it is business-like and unpretending, and he does not labor to put into language what words have no power to tell. But he takes notice of some points in the scene which are little noticed by others, who have enriched the world with desperately fine descriptions; such as the cedars, so graceful in form and foliage, overhanging the cliffs and leaning to see the falling waters, and removing all traces of wildness from a view which would otherwise be as savage as it is grand. His experience accords with that of many others, that they could not awake to any full impression of the sublimity of the vision, till they had seen it and pondered it from Table Rock. For beauty is the prevailing spirit of the place; the American fall, the island which separates it from the great cataract, the woods, the rainbows, the colored waters, are all beautiful; indeed, the whole scene is as singularly beautiful as any thing on

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earth can be. But one passage escapes him, which makes his correctness of taste a matter of doubt. He says of the cataract, that, when night came, — "It seemed reckless waste to keep it going still, while its glorious beauty was hidden from mortal view." Surely, to speak of it as a show got up to astonish the natives, and depending for its value upon the spectators it might gather, seems almost profane; even the most careless intimation of this sort is not precisely the kind of thought which Niagara might be expected to inspire.

But as we have no room to travel with the author through all his course, we will confine our remarks to his tour in this country, which is but a short one, and yet is more to the purpose than the heavier works of mere professional writers. Flattering it is not; but we do not complain, for it is not the business of a tourist to flatter. He is less influenced by his English feelings than some other travellers, and does not condemn the Americans, as they do, for not having been born and brought up on English ground, — a privilege which, if it be one, is obviously not always within their reach. On one subject, he exercised more valor than discretion; when slavery was mentioned, he considered it the duty of an Englishman to bear witness against it, utterly, unconditionally, whether among friends or foes. Nothing can be objected, certainly, to the openness of this course, or to the truth and justness of his feeling; we should be ready to accede to all that he would say; the only point to which we should ask his attention is, what good the testimony of an Englishman can be likely to do. None of these philanthropic voices, now so officious in their humanities, were lifted up against the opium war, in which thousands of almost unresisting Chinese were slaughtered; no conscience was troubled about the bloody proceedings in India; nor does any one concern himself about the poor New Zealanders, whose fate it is to be hunted down. But when England comes to us with blood on her face and hands, and preaches somewhat pertly about our sins, with an amiable unconsciousness of her own, we cannot help thinking that she would not be the worse for "a cogfu' o' water," before she lectures her friends. Indeèd, it may be doubted whether the instructions of wolves to their offspring on subjects of humanity and morals ever sink very deep into their youthful hearts. We

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should be sorry to deprive her sons and daughters of the clear comfort which they take, in thus flourishing their consciences without any expense to themselves ; but as the power of reproof always depends very much on the quarter from which it comes, it will be some time before this English sensibility to all sins except their own will take effect on the American heart.

Our traveller, as he came through New York, was struck with the appearance of prosperity everywhere, the striking result and manifestation of what unfettered industry can do. At first, he was somewhat confounded by the incessant activity and bustle ; but he soon became infected by it, and dashed in and out of railroad-cars and stations with as much headlong precipitation as any Yankee of them all. Some things annoyed him, as well they might, though he says but little about them. The Hottentot fashion, for such it certainly is, in which meals are devoured at our public tables, is a remnant of barbarism, which it is impossible to deny, and foolish to defend. Instead of being angry when any one remarks upon its coarseness, the better way is to endeavour to correct it by precept, ridicule, and example ; not so much, however, to gain the applause of foreign travellers, as to save ourselves from dyspeptic visitations and untimely graves ; perhaps, too, to avoid a resemblance to him, not exemplary in this respect, who despatched an ox and picked his teeth with the horn. Still more idle is it to resent what foreigners say of our spitting, when, if all that is thus ejected in any given moment were collected into a single current, it would make another Yellowstone river. To be sure, we have not a monopoly of these luxuries ; other nations are about as much accustomed as we are to the use of tobacco, in some of its filthy varieties of form. But since their being as bad as we are does not make us any better, we may as well confess the sin and shame, and endeavour to save the rising generation from the infection of impure examples. In all this, we have spoken much more largely than he does of those offences against decency and good manners, which he could not but see, and with which he had a right to be disgusted. We trust that he is not one of those many Englishmen who, as they travel in our country, offend all civilized persons yet more, by an incessant and horrible profaneness, compared with which these transgressions against propriety

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are few and small. It will not do for wretches who shock the ears of all round them by a villanous blasphemy, to complain that the society in which they travel wants an elegant and graceful tone; their notes collect about them other unclean birds of the same feather with their own, and instead of seeing the homes of America, they get their impressions from inmates of the stable and the bar. Admitting, to the full extent of truth, all that is charged upon us by English travellers, we see some explanation of their impressions in the tone of the select society into which habits of this kind would have a natural tendency to throw them.

But while this sensible and good-natured traveller, who is a person probably of a different stamp, says but little of offensive peculiarities which he encountered, and gives high praise to the American character in the main, he is discriminating in his perception both of defects and virtues; it is not that he does not see the one, but he more enjoys acknowledging the other. He says that we are absurdly jealous of the opinion of foreigners concerning our country, which is too generally true; we resent their observing the very things which we scold about from morning till night, as if we expected every one who visits our country to see it best by shutting his eyes. He says that we are touched in every thought and feeling by the passion for traffic; which, allowing for a figure of speech, is true. But we apprehend that people elsewhere have some little taste for money, and what money will buy, which is about the same; and this only proves that innumerable avenues to prosperity and gain are open in this country which are closed in most others, and not that the love of gold is peculiar to ourselves, and unknown in foreign lands. He says that we are jealous and boastful, which is also true; but not to such an extent as might be supposed by one who does not remember that flattery is here addressed to the sovereign people as it is elsewhere to the crowned head; and where a good price is paid for such articles, the market will always have a full supply.

As to the want of independence which is charged upon us, it is hard to say what it means. It is the common cant of parties, to say, that, if every one spoke his real convictions, his language would be the same as theirs. If it means that we surrender our right to form opinions, we answer that the dictation of party is not stronger here than in other lands; it

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always seals up many lips and keeps many spirits in prison. But what misleads the Englishman is a natural reserve, which makes many of us slow to form a judgment, and slower still to express a judgment which we have had no means of forming. What nonsense to talk of the want of freedom of thought! When every thing, good or bad, wise or foolish, decent or depraved, is everywhere blurted out, in the house and by the way, from tongues, pulpits, and presses without number; when every head spins with confusion at the multitude of original ideas and suggestions which are constantly stuffed into its ears and eyes; when no harm awaits the man who comes forward with his parable, whether it be holy or profane, save that of not being listened to, — it passes one's patience to hear of the suppression of thought. We see many who produce their whims and fancies, both in politics and religion; and when the quiet common-sense of the land rejects them with coolness and indifference, sufficiently provoking to those who have them at heart, they ascribe it, not to their own ambitious folly, but to the want of independence in the public mind. Foreigners have struck into the same keynote, when they might see, that, even in the respect felt for every thing English, which is so common, there is an evident contempt of popularity. The love of the mother-land is not the passion which burns highest in the hearts of our people; and it is the one which, if individuals cared for popular favor, they would be most tempted to suppress.

Having freely stated what he conceives to be the weak points of the Americans, the writer goes on to admit that they are "brave, hospitable, and friendly; keen, intelligent, and energetic; patriotic, generous, and lovers of liberty"; — great and substantial virtues, which must, of course, in the present state of human nature, be balanced by a large proportion of shade. That his favorable verdict is not owing to his having met with nothing but sunshine is made clear by his account of an interview with a shoemaker in Saratoga, — a creature utterly unworthy of his useful profession, and who could only contribute to its success by furnishing bristles for waxed ends.

The name of Saratoga recalls the surrender of Burgoyne; and after saying that the ill success of that expedition was owing to the difficulties of the country, and the energy of its opposers, our author expresses some wonder that so little is

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said of Gates in comparison with Washington, when this triumph had so great an effect on the future fortunes of the war. He appears not to know, that Gates was considered as having stepped in to receive the credit of a victory which Schuyler's previous arrangements had been the means of gaining; and that his ill success on subsequent occasions tended to confirm the doubts of his ability which had been entertained before. But more than all, his hostility to Washington was enough to destroy all respect for him in the hearts of the American people. A fatal victory that over Burgoyne would have been, had it produced the effect which some few desired, of intrusting to Gates's feeble hands the conduct of the Revolutionary war. When we read the account of Burgoyne's march, and compare it with the scene of action, it is not quite clear why so much is said of the difficulties of the country. The region is level, the soil sandy, and the forest must always have been light. With the exception of the want of roads, which armies cannot expect to find Macadamized to their hands, there seems no particular obstacle in the region over which the English army passed. The weather, it is true, was unpropitious, supplies were not always forthcoming, and there probably was a depressing effect in the sense of loneliness, which even an army feels in the midst of dark forests, and in the heart of an enemy's country.

This traveller was very much impressed by the bustle and activity of New York, and particularly by the energy of self-restoring power with which it recovers from the effect of the great fires that at times have wasted it. He thinks, and doubtless he is right, that its variety and richness of resources will keep it, as it is now, the capital of the United States. If so, it is unfortunate that it should not be able to exert a greater and better influence on other parts of the land. But it has grown too fast to have the right foundation of moral principle and habit, which only can prevent great cities from being great evils. He was not much delighted with its prevailing aspect. In church-building, on which the appearance of any city so much depends, a better taste begins to prevail. Instead of new and unparalleled inventions, it is thought better to adopt the Gothic, a style which the crowd of associations it awakens, if nothing else, recommends for houses of worship, while the Grecian, which has nothing about it well suited for such a purpose, is rapidly passing away. From

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what he witnessed at public houses, he did not infer that the young Americans were likely to be a church-going people ; out of four hundred visiters at the Astor House, not more than a dozen appeared to go to church anywhere. He should have remembered, that a stranger cannot here, as in England, hire a place in which to attend a single service, and that, in most of our city churches, a visiter in want of a seat is more likely to be invited out than in ; a sort of hospitality which none but persons of very peculiar tastes are ever solicitous to encounter. This is matter of reproach, which ought, if possible, to be done away with ; and there is no better appropriation of religious charity than to provide houses where the poor and the stranger may have the opportunity to attend to the first of human duties.

The author was better pleased with the outward aspect of Philadelphia, as more neat and pleasant, with several handsome public buildings, particularly the banks, those temples to a deity who is too much worshipped in all Christian lands. The Girard college, that monument of the folly of trying to do after death what one has not the heart to do while living, he thinks the finest building on the continent. It certainly answers well to the idea, as well as the plan, of the ancient temples, in which use of any kind was the last thing regarded. When the old banker was indulging his spite at the clergy by forbidding their entrance into the building, he little knew what sort of a privilege it was likely to be. Perhaps the best punishment for his narrowness would be to return to earth to enter it himself, to see how it conforms to his own minute directions, and to count the orphans who are likely to be the better for it ; according to Bossuet's celebrated suggestion, he would make haste back to his grave. But in Philadelphia, as in all our cities, we see that the warehouses and stores are the most satisfactory buildings, because they are not only ornamental, but have the crowning grace of being exactly suited to their purpose. In respect to mere public edifices, men are not so clear as to what they want, and therefore lie at the mercy of pretenders, who abuse their confidence, and play tricks of architecture which are enough to make the angels weep. How little they consult their own taste is painfully evident in many things. There is nothing, for example, that gives our villages so animated and pleasant an aspect as the white houses, when they are so relieved by their green

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blinds and foliage as not to be chalky or glaring. But let some knowing one suggest that this is not in good taste, and people hasten to embellish the landscape with dwellings which, at a little distance, look like cakes of chocolate, or loaves of dyspepsia bread, and then feel perfectly satisfied that the work of beauty is done so that it never can be mended. Our fathers, with unambitious common-sense, built, not what they thought beautiful, but what they wanted, without respect to the eyes of others. Accordingly, as all unpretending things look well in their place, their steep roofs and high gables appear infinitely better than the hipped contrivances to catch the rain and snow which have superseded them, or than the Gothic wall, prevented by fear of the elements from running up into the battlement, which gives to that architecture so much of its effect. It is to be hoped, that, in time, we shall establish in our minds what is wanted in dwellings, churches, and all public buildings ; and thus we may secure for them the advantage of answering their purpose, which may be thought but a humble recommendation, but still is worth securing, since at present they have no recommendation at all.

The author remarks, though without severity, on the outbreaks of popular feeling which have given a name and not a praise to the city of brotherly love. It is in vain to deny that there exists, in many parts of the country, a disposition to take the law into the mob's own hands, which is manifested by persecuting Catholics or any other body of men who happen to be too weak to resist them, and thus to gratify those detestable passions which are so easily stirred in the human breast. There is enough right feeling, however, to make these things, like repudiation, infinitely disgraceful to the places where they can be done ; and some of our States and cities find, that a good name is easy to lose, but exceedingly difficult to regain. Still, the shameful meanness of repudiation and the high-handed villany of mobs are not so alarming as the manner, alluded to by our author, in which popular sympathy is suffered to interfere with the course of law. There have been cases of deliberate murder, which, whatever the provocation may have been, were still murder in the eye of God and the law, the perpetrators of which not only the blind and thoughtless multitude, but those who had sworn to administer the laws, even judges, have been found so basely

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false to their trust, as to release in triumph; and the public feeling, so far from casting down such wretches from the high stations which they dishonored, has actually cheered them, as if for some upright and honorable deed. Though foreigners charge this upon us, it is not false; though some among us may stoutly deny it, it is still true; and as we must live under a government of law or none at all, if such tendencies are not resisted, it cannot be long before the foundations of all authority are torn away.

The city of Baltimore, when the author visited it, brought up in his mind recollections of the last war with England, and he indulges in a strain of remark which shows that he is in utter darkness as to the causes in which it originated. He seems to think that it was a piece of self-indulgence on our part to strike a blow at his country when it was busily engaged with other foes; and that, as soon as those other enemies had been dealt with, the United States at once became peaceful in their disposition, and were glad to lay down their arms. This view of the subject is novel and original; but to those who know any thing about the matter, it is needless to say that it is far to the north of true. The city of Washington he describes as an architectural joke; but it appears to have entertained him. He speaks of admiring the Capitol very much, without being troubled by its faults of execution; the statue of Washington he thought stiff and undignified in its bearing, but redeemed in part by the head. To show how much it is respected, he mentions that some person has written his name, John H. Brown, on the upper lip, after the manner of moustaches, placing himself where the world can determine the interesting question whether he is more knave or fool. With the electric telegraph he was particularly pleased. The arsenal and dock-yard there, as elsewhere, did not strike him with any feeling but respect for the manly bearing of the officers who showed them. When he waited on the president, the colored servant who ushered him in advised him to retain his umbrella, if he did not want somebody "to walk into it." He thought it might savor of disrespect to take it with him, and left it behind as he was entering the presentation-room, where he was followed by his guardian angel, who gave him the umbrella again, with some very serious advice against trusting it out of his own hands. Whether the counsel of the worthy African was founded on his

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general acquaintance with human nature, or his particular experience of the corruption of courts, does not appear ; but it was no doubt wise and necessary, for, unless matters are greatly misrepresented, many things are walked into in Washington, as in all other courts, from which people of delicate conscience would be likely to walk away.

When the traveller arrived in Boston, the hotel was so full that he was obliged to put up with one of three beds in the same apartment ; but after receiving this taste of aboriginal habits, he was taken down into more comfortable quarters. In regard to the inn, he says, that there was a large drawing-room with a piano, and a gay circle was always to be found in it ; but that the smoking-room offered greater attractions to the gentlemen, and in it there was an enormous expenditure of saliva and cigars. No wonder that foreigner's nerves are tried by these filthy exhibitions ; we have never been able to understand why smoking should be allowed within the dwelling, where so many are disgusted and sickened by it, while it is prohibited in the streets, where the atmosphere can be cleansed by the winds of heaven. With the situation and aspect of Boston our author was much pleased ; not so with its architecture, though he has not much to say about it. He visited the different points of interest, and, among others, the monument at Bunker Hill, where, instead of any disparaging remarks, such as are generally heard from English visiters, he simply says, — "It was a gallant fight, and the Americans may well be proud of it." When he visits King's Chapel, and asks the reason why the doctrinal portions of the liturgy are omitted, and their place supplied by Scriptural ascriptions, he is regaled by an explanation of the matter sufficiently original on the part of his informant, who must have relied on the traveller's leaving the city without having time to ask if it was true. He appears to have been very much gratified with the opportunities of social intercourse which he enjoyed in Boston. At a club where he met several gentlemen of high standing, the Oregon question was discussed ; and while they were all in favor of a peaceful arrangement of the difficulty, they seemed unanimous in the opinion, that this country could never grant to England the free navigation of the Columbia river. It illustrates the manner in which trifling matters are made important by party interest or popular feeling, that the free navigation is now conceded, and so completely has the whole matter passed by, one is

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obliged to make an effort to remember what it was which brought forth in Congress so much feeling, and so much eloquence of that kind which blesses neither him who gives nor him who takes, since it is painfully exciting to the one, and wearisome almost unto death to the other.

Our author of course visited the usual resorts in the neighbourhood of Boston, but has only a few words to say for each. The cemetery at Mount Auburn made the same impression on him as on every other person of taste and feeling ; but unless he took occasion to visit it at the same season when he attended the Pilgrim Festival, an account of which comes soon after, it is marvellous that he should speak of the silence as unbroken by the voice of birds, which always abound there, partly in consequence of the protection afforded them, and partly attracted by the rich varieties of the woods. The festival just mentioned gave him considerable satisfaction. He was particularly pleased with an address at the table from Mr. Everett, "whose manner and delivery," he says, "were perfectly gentlemanlike and singularly pleasing, his style classic and finished, without a taint of pedantry, animated eloquent, and totally free from effort, while good taste and kindly feeling were in every sentence he uttered." After the dinner, the arrangements of which were quite satisfactory, he attended the ball in the evening, where he was pleasantly impressed by the beauty of the ladies, and the simple good taste of their dress, of some varieties of which he gives an odd, and to us not very enlightening description ; but was not equally pleased with sundry bipeds who abounded "with every sort of hirsute abomination on their faces, besides ringlets, and flat greasy locks on the back of the head, waistcoats of dazzling magnificence, coats with collars scarcely visible and skirts of enormous size, pantaloons with enormous plaits round the waist and ample width down to the foot, where they suddenly contracted into a sort of gaiter, leaving visible only the square end of a boot of great breadth and wonderful acuteness of angle, and, in short, altogether the worst style of Young America." He was still more annoyed in New York with the large assortment of these ferociously elegant persons which the shops of that thriving place afforded. Dr. Johnson remarks, that rags will always make their appearance where they have a right to do it ; and the same is true of this ambitious foppery, compared with which rags are quite a respectable affair.

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One would have thought, from the perilous haste with which the traveller departed, that he must have been thoroughly disgusted with all that he saw, which was by no means the case. Leaving the ball-room at Plymouth at three o'clock in the morning, he was in the railway car for Boston at four, and in the train for Concord at seven. At eleven o'clock on the same day, he embarked in a stage-sleigh for Burlington, on a voyage which could have presented few attractions when the mercury was at twenty degrees below zero, a sort of exposure which stiffens the limbs so as to make the proprietor doubtful whether they are his own, and checks the circulation of the blood in such a manner as to paralyze the energies of the mind. He passed the night at Royalton, where he was painfully sensitive to the sight of some "scowling ruffians smoking and chewing round the stove in the public room." Perhaps the traveller betrayed his emotions, which were not precisely those of satisfaction ; for, on asking for a little hot water, it was denied him ; and when he requested to be called in season for the stage in the morning, he was advised to see to that matter for himself. Surely, if he met with many of these two-footed animals, he deserves great credit for the manner in which he speaks of the civility and kindness of the Americans. One is apt to mistake this occasional barbarism for the rule, when it strikes him so much because it is the exception. If many public houses were of this description, there would be few travellers to enjoy the blessing.

At the close of his work, the author, or perhaps the editor, indulges in some extended remarks on various subjects connected with our country ; but they have not the interest of the journal, and are of the kind which any one might indite, without having set foot in our land. He thinks that there is a large amount of information generally diffused among us, without a proportional abundance of literature and learning. He also remarks, that we have very few intellectual names not connected with the professions, which is the same as saying that literature is not made a profession among us to any extent. This is true ; and the reason of it is, that literature will not afford subsistence without some other employment which engrosses the time. If the honor of living for literature involves the necessity of starving, the candidates for its prizes must necessarily be few. Our professions are all ac-

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tive and laborious; it is difficult to maintain influence in any of them without industrious and incessant action. If there were time, experience proves that much might be done for literature and science in the intervals of these exertions. But there is not; and meantime the market is filled with a pestilent importation of English and French novels, which teach nothing but bad taste, bad grammar, and bad morals. Works of a higher character his own country is not able to supply in such abundance as this writer fondly believes.

We do not wonder that an unfavorable impression of American taste and cultivation is given by a great proportion of the speeches in Congress, though some of them are business-like, condensed, and intellectual, with merits of a high order. But every member must signalize his fitness for the trust by making a speech, while his idea of eloquence is too often formed from the example of a clerical writer of a former day, who said, that, when Washington ascended, all the battalia of heaven presented arms. Some of those who can put themselves forward in no other way contrive to make themselves notorious by some remarkable absurdity; for notoriety answers the purpose quite as well as fame. When an Englishman hears the chairman of an important committee in Congress saying, that, in case of war, "England could do no more hurt to America than a child in its nurse's arms," without reflecting, that, if the remark was childish, the person who made it should have the indulgence due to a tender age, he is provoked; for he infers that no creature having the use of reason would say such things, unless some others delighted to hear them. But it is not so; these explosions would wait for ever to see the light, if they depended on others to report them. The individual himself supplies a copy to the public press, where it lies unread, except perhaps from charity or affection, and only helps to swell the mass of political matter, which is already sufficiently unsavory and revolting. We are surprised to hear our traveller say that he was treated to a flourish of this kind by a young Whig, at a dinner-table in Boston, who descanted in the same style upon the probable fate of England in case of a war with this country; but when he reflected on the awful doom which he was measuring out to the motherland, he said, with a sort of forbearing humanity,—"But poor old England! I should be sorry, after all, if her own children should trample her under their

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feet." Should this youth have occasion to travel, we trust he will give old England timely warning, that with all her infirmities she may be able to get out of the way of the march of mind as represented by these trampling feet. One of the parties must needs suffer in such an encounter, and we dare not hazard a conjecture which it would be.

The author's account of his home-bound passage in the steamer gives a strong impression of the dulness of such a voyage. He rejoiced only in the concluding dinner with which the arrival is solemnized, when the passengers, in the fulness of their hearts, deal out their formal thanks, or peradventure a piece of plate, to the captain, for the marvellous exploit of bringing them safe across the sea. The harmony of the occasion was somewhat impaired by a colored Abolitionist, who took occasion, just after rising from the prolonged session at table, when speakers grow needlessly fluent, and audiences are more prone to wrath than they might be in cooler hours, to make an address in condemnation of America. This judicious selection of time and place led on to a war of words, in which the Abolitionist, probably from long practice, had the advantage. This again was nearly followed by a conflict of blows, in which the genius of universal emancipation might have been struck down, had it not been for the efforts of some passengers who retained their senses, which is not usual in the discussion of such a theme. They were to separate on the next day, never to meet again. It is a good precept for the voyage of life, not to be very ready to censure and abuse the companions of our way; it makes the passage uncomfortable to all concerned; and if any one says that his conscience requires it, let him see if he has not given that high name to a quarrelsome temper and a cold and bitter heart.

The works of tourists in America, excepting always De Tocqueville, are not of any considerable value. The natural desire to know what others say of us, which is as strong in one nation as another, gives interest to a traveller's story; but the attraction is apt to disappear before we reach the end of the book. We often find, even in persons of talent, — Miss Martineau, for example, — so little power of observing to any good purpose, and such a disposition to judge of every thing from the manner in which self happens to be affected by it, that their books are worthless either for counsel or

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warning ; and, after affording a week's topic of conversation, they are quietly and unanimously consigned to the receptacle of things that have been. To write a sensible book on America must be a difficult thing, if we may judge from the little that has been accomplished in this way ; and we are disposed to give credit to one, who, though his visit was limited and hasty, formed some just ideas, where most of his predecessors had none, of the strength and weakness, the faults and virtues, the glory and shame, of our people.

Art. X. — CRITICAL NOTICES.

1. — *The Scholar, the Jurist, the Artist, the Philanthropist. An Address before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard University, at their Anniversary, August 27, 1846.* By Charles Sumner. Second Edition. Boston: W. D. Ticknor & Co. 1846. 8vo. pp. 72.

In this Address, which, as many of our readers will remember, was received with distinguished approbation by the intelligent audience before whom it was pronounced, Mr. Sumner has deviated from the beaten track of anniversary declamation, and imparted a personal interest to an occasion which has usually been devoted to topics of a more general character. Taking a happy advantage of the publication, after an interval of four years, of a catalogue of the members of the Fraternity which he addressed, he has reviewed the characters and services of four of its departed brothers, whose names are among the most honored on its illustrious roll. The titles of Scholar, Jurist, Artist, and Philanthropist suggest at once the names of Pickering, Story, Allston, and Channing. The Address is composed of four parts, one of which is assigned to each of these distinguished men.

The occasion being one of grateful and fraternal commemoration, the discourse is professedly eulogistic. "Let us praise famous men" is its motto, though not announced with the formal frankness of the son of Sirach. In productions of this class, we expect little criticism from the speaker, except that which tends to kindle the sympathy and heighten the admiration of his hearers. To demand of an avowed panegyrist a perfectly accurate measurement of those merits which it is his business to extol

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would be equally uncharitable and absurd. We would have him give large measure, "pressed down and running over." The speaker, who praises a brother among brothers, may fairly exercise the prerogatives of brotherhood, which are limited in the matter of commendation only by the possibility, or at most the probability, of its truth. We exact of him nothing more than a qualified veracity, and relieve him from the irksome task of making those deductions which would deprive his labor of love of all its charm, though it might add to its historical value. While, however, this latitude is conceded on the score of quantity, the critic will be less indulgent in regard to quality. The encomiast, if he pleases, may exalt his hero to the skies; but it must be for the right thing. To use the illustration of the Roman satirist, none but a headlong flatterer would compliment a puny invalid by likening his gaunt neck to the brawn of Hercules.

The kindly tone of good feeling which inspires this performance allures the reader to the same mood, and makes the act of criticism an ungracious office. And, indeed, though Mr. Sumner is very liberal and even exuberant in his praises, he has seldom, in the present case, transgressed the proper limits of his province. In a few instances, however, his admiration must be considered, after all allowances, as somewhat hyperbolical. The assertion, for example, that "under the hands of Mr. Justice Story we behold the beginning of a new study, the science of *Comparative Jurisprudence*," unsupported, as Mr. Sumner has left it, by any proof, is to us quite extraordinary. No intelligent student in any profession can easily avoid breaking out of positive into comparative science; and no lawgiver or jurist of comprehensive views can confine himself to the study of a single system. The rudiments, at least, of comparative jurisprudence are found as far back as Grotius, and are somewhat developed in D'Aguesseau and Blackstone. Mr. Sumner has also, we think, rather strained his contrast between the judge and the jurist, in order to exalt the vocation of the latter. A judge of the first class must be a jurist, whether he bears the name or not, and we know no better education for the jurist's chair than the experience of the judge's bench. Again, when Mr. Sumner says of Dr. Channing, "it is probable that, since Washington and Franklin, no American has exerted an equal influence on his fellow-men," we hesitate to adopt so broad a statement.

In regard to the quality of the commendation bestowed on the individuals eulogized in this Address, we see little to object to, and much to applaud. The respective claims of these eminent men are easily distinguished, and it is impossible to mistake the peculiar vocation of either. Mr. Sumner, we think, has been very

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successful in presenting a lively, and in the main a just character of each to the mind. Sometimes, indeed, his own views color his judgment of the men, and blend with his analysis of their pursuits and opinions. He does not always resist the temptation, natural to every biographer, and almost inevitable for the panegyrist, to use the characters which he describes as a medium for the transmission of his own light. The manner, for instance, in which Dr. Channing's views on certain great social questions are expounded, though far from unjust, has a strong savor of the address on the "True Grandeur of Nations." Manifesting a zeal and sincerity with which no one can fail to sympathize, the orator delights to exhibit the superiority of Christian mildness and benevolence over the ferocity of barbarous and civilized heathenism. His eagerness, however, to avail himself of every opening for an assault on the principle of *force*, as a part of the social machinery of the world, has sometimes, we think, an injurious effect upon his critical judgment. Mr. Allston, for example, is made to decry all "battle-pieces" in the abstract; and this supposed aversion is used as the text for a short homily on the duty of artists to avoid those subjects. But if we are rightly informed, Mr. Sumner has here generalized into a moral sentiment what was a mere expression of professional contempt for such scenes of that class as are too barren to call out the highest powers of art. We suspect, moreover, that his pacific eye has dwelt too exclusively on the "feminine" traits of Allston's genius. Force of character is a Christian no less than a masculine attribute, and may be necessary to the complete development of Christian excellence, which often demands courageous and energetic action, to fulfil a mild and benevolent intention. We do not believe that the "higher sentiments" are all of one gender, notwithstanding the washy criticism that has been vented of late about feminine traits of character and genius. Allston's Belshazzar's Feast, the last work of a genius which, according to Mr. Sumner, became more feminine with advancing years, is as bold and masculine in conception as it is delicate in execution.

In the notice of Mr. Pickering's attainments and tastes, a discussion of rather disproportionate length is introduced respecting the value of classical studies. Mr. Sumner is a man of too cultivated a taste and too liberal a judgment, to join in the malignant cry of the vulgar detracters of such pursuits. Yet, while he freely and gratefully acknowledges the wholesome influence of ancient letters on the intellect, he shrinks from the moral effects of a class of writings which "want the highest charm of purity, of righteousness, of elevated sentiments, of love to God and man." He bestows very hard names on writers who are not used to such

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treatment. "The torrent of Demosthenes, dark with self-love and the spirit of vengeance," has quenched the recollection of his patriotic fire. "Fitful philosophy" is about as appropriately ascribed to Tully as "intemperate eloquence," with which it is coupled. Mr. Sumner speaks with implied censure of "Homer's inspiring tale of blood," apparently not remembering the parting of Hector and Andromache, or the domestic beauty of the patriarchal scenes of the Odyssey; and the blame is extended even to "the marvellous teachings of Socrates," and "the mellifluous words of Plato." This disparaging picture is concluded with these words: — "Greek poetry has been likened to the song of the nightingale as she sits in the rich, symmetrical crown of the palm-tree, trilling her thick-warbled notes; but even this is less sweet and tender than the music of the human heart." There is no charitable foot-note here to inform us of the source from which the comparison is drawn. This nightingale, of course, is not Milton's, which trilled its thick-warbled notes in "the *olive*-grove of Academe," and whose song is not compared to Greek poetry. Nor do we clearly understand what is meant by the music of the human heart; but if the chords of that love which is stronger than death have power to breathe such music, the ear must be dull indeed which cannot detect it in the Alcestis and the Antigone.

Our remarks have been drawn out to an unseemly length, so that we have no room for a particular notice of the rhetorical execution of this Address. Its style is sometimes open to verbal criticism, and the metaphors and comparisons will not always bear too rigorous an analysis. But the Address has high merits. It is masculine (with Mr. Sumner's leave), genial, and ornate; full of life, and seldom flagging; sometimes eloquent, and always dignified. Its very extravagances grow out of noble and generous sympathies; and it is unsullied by an opinion or sentiment for which its author has reason to blush.

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2. — *Report of a Minority of the Special Committee of the Boston Prison Discipline Society, appointed at the Annual Meeting, May* 27, 1845. [By S. G. Howe.] Boston: W. D. Ticknor & Co. 1846. 8vo. pp. 90.

We expect, almost as a matter of course, to find the name of Dr. Howe connected with every liberal and benevolent enterprise of the day. He has done more for the education of the blind than any individual living, either in Europe or America; and as

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a mere episode in his labors for this end, he has twice succeeded in what it is hardly too bold a figure to call the creation of a moral and intelligent soul within one of those dark and desolate tabernacles of flesh, from which, the windows of three of the senses being for ever closed and barred, it seemed as if wisdom was at every practicable entrance quite shut out. But his active philanthropy has not been limited to the accomplishment of these brilliant results, though they would have far surpassed the ambition, or even the most sanguine dreams, of De l'Epée or Sicard. Numerous other objects of benevolent enterprise have kindled his zeal, and profited largely by his unflagging exertions. Common schools, hospitals for the insane, asylums for the deaf and dumb, and prisons, have either been founded at his instance, or sustained by his efforts, or improved by his suggestions. In the Old and the New World he has richly earned his fame as one of the ablest and most efficient philanthropists of the age.

Whatever comes from the pen of such a person, especially if it relates to any of the noble purposes to which his life has been devoted, is entitled to immediate and respectful attention. In the pamphlet before us, he appears as the strenuous advocate of a system of prison discipline which has been received with great favor in Europe, though it has not been widely adopted in this country, and, except in two of the States, the great majority of voices is decidedly against it, and in favor of a rival system. It is quite unfortunate that the philanthropists of our day *will* quarrel very bitterly with each other about the respective merits of the several plans which are devised for carrying their benevolent intentions into effect. Here is a notable instance; the Philadelphia and the Auburn systems of prison discipline, as they are called, have both accomplished a vast amount of good; the reformation effected by them has been so manifest, that this country, where they had their origin, has become the teacher of the civilized world as respects the proper mode of confining and managing criminals, and nearly all the great powers of Europe have recently sent commissioners hither to take lessons of us in this matter, and, if possible, to carry home with them some of our improvements. Formerly, our State prisons were loathsome and hideous dens, in which it was hard to say whether the physical or the moral nature of the convict suffered the greater degradation and wrong. Now our best managed institutions on either plan, that at Charlestown, for instance, and that at Philadelphia, command the respect and admiration of every intelligent and unprejudiced foreigner by whom they are visited. But the founders and supporters of the two systems are not willing to share the glory of this great reform. The Boston Prison Discipline Society,

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the great advocate of the Auburn system, under whose auspices the prison reform has been made in most of the States, devotes a large portion of its annual reports to belaboring most stoutly the Philadelphia plan; and our friends from the good "city of brotherly love," not willing to be left behind in any of the works of Christian kindness, return the blows with all vigor in a periodical got up for the purpose, in pamphlets, and in penitentiary reports. "You drive the prisoners mad," cries Boston, "by the long continued horrors of solitary confinement"; "You subject the criminals to the cruel and degrading punishment of the lash," shouts Philadelphia. "Your own statistics," exclaims the former, "show a fearful amount of insanity and mortality in your prisons"; "Figures prove nothing, and there is a mistake in your calculations," retorts the latter. And so it goes; the quarrel is a very pretty quarrel, and if we had the Irishman's disposition to be "any body's customer in a row," we might be tempted to engage in it, having an opinion of our own to support; and in this matter, certainly, we could not find a more courteous and gallant opponent with whom to break a lance than Dr. Howe. But for the present, at least, we decline the contest.

Though a member of the Boston Society, Dr. Howe is a seceder from its doctrines, and it is as the author of a Minority Report, which he is obliged to publish for himself, because most of his colleagues refuse to give it any sanction, that he now appears before us. Thus disowned and discountenanced, not allowed a hearing, and constantly voted down, he yet struggles on, contending against a host with as much gallantry as he formerly showed in fighting the Turks. Whoever desires to see an able, energetic, sweeping vindication of the Philadelphia plan may find it in this pamphlet. If further desirous to know how far one may be carried in the support of a favorite theory, when once excited by opposition, we commend to him the following thesis, which is gravely propounded and maintained in this Report: — that "*the Separate System is, for all moral and intellectual purposes, more truly social in its nature than the Congregate System.*" This proposition, to those who are acquainted with the distinctive features of the two systems, here called the Separate and the Congregate, may serve as a measure of the strength of Dr. Howe's attachment to the Philadelphia plan. His Report is evidently *ex parte* in its character, and may be consulted with great advantage by those who wish to know what can be said on that side of the question. For a statement of arguments and facts of an opposite character and tendency, we may refer to the Annual Report of the Rhode Island State Prison for 1844, an extract from which may be found on page 218 of the American Almanac for 1846.

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This prison was built, and managed at first, on the Philadelphia plan; but this was given up in 1843, and the general features of the Auburn, or silent, system were adopted; the change being recommended by the warden, "after a careful observation, extending through a period of more than four years, of the injurious and alarming effects of solitary imprisonment upon the mental and physical condition of those who were the subjects of it."

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3. — *A Greek-English Lexicon, based on the German Work of Francis Passow.* By Henry George Liddell, M. A., and Robert Scott, M. A. *With Corrections and Additions, and the Insertion in Alphabetical Order of the Proper Names occurring in the principal Greek Authors.* By Henry Drisler, M. A., Adjunct Professor of the Greek and Latin Languages in Columbia College, New York. Harper & Brothers. 1846. 8vo. pp. 1705.

The editor of this volume is said to be a very laborious and accurate teacher. He is Adjunct Professor of Languages in Columbia College, where, as we judge from the Dedication, he received his education under the care of Professor Anthon. With this latter gentleman's productions we have had occasion at times to find serious fault; Mr. Drisler is a production that bids fair to do him great honor. He is evidently one of that class of men, few in any country, who "scorn delights and live laborious days," for the sake of accumulating learning and advancing the cause of knowledge among men. Dr. Anthon may well look with pride upon the promise of his young pupil and friend.

The relation existing between these two gentlemen justifies, perhaps, the somewhat exaggerated and parasitical terms in which Professor Anthon is spoken of, both in the Dedication and the Preface; but it hardly justifies the publishers in advertising a work of Mr. Drisler as forming one of Dr. Anthon's series, unless he may be considered a sort of *grandfather* to the volume in question.

We had intended to prepare an article upon the Lexicon of Mr. Pickering, and this American reprint of Liddell and Scott, and perhaps we may still recur to our original design. At present, however, we shall offer our readers only a brief notice of Mr. Drisler's labors. We have used his edition of Liddell and Scott for some time with pleasure and profit, and on the whole can safely commend it as a well executed work. We are not told by

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the editor whether he obtained the approbation and consent of the gentlemen whose work he has taken such liberties with; but we understand from other quarters that such is not the case. If Mr. Drisler has been guilty of such a neglect of the comity usual between gentlemen and scholars, his conduct in this respect is worthy of rebuke. He has been taught in a bad school. But we heartily commend the honest manner in which he assigns to all parties their shares in the credit of the book. We like him for the pains he has taken to state clearly and precisely what he has himself done, and for the care with which he has guarded against appropriating to himself what belongs to others. This is done elaborately in the Preface, and in the Appendix, besides generally marking the articles in the body of the work to which additions or corrections have been made. This is all fair and above board. It remains to be seen what is the real value of these alterations and corrections, and, in general, of the editorial labor which Mr. Drisler has expended upon this edition. The carefully written Preface contains his own account of the matter, which we think will be borne out by an examination of the work.

We are sorry to find so sensible a man talking in such unmeaning terms about literary criticism being made "a vehicle for ill-natured, one-sided, and undeserved attacks, which have no other object in view than to gratify private enmity or personal pique," just after he has aimed a side-thrust at an American work of high critical merit, which his language implies that he has never even seen. We refer to a note on page ninth of the Preface, where he says, — "This work," meaning Carmichael's on the Greek Verb, "has been, *as the editor learns*, reprinted in this country, but in a mutilated condition, and without due credit being assigned to the author." What kind of criticism is this, to charge such high literary misdemeanours upon the author of a book which the critic confessedly has never read? The truth is, the American work is from the pen of a scholar who adds to the favoring circumstance of Hellenic birth a critical knowledge of MSS. and of the labors of European philologists, and a most exact and minute acquaintance with the Greek language, through all its changes down to the present day. It is a work in every respect superior to Carmichael's, which it resembles in its general plan, but from which it differs by avoiding the errors of the European writer, by being founded on a more extensive survey of Greek authors, and by being arranged on more philosophical views. Its value has been recognized by teachers of the highest character in the United States, and it is not very creditable to Mr. Drisler not to have studied it, and used it in editing Liddell and Scott. If Mr. Drisler will read the introductions to both these works, and compare

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the very first article, that on ἀάω, he will see the unfairness of his disparaging and ignorant remark, and perhaps will have the magnanimity to exclaim, with the hero in the Iliad, Μέγ' ἀασάμην.

The merit of Passow's Lexicon has long been acknowledged, wherever the Greek and German languages are known. Its leading excellence consists in the scientific and historical manner in which the significations of the words are unfolded. His plan, if fully carried out, would contain a history of every word in the Greek language, during at least the classical ages. He lived to execute his plan only partially. It was very completely executed with regard to the language of Homer and Hesiod; less so with regard to the early post-Homeric poets and Herodotus. Messrs. Liddell and Scott have not simply translated Passow, but have endeavoured to add from their own studies enough to supply the deficiencies which the early death of the author prevented him from supplying himself. Their work has already passed into a second edition, in which many improvements have been made upon the first. Mr. Drisler began with the first English edition, but while he was carrying it through the press, the second came out. He has made numerous additions and corrections, for which, of course, there is always room, in a lexicon of such a language as the Greek. Some of his additions are superfluous, some are useless, but most of them, if we may venture to form an opinion upon a partial examination only, are of real and substantial value. The narrow limits of a critical notice restrain us from many specifications; but to illustrate what we mean, we will mention one or two. On the first page, the word ἀάω is defined. Mr. Drisler adds, immediately after the contracted 1 aor. m. ἀσάμην, the reference, "3 sing. ἄσατο, Il. 19. 95." Now this reference would be useless here, in any event, because the passage is distinctly cited below, to illustrate the *meaning* of the word, in the middle voice. On the other hand, a few pages farther on, in the article ἀγέλη, Messrs. Liddell and Scott have attempted to explain a peculiar signification of the word, growing out of the domestic institutions of Crete. Passow does not refer to it, and Pape gives it in general terms, as a classification of boys who were brought up together. Liddell and Scott, referring to Müller's Dorians for authority, define the ἀγέλαι as "the bands or classes in which the youths were trained up to the age of seventeen"; for which Mr. Drisler substitutes "the bands or classes in which the youth lived together from their eighteenth year till the time of their marriage, and consequently even after they had attained the age of manhood."

The mistake of Messrs. Liddell and Scott is very singular; for the language of Müller, in the passage to which they refer, ex-

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pressly declares that "it was not until their seventeenth year that they were enrolled in the *agelæ*." For this statement, Müller's authority is Hesychius, who defines an ἀπάγελος, that is, a boy not yet admitted into an *agele*, as ὁ μέχρι ἐτῶν ἑπτακαίδεκα, *a boy until the age of seventeen.* It is true, there is some doubt in the matter. Strabo (l. X.), describing from Ephorus the Cretan institutions, says that "the boys were required to frequent the agelæ, so called, and the full grown men the *syssitia*, which they denominated *Andreia*."

Mr. Drisler is to be praised for his diligence in tracking Liddell and Scott to their authorities, and correcting them accordingly. In this particular case, we think it most probable that, as to the fact, they are right; though they are wrong in citing Müller. Müller's language is not easily reconciled with the statements of others, though it is founded on the common reading of Hesychius. Manso, in his elaborate and learned work entitled Sparta,* says, "the reception into the *agelæ* took place between the seventh and seventeenth year; for unquestionably the reading in the Lexicographer (Hesychius) should be παῖς ὁ μέχρι ἐτῶν ἕπτα καὶ δέκα, and not ἑπτακαίδεκα." So that Liddell and Scott may be substantially right.

An important addition made by Mr. Drisler is the insertion of the proper names. In this part of the work, he acknowledges his indebtedness to the excellent lexicons of proper names, by Crusius and Pape. For the convenience of students in schools and colleges, this improvement of Mr. Drisler's is of great importance.

The praise of correctness in the printing is also due to Mr. Drisler, who revised all the proof-sheets, and whose laborious care in this respect cannot be too much commended. In other points, the typographical execution of the work is highly creditable to the press from which it comes.

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4. — *Memoir of Johann Gottlieb Fichte.* By William Smith. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1846. 12mo. pp. 157.

The press of our good friends is usually better employed than in republishing a book like this. It is so sublimely abstruse, when it undertakes to present its hero's views, if that expression may be allowed us, and performs its short task with so dull a subtilty, that

* B. I. 2 Th. s. 107.

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we should leave its readers to make the most of it, without any comment of ours, if it were not for the duty of holding up to reprehension one or two of the passages that it contains. Fichte was, on the one hand, a sturdy, bold, restless man, of an eminent virtue and rare personal qualities, though they were rather of a rough cast. He was an ardent lover and a stout champion of freedom. Living in an age of great events and high political excitement, he partook largely of its spirit. He was an earnest patriot, and sought to exert as much influence upon public affairs as was consistent with his secluded habits and studious life. We honor him for the noble moral stand that he took, and for the eloquence with which he maintained it. On the other hand, he was one of those gigantic shadows in the shape of philosophy, that have flitted over the stage of German thought in such strange succession for the last century. While he has been extravagantly overpraised as a thinker in some quarters, his philosophical theory has been most uproariously laughed at in others, that were held in no less respect among his own countrymen. We consider his philosophy to have been resolved some time ago into the clouds, from which it was gathered and painted up into a likeness of reality, and into which many swelling pretensions that have followed his are hastening to be forgotten. He was a hard dogmatist in his day, though his system was one of pure idealism. But the day was not a long one, and his "I = I," and the "I and the not I," soon became formulas that were used in sport rather than with any sober wonder. There were many admirable things about Johann Gottlieb Fichte; but we do not consider that either his metaphysical doctrine or his manner of exhibiting it belonged to the number.

Wild Henri Heine makes merry with Fichte's principal intellectual operation, under the figure of an ape, sitting before the fire and boiling his own tail, supposing that the real culinary art did not consist merely in cooking objectively, but also in having a subjective consciousness of the cookery. He tells us at the same time of having seen a caricature that represented a Fichtean goose. The liver of the poor creature had become so large, that she no longer knew whether she was liver or goose. Upon her belly was written, "I = I." We doubt, however, whether any caricature could be more comic than the description in this very book, copied from the Autobiography of Henry Steffens, and describing Fichte in his lecture-room. "'Gentlemen,' said he, 'collect yourselves, — go into yourselves, — for we have here nothing to do with things without, but simply with the inner self.' Thus summoned, the auditors appeared really to go into themselves. Some, to facilitate the operation, changed their position, and stood up; some drew them-

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selves together, and cast their eyes upon the floor; all were evidently waiting, under high excitement, for what was to follow this preparatory summons. 'Gentlemen,' continued Fichte, '*think the wall.*' This was a task to which the hearers were evidently all equal; they thought the wall. 'Have you thought the wall?' asked Fichte. 'Well, then, Gentlemen, *think him who thought the wall.*' It was curious to see the evident confusion and embarrassment that now arose."

Thus much for the philosopher. As for his English biographer, Mr. William Smith, we know nothing of him, but from the present work. He is evidently an accomplished person. We do not deny that he writes in a good, scholarly style; his performance is in several respects highly creditable. But we perceive in him a taint, that infects a pretty large class of writers at the present day, both in England and America, and which we will not cease to mark with the warning reprobation that we think it deserves. On the 119th page, he brings together Socrates, Descartes, Spinoza, Priestley, Fichte, and the "*deeply religious* Shelley," in the same category with Christ and the Apostle Paul, as persons who suffered persecution on account of their more enlightened spiritual views. Now, apart from the bad taste of such a combination, it seems to us to indicate an unsoundness that is of a most serious nature. Even if we should grant what he asserts of Shelley to be true, and we consider it a monstrous perversion of the truth, yet to mention thus in company the author of Queen Mab and the divine Founder of the gospel shows plainly enough to what class of thinkers he that ventures upon such a mode of speaking must belong.

But we have a worse charge to bring than this. He quotes with evident content a passage from an essay by Forberg, fortified with a preface by Fichte, that runs thus: — "Two great poets have expressed this faith of good and thinking men, with inimitable beauty. Such an one may adopt their language." Then follows the often-quoted passage from Goethe's Faust, beginning with, — "Who dares to say, I believe in God? Who dares to name him, and to profess I believe in him?" and ending with, — "Then call it what thou wilt, — Happiness! Heart! Love! God! I have no name for it. Feeling is all; name is but sound and smoke, veiling the glow of heaven." Here is recommended to us, as the "faith of good and thinking men," the creed of Dr. Faustus when under the instigation of Mephistopheles the devil, which he uttered as a part of his plan for the betrayal and ruin of an innocent maiden. And this precious confession of faith, all in poetry, though the verse is rather ragged, is found in a deliberate essay, "On the Definition of the Idea of Religion"; or else in

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an article prefixed to it, "On the Grounds of our Faith in a Divine Government of the World." We are not perfectly sure in which it occurs; for the biographer is not exactly luminous on this point, and we have not the Philosophical Journal for 1798 before us. Let the two German adepts in metaphysical juggles share the merit of so admirable an application between them. But they should at least have added what the poor deluded Margaret said so touchingly in reply, — "That is all fine and good; the parson says nearly that, only in words a little different. And what shall we say to you, English Mr. Smith, who can gravely repeat such perfidious trumpery?"

With respect to the preface of the American editor, we cannot say that we entirely like its tone, or agree with all its positions. But we are reluctant to find fault. It implies a wish, towards the close, that the writings of Fichte might be "domesticated here," since "they would materially assist us in the solution of many of the impending questions which now appear above our horizon." From this opinion we dissent. From the offer of such aid we turn away. In answer to such a wish for domestication, we should be ready to say any thing that sounds least like Amen.

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5. — *Report of the Committee on the Expediency of providing Better Tenements for the Poor.* Boston: Eastburn's Press. 1846. 8vo. pp. 36.

We have opportunity only to call attention to the remarkable statements made in this pamphlet, and earnestly to recommend the well digested and practicable scheme of philanthropy that is set forth in it, for alleviating what is perhaps the most fruitful of all evils in the condition of the laboring poor who reside in large cities. The situation of Boston on a peninsula of very limited extent, the rapid increase of its population, especially during the last ten years, and the consequent rise in the value of real estate have contributed to abridge the accommodations for the poor, till they are now worse lodged than their brethren in the foulest and most crowded districts of the large cities of Europe. Broad Street and its vicinity are more crowded, and probably more unhealthy, than the most noted dens of misery and crime in Liverpool and London, than Shoreditch, Whitechapel, or St. Giles. On an average, there are thirty-seven inhabitants to a house, and each person has but seven square yards on the ground. A large

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building often contains more families than it has rooms, even if we include under this name the subdivisions of the cellar. We have examined with some care the statements and authorities on which the following conclusions, taken from this Report, are founded, and we are satisfied that they do not exaggerate the evil.

"*First.* That the present population of the 'first section' of Boston is nearly as dense as that of the central parts of London.

"*Second.* That the number of individuals *to the house*, throughout the whole city, is greater than in the principal commercial and manufacturing towns of England.

"*Third.* That the distribution of the population with us is shockingly unequal, producing crowds in certain sections which are rarely surpassed.

"*Fourth.* That the proportion of deaths among infants has been steadily on the increase, and the average duration of life diminishing.

"*Fifth.* That the infant mortality is vastly greater among the Catholics than in the whole population, and the average duration of life among them less.

"*Sixth.* That the average of life in Boston is less than in London, or in Ireland, and but little greater than in Liverpool, where the greatest mortality, in England, prevails.

"*Seventh.* That the average duration of life among the Catholics of Boston is less than that of *operatives and laborers* in the great commercial and manufacturing cities of England." — p. 10.

The physical discomforts, the squalor and privations to which the tenants of these miserable abodes must submit, the alarming increase of mortality among them, and the peril to the general health of the city are not the only, or the greatest, evils produced by this density of population.

"As to the influence of this crowding, on the moral health, there can be, we apprehend, even less doubt. This is indeed so evident, that it is not our intention to go into details, which would be equally shocking and unnecessary. It is enough to say, that every one who has been in the habit of observing the character of excessively crowded populations has remarked, that, just as their physical nature becomes blunted, and hardened to the impurities about them, so their moral nature gradually accustoms itself to the sight of evil, and ceases, at last, to be offended at what was originally shocking to it." — p. 11.

It is found that the poor pay very high rents for their loathsome and unhealthy habitations. Hiring single rooms, and paying for them by the week, the aggregate rent obtained from them for a house cheaply built or much dilapidated is very great; and in many parts of the city, land can be more profitably occupied by buildings of this sort than by expensive structures for stores or for the habitations of the wealthier classes. Land thus occupied in

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Broad Street produces yearly sixty cents a square foot; while in Tremont Street, facing the common, it yields but forty-five cents, and in Morton Place but thirty-one cents. Now, this fact suggests at once a remedy for the greater part of the evil here complained of, without calling for any charitable contributions whatever. Capitalists may erect large buildings in the very districts where they are most needed, suitably arranged to be let out in small tenements, so as to afford comfortable, healthy, and convenient dwellings for the poor, and still receive a very good income from the investment. The experiment has already been tried on a small scale, and the results are perfectly satisfactory. Plans and estimates are submitted with this Report, apparently well considered and trustworthy, which show that such buildings will produce from seven to eleven *per cent.* on their cost. The apartment for each family will consist of at least two rooms, well ventilated, and with suitable minor conveniences attached. It is proposed that houses of this character should be built at first by an association, or chartered company, and be put under the charge of a judicious and careful superintendent; but the obvious utility of cultivating amicable and kind relations between landlord and tenant makes it desirable that individual capitalists, also, should engage in this enterprise.

We have given a very imperfect synopsis of this excellent report, for in truth, though clear and full, it is so succinctly drawn up as not to admit of abridgment. To the "merchant princes" of Boston, whose fame for judicious and munificent philanthropy stands so deservedly high, we heartily commend it, in full confidence that to draw their attention to such a project is enough to insure its immediate success.

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6. — *Lectures to Young Men on their Moral Dangers and Duties.* By Abiel Abbot Livermore. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1846. 12mo. pp. 160.

A great disadvantage attends books whose titles announce them to be written expressly for young men or young ladies; the particular class for whose benefit they are intended are not in the least disposed to read them. So many admonitions have vexed their unwilling ears in the course of their adolescence, that they have come to regard advice very much in the light of physic, and though it is recommended as "the sovereign'st thing on earth" against all the ills that flesh is heir to, they swallow it with dis-

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gust, and, however skilfully the pill may be sugared, they taste as little of it as they can. For our own part, though we have arrived at a discreet and experienced age, and are both able and willing to dispense of the fulness of our wisdom to our inferiors, we have not wholly outgrown this prejudice of our youth. We find ourselves taking up books of this sort with the same sense of their good intention, but entire want of success, with which we have lent an ear to a coaxing nurse, representing to Master Wilful that sugar-plums, toys, and smiles are exclusively the portion of the good boy, and the most forlorn condition of disfavor and emptiness of pocket the certain lot of the unsubmissive. The connection between virtue and happiness is so much and so constantly insisted on, that it seems a mere matter of policy to be good; and he who, from recklessness or stupidity, is indifferent to the consequences set before him, feels that he has full liberty of choice, whether to do good or to do evil. Warnings and cautions have no more effect upon such heedless and impulsive natures than the nursery tales about Master Jacky and Master Jemmy, who always meet with a poetically just reward of their lawless enterprises, breaking their legs in robbing orchards, or making themselves sick with stolen sweetmeats. The fear of contingent consequences, whether immediate or remote, is no sufficient bridle for ardent and thoughtless spirits. Like young colts, not yet broken in to the jog-trot of life's journey, they spurn control with their active heels, and see a bar placed before them only as a temptation to leap over it, neck or nothing, and dash forward blindly in the very direction from which it was designed to turn them aside.

On the other hand, there are some who are distrustful and timid by nature. They are ready enough to see bars and hear warnings on every side; they dare not look upward or onward; they are afraid to run in any direction, but stand still, when many an open and safe, but as yet unbeaten, road lies directly before them. It is a melancholy sight, a young man divested of enthusiasm, without ardor or generous impulses. There are men, and perhaps they are the majority, as the world goes, who are very useful as clogs to the wheels of improvement, which might otherwise roll on faster than the way could be cleared before them, crushing opposition instead of overcoming it. We naturally look to the young and hopeful for the onward movement, and to the old and cautious for the necessary conservative counteraction. May not the slow progress of reform in most instances be owing to the influence of those well-meaning persons who, taking it for granted that youth is naturally more disposed to evil than to good, keep up a constant cry of "Beware! Beware!" in the ears of

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their children and pupils, when they might keep them from evil without repressing their hopes and energies, by cheering them on to useful and generous aims, and inspiring a noble ambition to acquire influence over others, or to coöperate with them for good?

Mr. Livermore's Lectures for young men have not a little revived our spirits, by furnishing, in some good measure, what has been wanting. It is not the trite warning of an unsympathizing superior; it is the voice of a young man leading on his fellows in the honorable path which he is himself zealously and wisely treading. Throughout the book there is a youthful warmth of style and feeling, which must recommend it to all young men who have not become prematurely old and cold-hearted. The first two lectures are plain and sensible representations of the moral dangers which beset young men, and the most flippant scoffer at good advice could hardly find in them any thing to gainsay or cavil at. There is no exaggeration, no painting for effect, no holding up of the gallows (how useless a bugbear in these days of good-natured juries!) to the disobedient, and the drunkard's grave to the convivial. The writer seeks to make the young man aware of the value, not of character and worldly prosperity alone, but of his own soul, and its fresh feelings and delicate sensibilities, and earnestly pleads with him to watch over and preserve that purity of heart and taste, which once lost can never be regained, and which is the greatest safeguard of virtue. It is in the tone of one who has safely borne this treasure in his own bosom through the period most beset with dangers, that he puts others on their guard lest it be insensibly stolen from them. He points out to them the very beginnings of evil; he would have them conscientiously avoid, as moral poison, all such associates, books, or recreations, as tend to tarnish, and finally destroy, their moral refinement.

The lectures are written in an easy and correct style, without any attempt at smartness or originality of expression. On this account they may not reach a large circle of readers, or leave any strong or vivid impression on the minds of those who peruse them. But to whatever extent their influence may be felt, it will be for good; and we gladly contribute our little effort to widen their circulation. They are honorable alike to the taste, the good sense, and the moral sentiments of the writer, who has shown the same excellent qualities in some previous publications which the public have received with well merited favor.

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